we are re-connecting to life,
and we are fighting to live



we are fighting for the wild
and the wild fight back!

DISORDERLY CONDUCT

The Winter - Spring Issue 2003

THE PATRIOT ACT SPECIAL EDITION

#6



revoltingly yours,
The "Bring on the Ruckus" Society

SO, YOU'VE GOT'N 'HOLD OF ME AGAIN!

Disorderly Conduct #6

Welcome to the 'long, dark, cold, and wet season' (Winter/Spring) Issue of D.C.

We are glad you returned, or maybe it's your first time. Either way, we hope to keep you entertained, challenged, and inspired until the 'short, sunny, hot, and incendiary season' (Summer/Fall) Issue (due out when the clouds decide to allow that beautiful ball of fire back to the moldy and soggy southern Willamette Valley of Oregon). Yes, in case you haven't figured it out, we are no longer a quarterly publication. Due to our commitment to other insurrectionary green-anarchist, anti-civilization, and anti-authoritarian projects, as well as our obligations to the newly formed *Confederated Anarchists for the Complete Extermination of the System (CACES)*, we will now only publish twice a year. Because of this new schedule, and in an attempt to keep each issue around 100-pages, we will be limiting our direct action and news sections to what we perceive as the most exciting, odd, or pertinent information since our last issue. For a more extensive listing of insurrectionary behavior, some ruinous news, and evocative anti-civilization thought, check-out the current issues of *Green Anarchy* (available from this same P.O. Box), and for listings of current rallies, vigils, fasts, protests, political campaigns, or what G.W. is up to now, check-out one of the many tepid indymedia sites on-line or one of the numerous local or national liberal publications.

We hope you appreciate the articles, short stories, poems, rants, jokes, blurbs, ideas, action reports, updates, re-prints, contacts, artwork, and extensive effort put into this publication. And, we would like to say up-front, there are sure to be parts of this issue which you will disagree with (oh my gosh!), but if you agreed with it all, or even most of it, what would be its purpose? Unless we are always challenging how and what we are thinking and doing, then no growth is really happening. We try to get as much variety as possible, coming from an anti-civilization and insurrectionary perspective, so write a letter, send an article, or contribute in any other ways you feel appropriate ($$$).

This is not the world I live in
Can't I just die?
I am not just a pawn in the machine
This is not the world I live in
I will be different
I'll show those fuckers
This is my life!



** We are sorry that this issue does not contain "The Rise and Fall of the Eugene Anarchists I∞", as promised. It is about half-finished (and going well), but we felt that many of the preliminary thoughts for that article are articulated in the numerous other original pieces in this issue. We also had way too much stuff already. So, we promise that it will be in the Summer/Fall (#7) issue (our 3-year anniversary special), which will have a number of critically reflective pieces. Send us any thoughts along these lines you wish to contribute. - the "Bring On the Ruckus" Society*

So, that being said, the gloves are off, the boots are laced, and the match is lit.

. . . now, let's role!

DISORDERLY CONDUCT

for email feedback, submissions, questions, or threats

Contacts:

(some other friendly people you should know)

Coalition Against Civilization
P.O. Box 835
Greensburg, PA 15601
coalitionagainstcivilization@hotmail.com
www.coalitionagainstcivilization.org

Venemous Butterfly Publications
PO Box 31098
Los Angeles, CA 90031
www.geocities.com/kk abacus

Final Days
PMB 424, 996 Redondo Ave.
Long Beach CA 90804

Anarchy: a Journal Of Desire Armed
POB 1446 Columbia
MO 65205-1446

CrimethINC
POB 1963
Olympia, WA 98507

Green Journal
P.O. Box # 127
12463 Rancho Bernardo Rd.
San Diego California 92128

The MOVE Organization
P.O. Box 19709
Philadelphia PA 19143

Left Bank
92 Pike Street
Seattle, WA 98122

Anarchist Prisoners Legal Aid Network (APLAN)
818 SW 3rd Avenue, TMB #345
Portland, OR 97204

Break the Chains (Northwest Political Prisoner Support Network)
PO Box 11331
Eugene, OR 97440
gumbiacascadia@yahoo.com
www.breakthechains.net

The "Bring On the Ruckus" Society
eae@efn.org
and
Green Anarchy
greenanarchy@tao.ca
PO Box 11331
Eugene, OR 97440



some other web-sites

Cascadia Media Collective
www.cascadiamedia.org

EugeneIMC
eugene.indymedia.org

The Black and Green Network
blackandgreen.org

Earth Liberation Front Press Office
earthliberationfront.com

Mid-Atlantic Infoshop
infoshop.org

Asian Revolutionary Movement
asianrevolutionarymovement.org

Foreign Contacts:

(just a few of those making anarchy across the seas)

Green Anarchist
BCM 1715
London WCIN 3XX, UK
greenanarchist.org

Re-pressed Distro
c/o crc 16 sholebroke ave
Leeds, ls7 3hb, England
repressed@mail.com

Do Or Die
Prior House
POB 2971
Brighton East Sussex
BN2 2TT England

A-NEWS
PO Box 30557
Athens 10033 Greece

Helios E. M
PO BOX 709
CP 11402 _ Jerez de la Fra.
Cadiz, Spain

Llavor d'Anarquia
Mestres Calas I Martorell 18
08003 Barcelona, Spain

Likinano Books
12 Ronda
48005 Bilbao, Cbizkaina, Spain

Nautilus Books
C.P. 1311
10100 Torino, Italia

Roveretto Anarchists
C.P. 45
38068 Roveretto, Italia

Terra Selvaggia (Silvestre)
via del Coure no.1
56100 Pisa, Italia

p.s. i'll see ya on the other side.

Please re-print or translate as much as you possibly can, except for pigs and the corporate assholes who want to make money off us while making us look ridiculous.

The Eugene Scene...

The Shamrock House Closed Its Doors

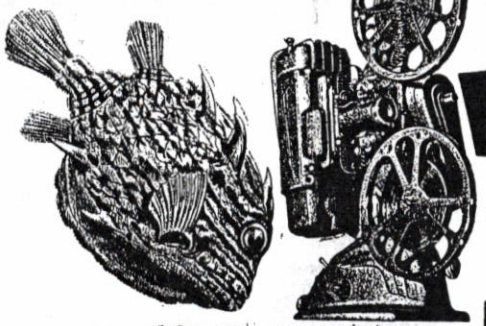
On June 1st, 2002, the Shamrock House Info-shop and Community Space in Eugene closed its doors to the public. After almost a year-and-a-half of providing a "free space" to the Whitaker community for a wide assortment of activities, we finally ran out of money. The bottom line was that the "community" was not willing or able to support this particular anarchist project. There were many factors which contributed to this, from the over-enthusiastic mission of the Shamrock Collective to the inherent dysfunction of our society. We have learned a lot about ourselves, our "community", and the nature of trying to heal the wounds of civilization while they are still being inflicted upon us, and trying to run a specifically anti-capitalist project within a capitalist system. We in no way regret what we have been able to accomplish nor do we want to discount the many people who have contributed lots of time and energy to this project. We hope, in a less centralized way, many of the important projects will continue.

Food NOT Bombz

Serves a few days a week 4:30pm @ Wash/Jeff Park
Check local flyers for details



see you when the sun comes back!



Subversive Pillow Theatre

- weekly radical video presentation -
Every Sunday night @ 7pm
Grower's Market Bldg.
(Check local flyers for details or changes)

ANARCHY FORUM

Pre-recorded video program featuring:
guest speakers, round table discussions
and special topics
MON 10pm and WED 9:30pm
ch 22 or 29
(Check local station for re-broadcasts)



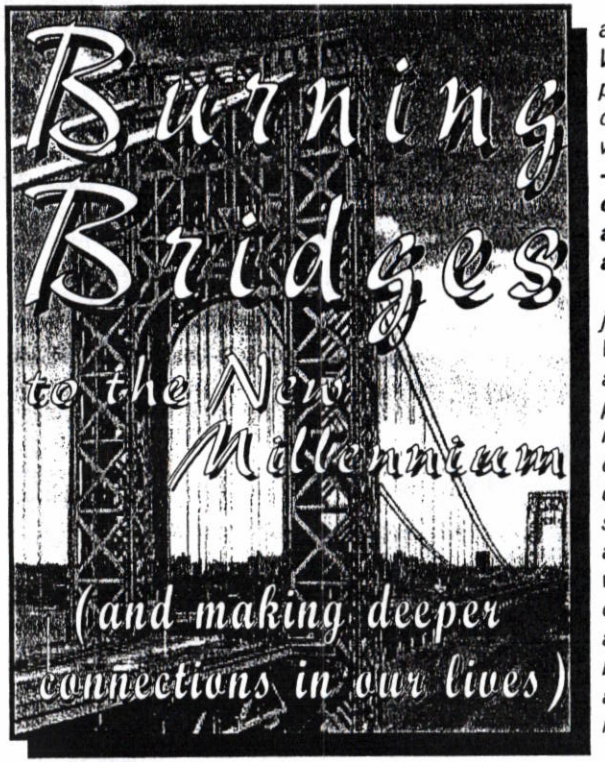
Cascadia Alive!

Eugene's weekly live anarchist cable-access TV-show
WED night @ 10pm on ch 22 or 29
(Check local, and Portland, stations for re-broadcasts)



Anarchy Radio

With John Zerzan
KWVA 88.1 FM in Eugene
Sundays @ 11:00PM
Call (541)346-0645
You can listen on-line:
cascadiamedia.org



This is NOT a ransom note, manifesto, or communiqué. This is not meant to be anything more then a declaration of autonomy, the remembering of the anarchist idea of free association, and a re-commitment to the spirit of NO COMPROMISE!

As I try to comprehend the enormity of the disease of civilization, and how it has been declared terminal by every type of expert to the simplest folk of the land, I contemplate on the amount of time and energy (and security) wasted trying to form artificial connections with those I haven't much real affinity. I have found my family, my pack. We are amorphous on one level, always growing and shrinking, yet we are made of the same basic elements. We sometimes travel to other lands to spread ideas of dissent and to learn some wicked new tricks, and occasionally we don't connect again for a season, a couple years, or sometimes even a lifetime. In this post-colonial, post-modern, post-office world we "live" in, my crew comes from different positions, products, and places. We are of different ethnic, cultural, and economic backgrounds. We are of different ages, sexual orientations, and interests. We may identify differently in the political and social contexts, but we do have some basic things in common which unite us in life and in resistance ***- It is our hatred of all domesticating and dominating powers, and our desire to be wild human-animals once again.***

We are a strange strain, yet we are just like you. In fact, ***we may be you!*** *We have long-term visions, ongoing affinity on specific goals, and daily projects together. We respect, but are not afraid to challenge and debate our different tactics. We often discuss our overlapping, converging, or even seemingly contrasting strategies. We are always trying to deepen our connection with each other and care for our damaged bodies and tormented souls, as we become closer to the communal beings we once were, despite the alienation and isolation that the modern mega-machine imposes upon us.*

No, we are not perfect. We are part of the fractured existence, a by-product of the suffocating and domesticating order, but ***we know what we feel . . . and it is rage!*** *Despite the odds and the institutions of control, we have been able to connect to one of our primal instincts* ***- the urge to live and to fight back!*** *All around us we see our world being destroyed, the killing, the torture, and the slavery being inflicted on all of life, and* ***our rage continues to grow!*** *Our rage has engulfed us, and now it must flow. Rage over the misery brought on by those whose only salvation will be a bullet in the head. Rage over the war on the earth and her creatures - a war that has been going on for thousands of years, and is always escalating. Rage at the idea of this death-culture being the only prospect for us, then we die.* ***No, we will not submit to the apparatus of the state, the institutions of power, the ideologies of order!*** *We will resist, and continue to resist. When we have finally destroyed our oppressors, we will burn their remains and the rubble of their civilization, and we will bury its ruins deep so we may begin to heal.*

We are filled with great love. *Love of the beautiful chaos of life. Love for the organic and wild connections we make with the earth and with each other. Love for those who have compassion*

for our ravaged bodies, programmed minds, and broken hearts. Love for those regaining our lost knowledge and primitive spirit. Love for those with the courage and passion to resist and to create anarchy now.

Our battle call is a treasonous one. *Yes, we have declared war on the existing order. We try to understand its foundations, so we may crack them. We study its institutions, so we can undermine them. We seek out its power, so we can destroy it. We battle against its logic - reason and order; its mechanisms of control - domestication, capitalism, and the state; its ideology- patriarchy and civilization. We fight against these ideas, their physical manifestations, and their remnants in our lives.*



But, *we must remember that we all have different perspectives on these subjects, different experiences, different points of reference, and different ideas on how to destroy these structures and mindsets (and in some people's minds, whether to destroy them at all, or if they even exist). This is why our relations with others need to be flexible enough to compensate for and/or appreciate these differences, yet at the same time, firm enough not to relinquish our autonomy or water down our ideas and our passions. It is a balancing act that we often spend too much time on (and in the "activist world", almost all of the time). We need to figure out when to be open to, and learn from, other perspectives, and when there is no reconciliation possible. This is a gray area, which at times needs to come into more focus. It is not as simple as being either a fundamentalist or a fence-rider. We should not be afraid to make some distinctions, and occasionally draw some lines. We have spent enough time arguing violence vs. non-violence, whether technology is neutral, or if we should vote. We need to follow our instincts and deal with the consequences, whether or not others find us "not anarchist", "lifestylist" or "too militant". Let's end the abstract, academic, and hyper-theoretical word games.*

Let's create the lives we want, let's fight how we chose to, and let's get free!

Certainly, we do need to continue to challenge one another, and be critical of each other's behaviors, attitudes, and ideas, but let's focus (at least some of) our energy where it belongs the most - the institutional systems of control that are sucking every last bit of energy out of life. Let's agree to disagree. Let's struggle shoulder to shoulder with those who respect us, and whom we can respect. Let's live with and support those whom we feel closest to. Let's fight alongside those we have real affinity with, and let's break from those with whom we have none. Let's stop trying to kill each other, and let's go for the throats of the muthafuckas who are laughing at our sandbox world, and who are kickin' our asses (and have been for a really long time!). Let's connect with other struggles where our paths converge, but let's burn those fuckin' bridges that are too rigid for change, too cemented for growth, and too long a span over irreconcilable gorges of disagreement and mistrust. No, we can't (and won't) all get along, so let's stop pretending we can. . . ***and move on.***

WE'RE TAKIN' BACK OUR LIVES!

(sorry, if it ain't the way you would like us to.)

revoltingly yours,

Matches

Minister of Destruction and Re-connection

The "Bring On the Ruckus" Society



**** Members of the (CACES) Confederated Anarchists for the Complete Extermination of the System***

Front cover: from "The Art of Anarchy" by Flavio Costantini - St Petersburg, March 13th, 1881. While returning to his palace, the Tzar's carriage was bombed by Rysakoff (of Narodnaya Volya - The People's Will). But, when Alexander II got out alive, a second attacker, Grinicivensky, threw another bomb between himself and the Tzar, killing them both.

UPDATE FROM THE

COALITION AGAINST CIVILIZATION (CAC)

SPECIES TRAITOR* #2** contains: *Manifest Destiny?, Where We Stand (on the revolt against reason), letters against civilization,* and *anarcho-primitivism: beyond anthropology and archeology* all from ***CAC, and *The Spectacle Goes On, Class Struggle, Commodification And Modernized Society, Theses On The Fall of Civilization,* and *Pacifism As a Deterrent To Peace* all by Kevin Tucker, *Destroying Industrial Society* by Critter, and more...

This issue is available for **$3/N. America/ $4 world**,

***SPECIES TRAITOR* #3** We are hoping to step up to a book-sized, annual zine. So that we can accomodate having in-depth and lasting critique and discussion, we are hoping to step up to the larger format from this issue onward. For **#3** we are looking at about 150-250 pages covering domestication, agricultre and symbolic culture. We are hoping to provide an effective and accessible critique of civilization in its totality that will deal in full with the problems of civilization. We are looking for submissions on any topics, though. We also hope in this issue to open a debate on the role of anthropology and archaeology in anti-civilization critique. In order to undertake this, we are also desperately in need of some funding. Donations are gladly accepted and ordering books and shirts from us helps out a ton.

Get a free copy of the complete CAC Distro, including pamphlets, zines, t-shirts, hoodies, stickers, tote-bags, patches, and the new "Un-Domesticator" Kits.

Check out the new website:
blackandgreen.org
www.coalitionagainstcivilization.org
www.speciestraitor.cjb.net

FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF CIVILIZATION AND REWILDING OUR LIVES

COALITION AGAINST CIVILIZATION
PO Box 835 GREENSBURG, PA 15601



Check-out the new 28-page zine about Jeff "Free" Luers, earth defender, anarchist, and political prisoner currently serving almost 23 years for politically-motivated arson charges, and other charges which were added with no evidence. This zine contains writings, poetry, and artwork by Free, as well as other writings about this eco-warrior. This zine is available for $5 (with half of the money going directly to Free) from *the Green Anarchy Distro* or *Howl For Free:* Free's Defense Network. Please contact either group if you would like to distribute this zine in your area.

To contact Free:
Jeffrey Luers #13797671,
OSP 2605 State St, Salem, OR 97310
Howl For Free: POB 50263, Eugene, OR 97405
howl_for_freedom@yahoo.com.
Free's new website is www.freefreenow.org

All Back issues of *Disorderly Conduct* are available!
Issues #1 and #2 for $2 each, #3-5 for $3 each, and the complete set for $12
PO Box 11331 Eugene, OR 97440

2003 Green Anarchist Gathering

Organizing now for a three or four day gathering in a wild area of in Pennsylvania, focusing exclusively on primitive skills and green anarchist action/theory. The goals of the gathering are to try and bring people together and help try and broaden the emerging green anarchist current and offer introductions to GA ideas and action. On top of numerous workshops, the gathering aims to teach about wild foods, building shelters, general wilderness skills, and so forth. If you have any interest in helping organize this, or have any questions/comments, please email bandgnet@yahoo.com



GREEN ANARCHY

An Anti-Civilization Quarterly Publication

greenanarchy.org



Featuring: Theoretical and Practical Ideas on the "Destruction of Civilization and the Re-connection to Life", Analysis of Anarchist and other Resistance Movements, Action Reports, News, Prisoner Updates, and more!

Issue #8 features:

"Hit Where It Hurts" by Ted Kaczynski, "Same Children Playing Revolution In the Park?" by Epiphany, "Some People Push Back: On the Justice of Roosting Chickens" by Ward Churchill, "Towards a Completely Wireless' Society" by Daisy Chung, and a "Spotlight On the Greek Anarchist Movement"

Issue #9 features:

"Thinking Through the Fall", "Sex Among the Zombies" by Arthur Evans, "Go Wild: The Pleasures, Benefits, and Ecology of Wildcrafted Foods" by Tamarack Song, an Interview with Julieta Paredes of the Bolivian Anarcha-Feminist group Mujeres Creando, " Industrialism Must Go!" by Derrick Jensen, and a "What Is Green Anarchy" Primer.

Issue #10 features:

"No Membership Required" by Jack Wilde, an extensive Update on the Repression of the Greek November 17th Movement, "What Ails Us" by John Zerzan, "International Intifada: an Urgent Call to Participate In the Colonizer's Execution", An Exclusive Interview with Ann Hansen of Direct Action, and "Towards A Paleolithic Existence" by Mountain Goat.

Issue #11 features:

"A Swarm of Butterflies: A Fierce Defense of Chaos in Direct Action", "Beyond Veganism. Beyond the Consumption of Domestication" by Brite I's, "Patriarchal Conquest and Industrial Civilization" by Brent Taylor, "Revolution or Death: What We Can Learn From the Free West Papua Movement", and "An Invitation to Sabotage from Within".

HOW TO SUBSCRIBE:

Here are the rates:

US	5 Issue Subscription	$12
Canada	5 Issue Subscription	$15
Europe	5 Issue Subscription	$20

Other countries- please contact us for prices via e-mail or by post.

HOW TO DISTRIBUTE:

We are seeking distributors of ***GA*** in the U$ and abroad.

Here are the prices:

Quantity of 1-49 copies	$1.50 per copy
Quantity over 50 copies	$1.20 per copy

You sell it for $3 per copy, keep the extra money for yourself.

International

Sending large quantities of ***Green Anarchy*** costs a lot of money and takes time. We ask that people pay the same rates as above but add extra money for postage. We will send packages out as cheap as possible (usually surface) unless specifically requested by you to send it air mail.

*** Write or e-mail us about specific rates or for a complete list of pamphlets, zines, videos, and books we have in our Distribution Center**

*** Back issues (# 4-11) of *Green Anarchy* are still available for $3.00 each, or $20.00 for the complete set.**

Send well concealed cash, postal money orders or checks made out to *"Green Anarchy"*

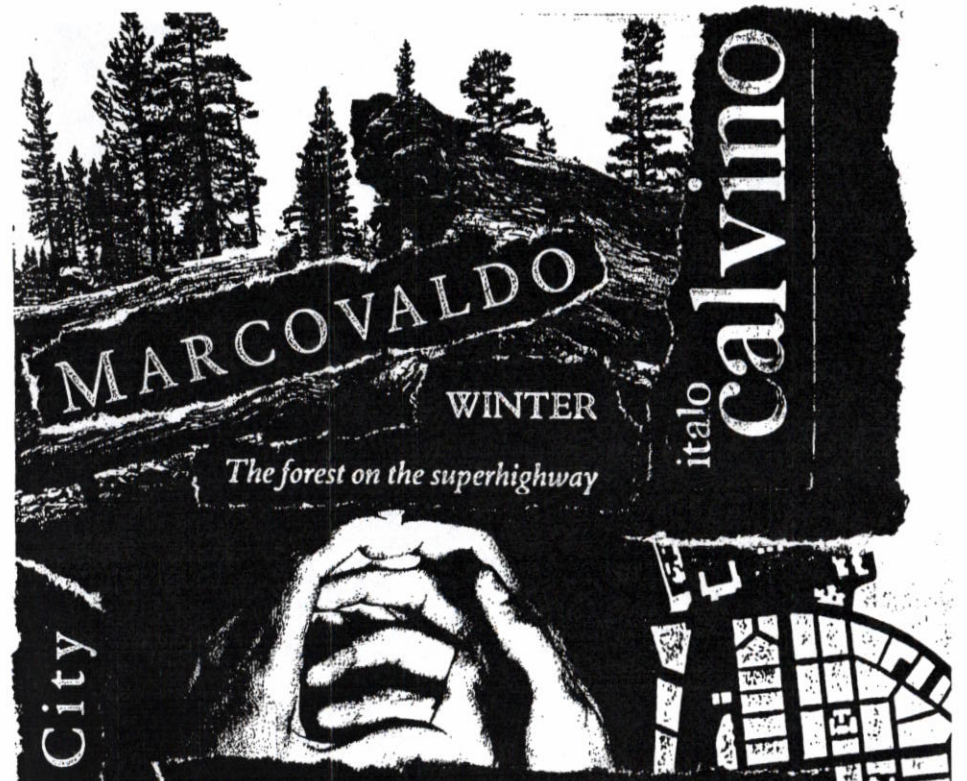
POB 11331, Eugene, OR 97440

greenanarchy@tao.ca

Fuck the System and more!

A 60-minute music-documentary of anarchist uprisings in Eugene and around the world! It features *"Bush Killa"*, the controversial video which brought Eugene's radical cable-access show, *"Cascadia Alive!"*, to the attention of the Secret Service. The tape also includes sections of *"ELF: Green with a Vengeance"* and *"Takin' It Down!"*, the sequel to *FTS*. (Total time: 2hours) $12





The Seasons in the City

Cold has a thousand shapes and a thousand ways of moving in the world: on the sea it gallops like a troop of horses, on the countryside it falls like a swarm of locusts, in the cities like a knife-blade it slashes the streets and penetrates the chinks of unheated houses. In Marcovaldo's house that evening they had burned the last kindling, and the family, all bundled in overcoats, was watching the embers fade in the stove, and the little clouds rise from their own mouths at every breath. They had stopped talking; the little clouds spoke for them: the wife emitted great long ones like sighs, the children puffed them out like assorted soap-bubbles, and Marcovaldo blew them upwards in jerks, like flashes of genius that promptly vanish.

In the end Marcovaldo made up his mind: "I'm going to look for wood; who knows? I might find some." He stuffed four or five newspapers between his shirt and his jacket as breastplates against gusts of air, he hid a long, snaggle-tooth saw under his overcoat, and thus he went out into the night, followed by the long, hopeful looks of his family. He made a papery rustle at every step, the saw peeped out now and then above his collar.

Looking for wood in the city: easier said than done! Marcovaldo headed at once towards a little patch of public park that stood between two streets. All was deserted.

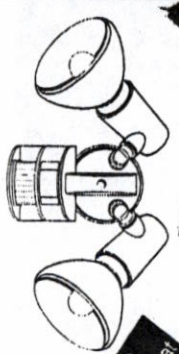


Marcovaldo studied the naked trees, one by one, thinking of his family, waiting for him with their teeth chattering.

Little Michelino, his teeth chattering, was reading a book of fairy-tales, borrowed from the small library at school. The book told of a child, son of a woodsman, who went out with a hatchet to chop wood in the forest. "That's the place to go!" Michelino said, "the forest! There's wood there, all right!" Born and raised in the city, he had never seen a forest, not even at a distance.

Then and there, he worked it out with his brothers: one took a hatchet, one a hook, one a rope; they said goodbye to their Mamma and went out in search of a forest.

They walked around the city, illuminated by street-lamps, and they saw only houses: not a sign of a forest. They encountered an occasional passer-by, but they didn't dare ask him where a forest was. And so they reached the area where the houses of the city ended and the street turned into a highway.



When the finger points at the moon, the IDIOT looks at the finger (CHINESE PROVERB)



At the sides of the highway, the children saw the forest: a thick growth of strange trees blocked the view of the plain. Their trunks were very very slender, erect or slanting; and their crowns were flat and outspread, revealing the strangest shapes and the strangest colors when a passing car illuminated them with its headlights. Boughs in the form of a toothpaste tube, a face, cheese, hand, razor, bottle, cow, tire, all dotted with a foliage of letters of the alphabet.

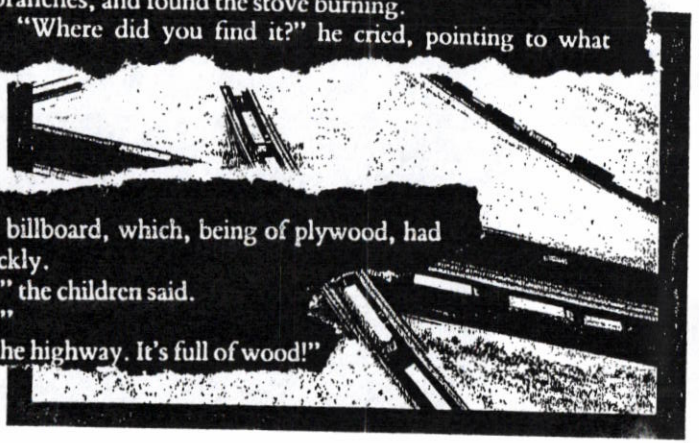
"Hurrah!" Michelino said, "this is the forest!"

And, spellbound, the brothers watched the moon rise among those strange shadows: "How beautiful it is . . ."

Michelino immediately reminded them of their purpose in coming there: wood. So they chopped down a little tree in the form of a yellow primrose blossom, cut it into bits, and took it home.

Marcovaldo came home with his scant armful of damp branches, and found the stove burning.

"Where did you find it?" he cried, pointing to what



remained of the billboard, which, being of plywood, had burned very quickly.

"In the forest!" the children said.

"What forest?"

"The one by the highway. It's full of wood!"

Farewell, comrades

Beth "Horehound" O'Brien

On April 12th, 2002, forest-defender Beth O'Brien, known as Horehound, died in a fall from a tree sit at Eagle Creek. The community was shocked and saddened by her death. She was a joyful spirit who was committed to the preservation of the wild, and to the direct action necessary to save the earth from those driven by greed. She will be greatly missed by the Northwest forest-defense community.

Jessiah

A dear friend to many of us in the anarchist and eco-defender community of Eugene, and around the country were saddened to learn of the death of our friend Jessiah this summer. She spent much time at Fall Creek in the early days of the tree-sit, and loved traveling around, bringing a light heart and smile wherever she went. She had been going through hard times for a while, losing a close friend to drugs, and struggling to survive in this so-often brutal world. Jessiah committed suicide this summer by jumping off of a building in Portland, and we are left wondering how this could have been prevented. This reality is all too common and will not change until we figure out ways to care for one-another and have the compassion to help us all get through the darkest of hours. We love you Jessiah, and will always remember the happiness you brought to us.

Pietro Valpreda

In 1969 Pietro Valpreda and Pino Pinelli were blamed for a bomb attack in Milano which killed many people and known as the "Piazza Fontana massacre". Pino Pinelli supposedly committed "suicide" while in police detention (he is believed to have been thrown from a window by the police) and Pietro Valpreda, after years of legal battles, was finally found innocent. During his trial it was clarified that those responsible for the massacre in the bank were a group of Italian fascists, acting under the orders of the Italian government and the American CIA, who were eager to destroy Italian radicalism. Pietro passed away on July 6, 2002, and will be missed by his anarchist comrades.

Robert "Naya" Bryan

On October 10th, 2002, we lost yet another eco-warrior attempting to save what is left of the wild. 22 year-old Robert Bryan, known as Naya, died after falling 85-feet from a tree in the Ramsey Gulch area of Santa Cruz , CA. He will be missed by all those who he struggled with, and all those who fight against the mega-machine.

John Moore

The prolific primitivist writer and theorist, John Moore, died recently in England from a heart attack on his way to work. John was best known for his pamphlet, *"The Primitivist Primer"*, and his non-linear "Perlmanesque" poems like *"A Revolution of the Whole Body"*. Moore was a long-time contributor to the British journal *"Green Anarchist"* and a tireless and uncompromising opponent of civilization.

'The dry grass will set fire to the damp grass'

Reviews

Waking Life - An amazing Situationist inspired illustrated-movie (from the maker of "Slacker") about life, love, relationships isolation, boredom, cafe-culture, frustration politics, philosophy, action, dreams, and death it's well worth renting!

DPZ Radio Mix Tape vol. 1 - The disappointing follow-up to the amazing "Let's Get Free" revolutionary 'bigger then hip-hop' album. The trajectory set up by the first record seems to have been abandoned. Despite the anti-cop and anti-system elements, this one is missing the depth in music and lyrics that made their first album inspiring. It also has a disturbing amount of nationalist, sexist, and homophobic lines and a silly radio station album concept.

Yellow Jackets - You can get these powerful little ephedra pills over the counter (for now) to keep you up all night. STAY AWAY! It's kinda fun once or twice, but it gets old real quick. This shit is bad news for anyone with an addictive personality or people trying to unnaturally squeeze too many things into a day. Coffee is sick enough, but shit stuff is dangerous.

Dandelion - Both the roots and leaves can be used, but in case you don't know they are both VERY bitter. In eastern medicine the bitter taste is seen as essential to stimulating the gall bladder and tonifying the liver, thus maintaining proper digestion. The leaves are a natural diuretic (good for water retention, PMS, urinary irritation, etc) and can also be sautéed (with garlic and vinegar as well as apple juice to counteract the bitterness). The roots are an excellent liver tonic and are often roasted and powdered to make a drink similar to coffee (when sweetened). VERY high in iron, Vitamin A, and calcium.

Eating Road Kill - A great way to live off the waste of this society, breakdown our dogmatic views on lifestyle and diet, and eat wild foods. It takes a while to get used to the idea, but once you chew on your first squirrel or wear your new

glasses that examined the pavement of the streets, seeking any trace of nature, to be eradicated by his broom.

It was Saturday; and Marcovaldo spent his free half-day circling the bed of dirt with an absent air, keeping an eye on the street-cleaner in the distance and on the mushrooms, and calculating how much time they needed to ripen.

That night it rained: like peasants who, after months of drought, wake up and leap with joy at the sound of the first drops, so Marcovaldo, alone in all the city, sat up in bed and called to his family: "It's raining! It's raining!" and breathed in the smell of moistened dust and fresh mold that came from outside.

At dawn – it was Sunday – with the children and a borrowed basket, he ran immediately to the patch. There were the mushrooms, erect on their stems, their caps high over the still-soaked earth. "Hurrah!" – and they fell to gathering them.

"Papà! Look how many that man over there has found," Michelino said, and his father, raising his eyes, saw Amadigi standing beside them, also with a basket full of mushrooms under his arm.

"Ah, you're gathering them, too?" the street-cleaner said. "Then they're edible? I picked a few, but I wasn't sure . . . Farther down the avenue some others have sprouted, even bigger ones . . . Well, now that I know, I'll tell my relatives; they're down there arguing whether it's a good idea to pick them or not . . ." And he walked off in a hurry.

Marcovaldo was speechless: even bigger mushrooms, which he hadn't noticed, an unhoped-for harvest, being taken from him like this, before his very eyes. For a moment he was almost frozen with anger, fury, then – as sometimes happens – the collapse of individual passion led to a generous impulse. At that hour, many people were waiting for the tram, umbrellas over their arms, because the weather was still damp and uncertain. "Hey, you! Do you want to eat fried mushrooms tonight?" Marcovaldo shouted to the crowd of people at the stop. "Mushrooms are growing here by the street! Come along! There's plenty for all!" And he walked off after Amadigi, with a string of people behind him.

They all found plenty of mushrooms, and lacking baskets, they used their open umbrellas. Somebody said: "It would be nice to have a big feast, all of us together!" But, instead, each took his own share and went home.

They saw one another again soon, however; that very evening, in fact, in the same ward of the hospital, after the stomach-pump had saved them all from poisoning. It was not serious, because the number of mushrooms eaten by each person was quite small.

Marcovaldo and Amadigi had adjacent beds; they glared at each other.



Since it was so simple, and there was need of more wood, he thought he might as well follow the children's example, and Marcovaldo again went out with his saw. He went to the highway.

Officer Astolfo, of the highway police, was a bit short-sighted, and on night duty, racing on his motorcycle, he should have worn eyeglasses; but he didn't say so, for fear it would block his advancement.

That evening, there was a report that on the super-highway a bunch of kids was knocking down billboards. Officer Astolfo set out to inspect.

On either side of the road, the forest of strange figures, admonishing and gesticulating, accompanied Astolfo, who peered at them one by one, widening his near-sighted eyes. There, in the beam of his motorcycle's headlight, he caught a little urchin who had climbed up on a billboard. Astolfo put on the brakes: "Hey, what are you doing there? Jump down this minute!" The kid didn't move and stuck out its tongue. Astolfo approached and saw it was an ad for processed cheese, with a big child licking his lips. "Yes, of course," Astolfo said, and zoomed off.

A little later, in the shadow of a huge billboard, he illuminated a sad, frightened face. "Don't make a move! Don't try running away!" But nobody ran away: it was a suffering human face painted in the midst of a foot covered with corns: an ad for a corn-remover. "Oh, sorry," Astolfo said, and dashed away.

The billboard for a headache tablet was a gigantic head of a man, his hands over his eyes, in pain. Astolfo sped past, and the headlight illuminated Marcovaldo, who had scrambled to the top with his saw, trying to cut off a slice. Dazzled by the light, Marcovaldo huddled down and





remained motionless, clinging to an ear of the big head, where the saw had already reached the middle of the brow.

Astolfo examined it carefully and said: "Oh, yes. Stappa tablets! Very effective ad! Smart idea! That little man up there with the saw represents the migraine that is cutting the head in two. I got it right away!" And he went off, content.

All was silence and cold. Marcovaldo heaved a sigh of relief, settled on his uncomfortable perch, and resumed work. The muffled scrape of the saw against the wood spread through the moonlit sky.

Why Civilization?

The following communique was found at the site of a recently disrupted secret meeting in Dover, Delaware, which was to facilitate a coalition between Chevron, Pepsi-CO, Microsoft, the Sierra Club, the Northern New Jersey Federation of Anarcho-Stalinists, Michael Albert, and the Institute for Social Ecology. This disruption seems to be evidence that insurrectionary green-anarchist and anarcho-primitivist actions and ideas are spreading!

Communique # 23



We are often told that our dreams are unrealistic, our demands impossible, that we are basically out of our fuckin' minds to even propose such a ridiculous concept as the ***"destruction of civilization"***. So, we hope this brief statement may shed some light on why we will settle for nothing less then a completely different reality then what is forced upon us today. We believe that the infinite possibilities of the human experience extends both forwards and backwards. We wish to collapse the discord between these realities. We strive for a "future-primitive" reality, one which all of our ancestors once knew, and one we may come to know: a pre/post-technological, pre/post-industrial, pre/post-colonial, pre/post-capitalist, pre/post-agricultural, and even pre/post-cultural reality - when we were once, and may again be, **WILD!**

We feel it is necessary to raise some fundamental questions as to where we are now, how we have gotten to this point, where we are headed, and perhaps most importantly, where we have come from. This should not to be seen as irrefutable evidence, the Answers, or prescriptions for liberation, but instead, as things to consider while you fight against domination or attempt to create another world.

We believe anarchy to be the ultimate liberatory experience and our natural condition. Before, and outside of, civilization (and it's corrupting influences), humans were, and are, for lack of better terms, anarchistic. For most of our history we lived in small-scale groupings which made decisions face-to-face, without the mediation of government, representation, or even the morality of an abstract thing called culture. We communicated, perceived, and lived in an unmediated, instinctual, and direct way. We knew what to eat, what healed us, and how to survive. We were part of the world around us. There was no artificial separation between the individual, the group, and the rest of life.

In the larger scope of human history, not long ago (some say 10 to 12,000 years ago), for reasons we can only speculate about (but never really know), a shift began to occur in a few groupings of humans. These humans began to trust less in the earth as a "giver of life", and began to create a distinction between themselves and the earth. This separation is the foundation of civilization. It is not really a physical thing, although civilization has some very real physical manifestations, but it is more of an orientation, a mindset, a paradigm. It is based on the control and domination of the earth and its inhabitants.

Civilization's main mechanism of control is domestication. It is the controlling, taming, breeding, and modification of life for human benefit (usually for those in power, or those striving for power). The domesticating process began to shift humans away from a nomadic, towards a more sedentary and settled existence, which created points of power (taking on a much different dynamic then the more temporal and organic territorial ground), later to be called property. Domestication creates a totalitarian relationship with plants and animals, and eventually other humans. This mindset sees other life, including other humans, as separate from the domesticater, and is the rationalization for the subjugation of women, children, and for slavery. Domestication is a colonizing force on non-domesticated life, which has brought us to the pathological modern experience of ultimate control of all life, including its genetic structures.

With all that's goin' on in the world, why do these feral fanatics, these rejects of anarchism, these off-the-deep-end ecologists, these granola munchin' harbingers of chaos need to spend so much time attacking civilization?





Bending to tie his shoes, he took a better look: they were mushrooms, real mushrooms, sprouting right in the heart of the city! To Marcovaldo the gray and wretched world surrounding him seemed suddenly generous with hidden riches; something could still be expected of life, beyond the hourly wage of his stipulated salary, with inflation index, family grant, and cost-of-living allowance.

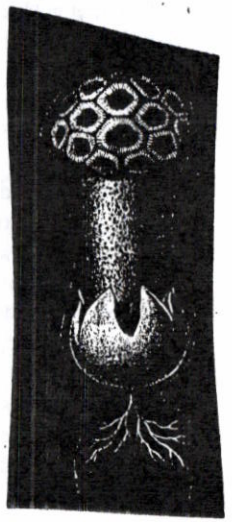
On the job he was more absent-minded than usual; he kept thinking that while he was there unloading cases and boxes, in the darkness of the earth the slow, silent mushrooms, known only to him, were ripening their porous flesh, were assimilating underground humors, breaking the crust of clods. "One night's rain would be enough," he said to himself, "then they would be ready to pick." And he couldn't wait to share his discovery with his wife and his six children.

"I'm telling you!" he announced during their scant supper, "In a week's time we'll be eating mushrooms! A great fry! That's a promise!"

And to the smaller children, who did not know what mushrooms were, he explained ecstatically the beauty of the numerous species, the delicacy of their flavor, the way they should be cooked; and so he also drew into the discussion his wife Domitilla, who until then had appeared rather incredulous and abstracted.

"Where are these mushrooms?" the children asked. "Tell us where they grow!"

At this question Marcovaldo's enthusiasm was curbed by a suspicious thought: Now if I tell them the place, they'll go and hunt for them with the usual gang of kids, word will spread through the neighborhood, and the mushrooms will end up in somebody else's pan! And so that discovery, which had promptly filled his heart with universal love, now made him wildly possessive, surrounded him with jealous and distrusting fear.



"I know where the mushrooms are, and I'm the only one who knows," he said to his children, "and God help you if you breathe a word to anybody."

The next morning, as he approached the tram stop, Marcovaldo was filled with apprehension. He bent to look at the ground and, to his relief, saw that the mushrooms had grown a little, but not much, and were still almost completely hidden by the earth.

He was bent in this position when he realized there was someone behind him. He straightened up at once and tried to act indifferent. It was the street-cleaner, leaning on his broom and looking at him.

This street-cleaner, whose jurisdiction included the place where the mushrooms grew, was a lanky youth with eyeglasses. His name was Amadigi, and Marcovaldo had long harbored a dislike of him, perhaps because of those eye-

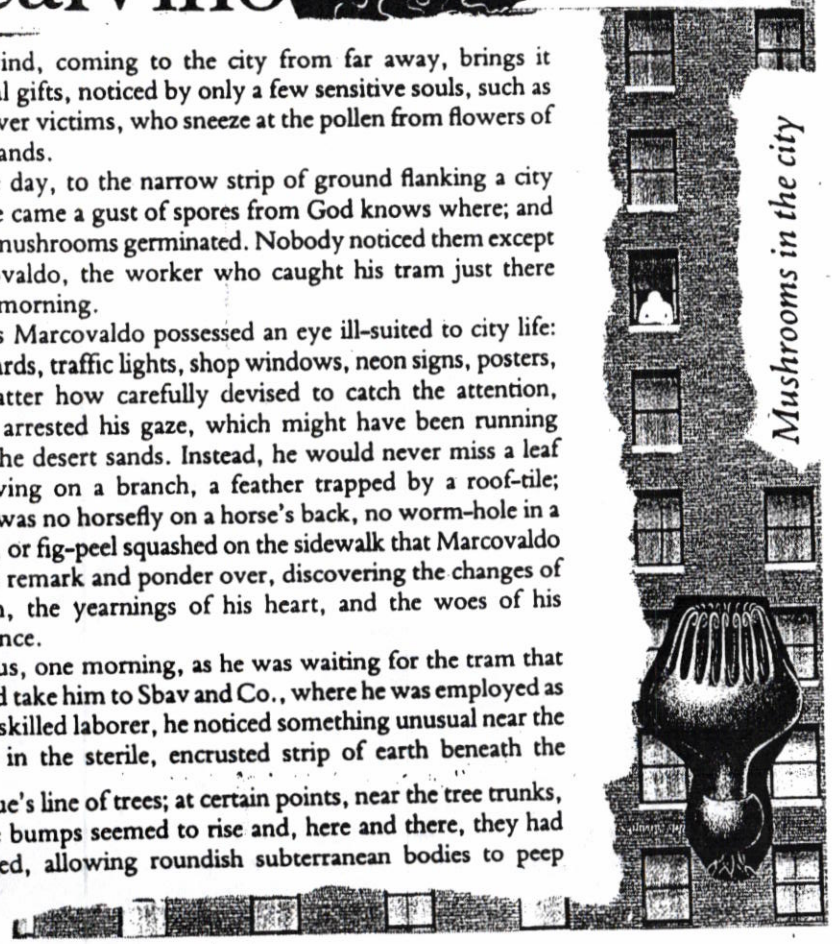


The wind, coming to the city from far away, brings it unusual gifts, noticed by only a few sensitive souls, such as hay-fever victims, who sneeze at the pollen from flowers of other lands.

One day, to the narrow strip of ground flanking a city avenue came a gust of spores from God knows where; and some mushrooms germinated. Nobody noticed them except Marcovaldo, the worker who caught his tram just there every morning.

This Marcovaldo possessed an eye ill-suited to city life: billboards, traffic lights, shop windows, neon signs, posters, no matter how carefully devised to catch the attention, never arrested his gaze, which might have been running over the desert sands. Instead, he would never miss a leaf yellowing on a branch, a feather trapped by a roof-tile; there was no horsefly on a horse's back, no worm-hole in a plank, or fig-peel squashed on the sidewalk that Marcovaldo didn't remark and ponder over, discovering the changes of season, the yearnings of his heart, and the woes of his existence.

Thus, one morning, as he was waiting for the tram that would take him to Sbav and Co., where he was employed as an unskilled laborer, he noticed something unusual near the stop, in the sterile, encrusted strip of earth beneath the avenue's line of trees; at certain points, near the tree trunks, some bumps seemed to rise and, here and there, they had opened, allowing roundish subterranean bodies to peep out.



Mushrooms in the city

A major step in the civilizing process is the move towards an agrarian society. Agriculture creates a domesticated landscape, a shift from the concept that "the Earth will provide" to "what we will produce from the Earth". The domesticater begins to work against nature and her cycles, and to destroy those who are still living with and understanding her. We can see the beginnings of patriarchy here. We see the beginnings of not only the hoarding of land, but also of its fruits. This notion of ownership of land and surplus creates never-before experienced power dynamics, including institutionalized hierarchies and organized warfare. We have moved down an unsustainable and disastrous road.



Over the next thousands of years, this disease progresses, with its colonizing and imperialist mentality eventually consuming most of the planet, with, of course, the help of the religious-propagandists, who try to assure the "masses" and the "savages" that this is good and right. For the benefit of the colonizer, peoples are pitted against other peoples. When the colonizer's words do not suffice, the sword is never far away with it's genocidal collision. As the class distinctions become more solidified, there becomes only those who have, and those who do not. The takers and the givers. The rulers and the ruled. The walls get raised. This is how we are told it has always been, but most people somehow know this isn't right, and there have always been those who have fought against it.

The war on women, the war on the poor, the war on indigenous and land-based people, and the war on the wild are all interconnected. In the eyes of civilization, they are all seen as commodities - things to be claimed, extracted, and manipulated for power and control. They are all seen as resources, and when they are of use no longer to the power-structure, they are discarded into the landfills of society. The ideology of patriarchy is one of control over self-determination and sustainability, of reason over instinct and anarchy, and of order over freedom and wildness. Patriarchy is an imposition of death, rather than a celebration of life. These are the motivations of patriarchy and civilization, and for thousands of years they have shaped the human experience on every level from the institutional to the personal, while they have devoured life.

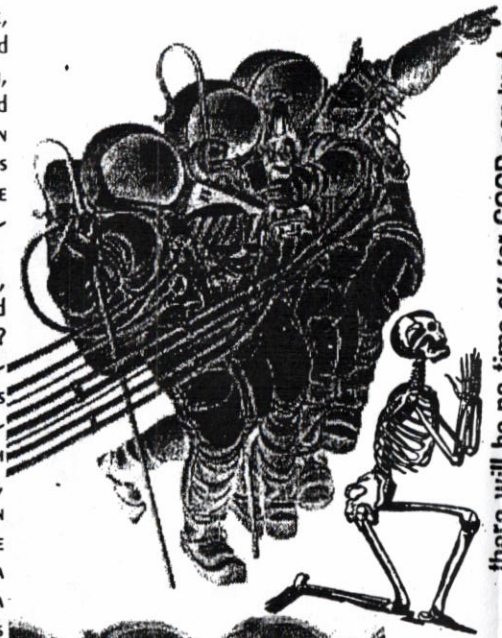


The civilizing process became more refined and efficient as time went on. Capitalism became its mode of operation, and the gauge of the extent of domination and what still needed to be conquered. The entire planet was mapped and lands were enclosed. The nation-state eventually became the proposed societal grouping, and it was to set forth the values and goals of vast numbers of peoples, of course, for the benefit of those in control. Propaganda by the state, and the by now less powerful church, started to replace some (but certainly not most) of the brute force with on-the-surface benevolence and concepts like citizenry and democracy. As the dawn of modernity approached, things were really getting sick.

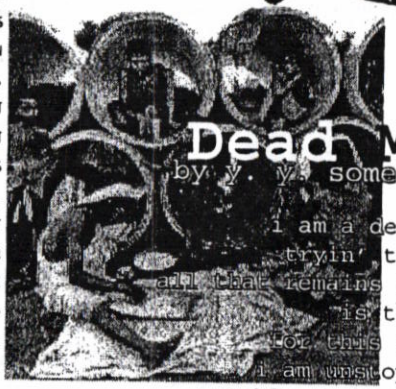
Throughout its development, technology always played an ever-expanding role. In fact, civilization's progress has always been directly connected to, and determined by, the development of ever more complex, efficient, and innovative technologies. It is hard to tell whether civilization pushes technology, or vice-versa. Technology, like civilization, can be seen more as a process or complex system then as a physical form. It inherently involves division of labor, resource extraction, and exploitation by power (those with the technology). The interface with, and result of, technology is always an alienated, mediated, and heavily-loaded reality. No, technology is not neutral. The values and goals of those who produce and control technology are always embedded within it. Different from simple tools, technology is connected to a larger process which is infectious and is propelled forward by it's own momentum. This techno-logical system always advances, and always needs to be inventing new ways to support, fuel, maintain, and sell itself. A key part of the modern-techno-capitalist structure is industrialism, the mechanized system of production built on centralized power and the exploitation of people

and nature. Industrialism cannot exist without genocide, ecocide, and imperialism. To maintain it, coercion, land evictions, forced labor, cultural destruction, assimilation, ecological devastation, and global trade is accepted and seen as necessary. Industrialism's standardization of life objectifies and commodifies it, viewing all life as a potential resource. Technology and industrialism have opened the door to the ultimate domestication of life - the final stage of civilization - the age of neo-life.

So now we are in the post-modern, neo-liberal, bio-tech, cyber-reality, with an apocalyptic future and new world order. Can it really get much worse? Or has it always been this bad? We are almost completely domesticated, except for the few brief moments (riots, creeping through the dark to destroy machinery or civilization's infrastructure, connecting with other species, swimming naked in a mountain stream, eating wild foods, love-making, ...add your own favorites) when we catch a glimpse of what it would be like to go feral. Their "global village" is more like a global amusement park or global zoo, and it's not a question of boycotting it 'cause we're all in it, and it's in all of us. And we can't just break out of our own cages (although we're helpless unless we start there), but we gotta bust down the whole fuckin' place, feast on the zoo keepers and those who run and benefit from it, and become wild again (whatever that means to you!). We cannot reform civilization, green it up, or make it more fair. It is rotten to the core. We don't need more ideology, morality, fundamentalism or better organization to save us. We must save ourselves. We have to live according to our own desires. We have to connect with ourselves, those we care about, and the rest of life. We have to break out of, and break down, this reality. **We need Action.**



there will be no time off for GOOD conduct.



Dead Man

by y. y. sometimes

i am a dead man
tryin' to live
all that remains for me
is to live
for this reason
i am unstoppable
unable to be killed
i am a dead man
walking through empty streets
movin' through a dead world
lookin' for life

got no time to be cool
been a while since i cared
'bout watchin' a concert
from the front row
but i'll skip another evening of
drinkin'
smokin' and shootin' the shit
all i want
is the system's putrid blood on
my hands
and my mama's mountain air in
my lungs
i am a dead man
fightin' to live

To put it simply,
civilization is a war on life,
we are fighting for our lives,
and we declare war on civilization!

T.H.U.G.

(Tree Huggin' Urban Guerrillas)



Get rid of civilization? I can hear you say. *That's your solution?* The hatred that characterizes so much of our system—the hatred I've described and analyzed in this book—is not a product of biology. People are not fundamentally hateful. Our hate is not a result of several billion years of natural selection. It's a result of the framing conditions under which each of us are raised. It's a result of the unquestioned assumptions that inform us. If we want to stop the hate, we need to get rid of the framing conditions. Until we do that, we're bound to fail. So, yes, that is precisely my solution, we need to get rid of civilization.



Maybe that seems absurd, to you. It doesn't, to me. It just seems like a lot of work, done by a lot of people in a lot of places in a lot of different ways. But I'll tell you something that does seem absurd to me: the possibility of allowing this inhumane system to continue.

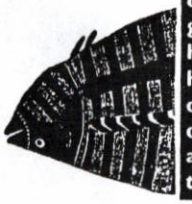




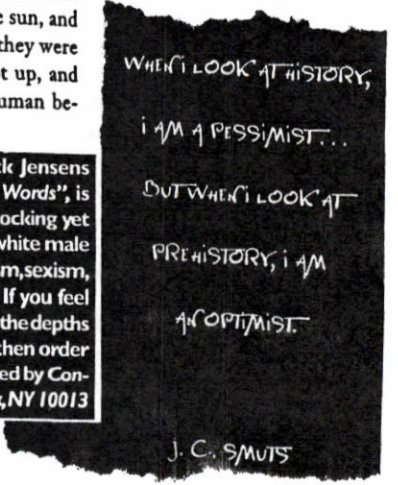
How do we bring down civilization? I cannot tell you. There are as many ways as there are people. The answers are particular, growing from particular people in particular circumstances in particular places. But I know that the first and, perhaps, most important step is to see civilization for what it is, to take into our bodies the enormity of what it has already cost us, and to learn that this realization did not kill us, that we are stronger than the pain, stronger, even, than this long and awful history of exploitation. Having realized that, we will now be ready for the technical task of dismantling all that we, as a culture, have become. And though they—the ones who still gain their identity from the system—may hate us all and try, like Noah, to curse and to enslave us, they will never be able to succeed entirely, because, beneath it all, our humanity runs far deeper than any mere socialization. We must never forget that.

Once upon a time human beings lived here. They sat by the stream, and they laughed. They slept. They had sex. They caught salmon. They ate them. They quarreled with their neighbors. Sometimes, they even fought. Their children lived here, and their children's children, and so on, forever, eating the children of the salmon, quarreling with the children of the neighbors, fighting the children of the neighbors, celebrating with the children of the neighbors, marrying the children of the neighbors, and having children with the children of the neighbors. They lived, and slept, in the sun, and felt the sun on their faces in the morning. At night, when they were tired, they went to sleep, and the next morning, they got up, and they sat by the stream, and they laughed. This is how human beings lived.





The much-awaited follow-up to Derrick Jensens landmark book, "*A Language Older Than Words*", is out! Tearing away all illusions with his shocking yet graceful prose, Jensen sets out to destroy white male human history and its complex web of racism, sexism, hate, greed and wanton disregard for life. If you feel oppressed by civilization and are sickened to the depths of your being by the horrors it has caused, then order a copy of this (over 700-page) book, published by *Context Books 368 Broadway, Suite 314, New York, NY 10013*





COMING HOME

This book began as an exploration of hate in the Western world, and it ends, really, with the end of life on the planet. The problem, as near as I can see it, is the valuing of the abstract over the particular: of production over life; of economic (and other) systems over living beings, be they humans, or rivers, or polar bears; of our preconceptions of what niggers or Chinese or Irish dogs are supposed to be, instead of this black man, this Chinese woman, this Irish man, complete with his or her own cultural and personal histories, with desires and hopes and fears; of photographs of women over the women themselves, of the bodies of women over their whole beings, bodies and minds and hearts and sorrows and joys; of truncated conceptions of our own capacities, based on what we have been allowed to express over who we really are. The problem is, simply, that of seeing ourselves and others as instruments to be used, instead of people to be enjoyed in relationship.

What I propose as a "solution" to this problem of the ascendancy of abstraction is a return to the particular. I support an anti-system to promote a falling in love with the particular. To love this particular tree, that particular person, this glint of sunlight off this dragonfly wing, and, insofar as is possible, to perceive each of those around us as subjects. This is not a simple plea for us to all just get along. I'm not suggesting we replace abstract hate with a love just as abstract. That's pointless, absurd, meaningless, and, in the end, impossible. I am not an abstract being. I have fingers, flesh, bones. I love this person. I do not love that person. Nor am I suggesting we simply step away from violence. I'm suggesting that there is a difference—all the difference in the world, really—between real fights between real people—even when real blood is spilled—and killings based on preconceptions. What I'm suggesting is a return to our humanity.

If we are to do that, the first thing we must do is to see the inhumanity of our current system for what it is, and we must speak about it. If the first rule of a dysfunctional family or society is *Don't*, the first rule of a functioning society is *Do*. Talk about it. Speak out, like Ham, Noah's curses be damned.

Of course, it's not so easy. It's all very fine for me to say how much joy it brings me to listen to birdsong, but my enjoyment, or anyone else's, is irrelevant to the suffering of others, to the degree that it does not compel me to shut down the source of the other's misery. Having fallen in love with our own lives, and the lives of those around us—even our honored enemies (though not McNamara and his likes who, by their actions, show themselves to be willing to exploit)—the next step is to get rid of our whole inhumane system, to quit valuing production over life, and to physically stop those who do. The next step is to bring down that which originated in conquest abroad and repression at home. The next step is a planet liberated from the destruction; the next step is the end of civilization.

RECONNECTING WITH THE WILD

With civilization all around us, and the context most of us have developed within, how can we connect with our wild selves? How can we begin to go feral?

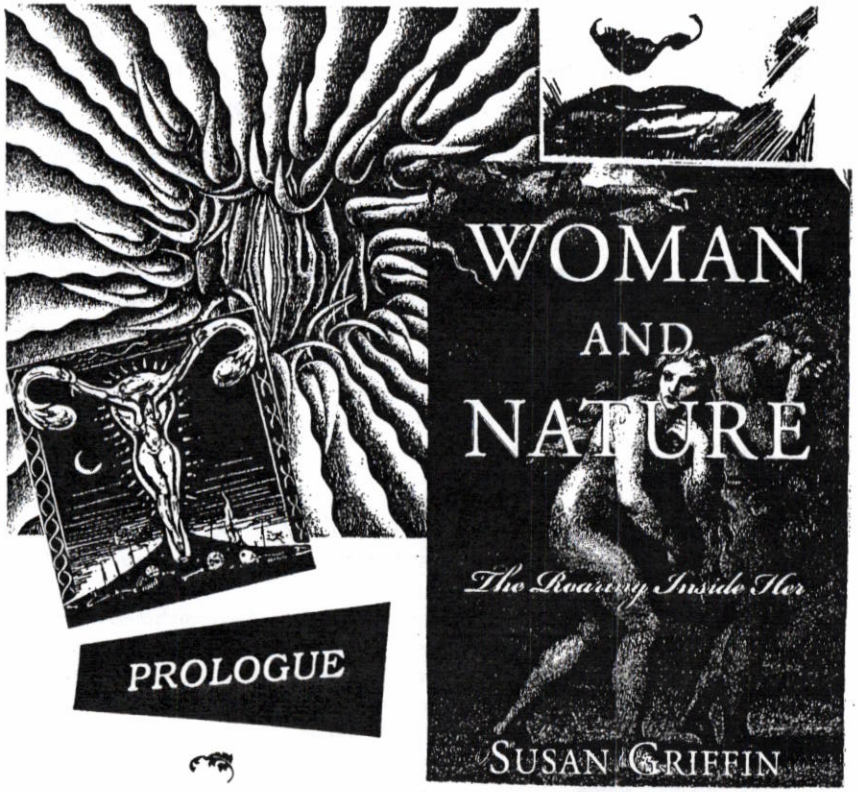
The ways one can start to re-align oneself from the "civilized" framework towards a more "wild" existence are infinite and can manifest themselves in many physical, mental, emotional, and spiritual realities. Even in the middle of the urban nightmare we can start to connect to a more natural way of being. One can think of urban gardens and permaculture as methods to understand natural cycles, feed one's body with real nutrients, and reclaim the concrete of modern construction. There are many plants which grow well in the cracks, which have a wonderfully destructive force on the infrastructure of civilization. Urban hunting and gathering can start to hone our diminishing survival instincts, as well as make us less dependent on the system for our needs. Graffiti, broken windows, fire, and rubble can be seen as a ways to deconstruct the standardized aesthetic of the city, and of course the spontaneous dynamics of a riot can do a lot to de-stabilize the civilized mentality of the 'trains always running on time'. We can start to explore wild areas, re-learn our knowledge of wild plants as food, medicine, and spiritual guides. We can start to acquire the primitive skills that all of our people once used as the way to provide all the necessities of life. We can start to comfort and care for one another as the naturally communal beings that we have always been, despite the alienated and fractured "life" that this culture tries to force upon us.

In a more general sense, the line between learned behavior and unmediated experience is one which can be explored. For instance, symbolic thought and lingvistic communication can start to be seen as very limited ways of thinking and modes of expression. We, as human-animals, once lived and communicated and understood our world much differently. We depended on instinct and direct experiences much more, and we relied much less on symbols or abstract concepts like language. Our ancient ancestors must have communicated with far more expressive qualities. Although we have moved to a more symbolically-dependent and abstract way of communicating, there are still some less-mediated experiences we still can have which offer a glimpse into other ways of expression and understanding. More can be learned about each other through non-verbal communication, like touch, smell, taste, body language, sexual experiences, etc., than through endless conversations. More can be learned about wild areas through experiencing them directly, then from a biologist explaining the scientific significance and functional details. Forming bonds with non-humans can be an important aspect to this re-learning of our ancestral modes of communication or natural expressions. Relationships with non-human companions can give great insight into the realm between the domesticated and the wild worlds, which we may often feel stuck between. We can learn (without taking) from the many indigenous peoples who are still earth-based, and still connected to the plants and animals around them and live based on mutual respect and openness.



Many of these suggestions are in no way the end-all, or path towards total liberation, but instead, ways for us to more deeply realize and go beyond intellectual understanding of the limited condition that the human experience has become, and to help encourage one to strive to become wild once again.

FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF CIVILIZATION!
and
FOR THE RE-CONNECTION TO LIFE!



PROLOGUE

He says that woman speaks with nature. That she hears voices from under the earth. That wind blows in her ears and trees whisper to her. That the dead sing through her mouth and the cries of infants are clear to her. But for him this dialogue is over. He says he is not part of this world, that he was set on this world as a stranger. He sets himself apart from woman and nature.

And so it is Goldilocks who goes to the home of the three bears, Little Red Riding Hood who converses with the wolf, Dorothy who befriends a lion, Snow White who talks to the birds, Cinderella with mice as her allies, the Mermaid who is half fish, Thumbelina courted by a mole. *(And when we hear in the Navaho chant of the mountain that a grown man sits and smokes with bears and follows directions given to him by squirrels, we are surprised. We had thought only little girls spoke with animals.)*

We are the bird's eggs. Bird's eggs, flowers, butterflies, rabbits, cows, sheep; we are caterpillars; we are leaves of ivy and sprigs of wallflower. We are women. We rise from the wave. We are gazelle and doe, elephant and whale, lilies and roses and peach, we are air, we are flame, we are oyster and pearl, we are girls. We are woman and nature. And he says he cannot hear us speak.

But we hear.





Everything that has a spatial existence results from a relationship between the Dreaming and the perceivable world, between the conscious and unconscious aspects of mind. To the Aborigines, the rainbow symbolizes the edge of the unconscious; it is the Dreaming, where the invisible potentials begin to become visible. Birds, who wing their way through empty space, are the messengers of the unconscious, and flashes of lightning are violent discharges of energy from the depths of the unconscious.

To define consciousness as a field of activity with the potential to create unlimited forms, comparisons, analogies, and meanings is to approach the space perception of the Dreamtime. All spatial relationships in the Dreamtime are primarily symbolic. Meaning and information are not transported across distances and time, they are an integral part of consciousness expressing itself as spatial order and arrangement. For this reason, if an Aboriginal child inadvertently kicks a stone or twig, he or she is instructed by a tribal elder to replace it exactly as it was. To the Aborigines, the spatial landscape is a perfect symbolic description of the psychic content of humans and of the ancestral forces that created the world. To disturb the earth in any way is to obscure the meaning and history of humanity and reality. Knowledge is shared through resonance in space and time. Meaning, not space and time, connects all things.

The logic of space is the logic of a dream. An Aboriginal woman recently interviewed on television said, "With your vision you see me sitting on a rock, but I am sitting on the body of my ancestor. The earth, his body, and my body are identical."[7] The logic of dreams does not prevent our being from flowing into the being of other creatures, so that we live in their form and in their awareness. In dreams, other creatures enter and inhabit us. Every character in a dream is fabricated from the stuff of consciousness. In dreams, subject and object interpenetrate.

There is no external space separate from the internal. There are no objects or events—be they stars, spaceships, or molecules—separate from the feelings, desires, projections, activities, and images of consciousness. All are children born from the relationship between the conscious and the unconscious. Once we have been deluded by imbalanced modes of perception or misconstructed language into believing that space is separate from consciousness and time is other than the rhythmic swing between the subjective and the objective, then we have lost sight of the reality of creation.

The phenomenal world is considered the dream of the ancestral beings. Neither the dream nor the phenomenal world is considered an illusion; rather, together they constitute reality. Toward the end of his life, the visionary biologist Gregory Bateson intuited the existence of the Dreamtime.

> The individual mind is imminent but not only in the body. It is imminent also in pathways and messages outside the body, and there is a larger mind of which the individual mind is only a subsystem. This larger mind is comparable to God and is perhaps what some people mean by God, but it is still imminent in the total interconnected social systems and planetary ecology."[8]

At this juncture in human history, it is imperative that we recover a sense of the deep logic that underlies the Aboriginal language, rituals, and way of life.

VOICES OF THE FIRST DAY

AWAKENING IN THE ABORIGINAL DREAMTIME

BY ROBERT LAWLOR





A very old man, the last member of his tribe to possess the skill of fracturing quartz into cutting tools, is teaching some younger Aboriginal men this art. The small flakes of quartz used for cutters and scrapers are the only supplements to an otherwise wood-based technology. He takes the younger men many miles into the bush to a place where he knows the earth "prepares" stones for this purpose. He points out the features of the land, which has been visited by his tribal ancestors for generations to collect stone for tools. A soft breeze in the leaves of the tall gum trees relieves the heat of the midday sun. The old man squats, traditional sorrow or mourning scars on his chest, one leg drawn underneath him. With his deep-set eyes shut he passes his weathered black hand, in a sensuously fluid motion, over boulder after boulder. To each stone he mumbles a phrase: "This one is pregnant, but she is not ready yet," "This one will be very good in its time." Finally he finds a stone that he picks up and holds in both hands; with a knowing smile, he says, "The flint lives inside this stone like a dream inside your mind. Its essence has been prepared inside the stone since the Dreamtime . . . now it is ready to be born!"



TIME AND SPACE IN THE DREAMING

Space, in our conventional awareness, is basically felt as distance, the empty interval separating objects. Our notion of space depends on our notion of time, which is necessary to measure distance. Hence most of the words we use to describe space, such as long and short, are also used to describe time.

Aborigines do not perceive space as distance. Space for them is consciousness, and, like consciousness, space is divided into two modes. The perceptible, tangible entities in space are like the conscious mind, and the invisible space between things corresponds to the unconscious mind. The term *unconscious* is misleading: the unconscious mind is always conscious; it is a continuum of dreaming. In Western culture, the presence and activity of the unconscious is obvious only during sleep and dreams. For the Aborigines, the unconscious mind is continuous and ever-present, permeating all levels of existence, just as space invisibly fills everything from galaxies to the interior of the atom. The conscious mind is like the things of this world: appearing and disappearing, alternating between wakefulness and sleep, between life and death.

The visible actuality of a form exists simultaneously with its invisible potential, just as the conscious perception exists simultaneously with the flow of the unconscious. Similarly, the potential of the seed and the actuality of the plant appear to follow one another in sequence, as day follows night. From the perspective of the Dreaming, though, day and night exist simultaneously as the opposite sides of a spinning sphere. The Aborigines refer to the inseparable relationship between the actual and the potential, the conscious and the unconscious, as the light and dark faces of the moon—both are always present. In a similar manner, the genetic code might appear to be evolving in sequence from simple to complex, but the simple, primary cells and patterns are present on earth at the same time as the complex forms, varieties, and combinations. The apparent all-pervasiveness of the sequential pattern results from our elevation of and total reliance on the functions of the conscious mind.

OUR DREAMS

WHAT LIES UNDER OUR STILLNESS

Whatever I have said about my deeds and words in this trial, I let it stand and wish to reaffirm it. Even if I should see the fire lit, the faggots blazing, and the hangman ready to begin the burning, and even if I were in the pyre, I could not say anything different.

JOAN OF ARC, 1431

"What is in those diaries then?"
"They aren't diaries."
"Whatever they are."
"Chaos, that's the point."

DORIS LESSING, *The Golden Notebook*

This above all, we have never denied our dreams. They would have had us perish. But we do not deny our voices. We are disorderly. We have often disturbed the peace. Indeed, we study chaos—it points to the future. The oldest and wisest among us can read disorder. From dreams, or the utterances of madness, the chance cracks on a tortoise shell, the fortunate shapes of leaves of tea, the fateful arrangements of cards, we can tell things. And some of us can heal. We can read bodies with our hands, read the earth, find water, trace gravity's path. We know what grows and how to balance one thing against another.

Many of us who practiced these arts were put on trial. We stood at the gates of change, but those who judged us were afraid. They claimed the right to order the future. They would have had all of us perish, and most of us did. But some kept on. Because this is the power of such things as we know—we kept flying through the night, we kept up our deviling, our dancing, we were still familiar with animals though we were threatened with fire and though we were almost to a woman burned. And even if over our bodies they have transformed this earth, we say, the truth is, to this day, women still dream.





Flying



. . . ye was taken out of bed to that meeting in a flight.
BESSIE HENDERSON, Crook of Devon, 1661

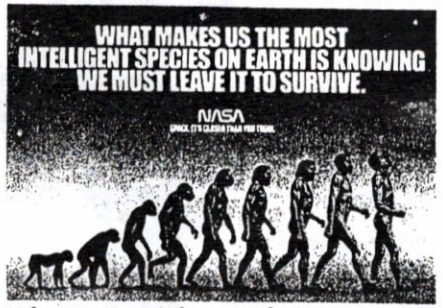
Flying

In those years, whatever we wanted it seemed we could not have. Nothing in our lives was ever fortunate. We had the meagerest portions of things, and when things were rare, we went without. That is our lot in life, we told ourselves. And we stopped wanting. Only we longed, and we grew so accustomed to the pain of longing that we called this our nature. We put this into our songs. We said disappointment was part of life. Even in our imaginations, all our attempts began to fail. But one day all this changed. On this day we met a woman who was used to getting what she wanted. She ate large portions and her body was big. She let us know there were other such women. We were bewitched. We began to dream we were like this woman. Her very smile invited us to be like her. And that is how we were finally initiated.

We began to think we might get what we want. Our longing turned into desire. Do you know how desire can run through the limbs? How wanting lets your eyes pierce space? How desire propels even the sleeping? How a resolve to act can traverse this atmosphere as quick as light? We were alive with desire. And we knew we could never go back to those years of longing. This is why, despite the threat of fire and our fear of the flame, we burst out through the roofs of our houses. Desire is a force inside us. Our mouths drop open in the rushing air. Our bodies float among stars. And we laugh in ecstasy to know the air has wishes; the stars want. "Yes," we call out, full of ourselves and delight. "Yes," we sing. "We fly through the night."

HIS KNOWLEDGE

HE DETERMINES WHAT IS REAL



What He Sees (The Art of It)



SPACE. IT'S CLOSER THAN YOU THINK.

Watched all night by the dead body of a friend of Mrs. P—— . . . Peace to his soul! I made a good sketch of his head, as a present for his poor wife. On such occasions time flies very slow indeed, so much so that it looked as if it stood still, like the hawk that poises over its prey.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON, *Journal*, August 11, 1821

For weeks upon weeks he observed the habits of this bird. He could create in his mind the posture of the animal as it perched on the highest limb of a magnolia tree. He could predict every movement of the bird; he knew his habits. Now as the bird circled his nest, the artist knew he would light there and remain. He had planned this event. He had disturbed the nest of this eagle since he knew then that the bird would stay there, surveying the extent of the damage, and protecting what was his. So the painter did not hurry as he went to find his gun, and he took his time loading it. Then he sequestered himself in weeds about the tree and aimed slowly and carefully. At the sound of the gun the eagle flapped his wings, but could not bear himself into the air and finally fell to the earth. The artist, holding the dying bird in his hands, expressed his wonderment at the expression of the eagle's eye, which at one and the same time blazed as if illuminated with fire, and glazed over with death. As the sun descended the eagle died.

Now he was excited. He had a fire built and spent the next hours preparing the bird, stuffing him, mounting him. He had acquired this skill through years of labor and experiment. He used wires to pierce and hold together the body of the bird in the posture he desired and the result of his efforts created an effect whose grace and naturalness were later said to have rivaled life.

The next morning he ascended to the top of the magnolia tree, and in great danger and with enormous labor he succeeded in sawing off the limb on which the eagle had once rested. This then he attached the eagle to, perching in all his grandeur, an emblem, it was said, of freedom and glory.

Finally he would capture the eagle on paper by placing the body against a background ruled with division lines in squares to correspond to similar divisions on his own paper. And if necessary, in addition, he would measure parts of the bird with a compass. He was meticulous and painted with great accuracy even every barb on every feather, so great was his love for his subject. And in this way, he preserved the birds of America.



NETWORK OF LIES AND FALSEHOODS



ARROGANCE AND CONCEIT

THE WATER CYCLE

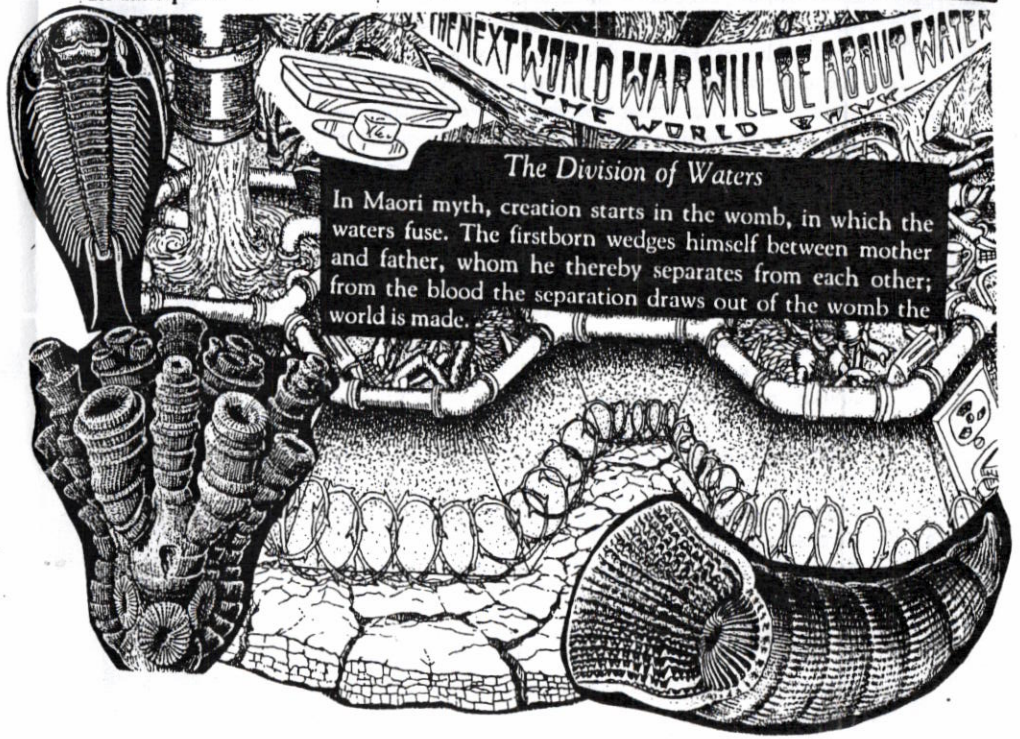
The flow of water is not confined to rivers or the inner workings of plants; it also circulates on a larger scale from the atmosphere to the earth and back. Approximately 300 million gallons of water change places constantly. Water evaporates from the ground—from lakes, rivers, even drippy faucets—and rises as water vapor into the atmosphere. It condenses into clouds—puffy white cumulus or dense dark thunderheads—and returns to earth in the guise of drizzle, rain, downpour, hail, sleet, and snow.

This moisture may soak down into the soil, percolating deep into underground aquifers. Or it may run off into drainage ditches, streams, rivers, and oceans. It may be absorbed into plants and transpire or evaporate back into the atmosphere.

Recovery of "Stuff"

Then, during the second half of the twentieth century, what came from the faucet ceased to be odorless. Its content of entirely new and unthought-of pollutants became known. Many people refused to serve it to their children as a drink. The transformation of H_2O into a cleaning fluid was complete. In the imagination of the twentieth century, water lost both its power to communicate by touch its deep-seated purity and its mystical power to wash off spiritual blemish. It has become an industrial and technical detergent, feared both as a poisonous stuff and as a corrosive for the skin. During the last years of the Carter presidency, the cost of sewage treatment and collection had become the greatest expense that local governments foresaw during the 1980s. Only education costs the taxpayer more.

Water throughout history has been perceived as the stuff which radiates purity: H_2O is the new stuff, on whose purification human survival now depends. H_2O and water have become opposites: H_2O is a social creation of modern times, a resource that is scarce and that calls for technical management. It is an observed fluid that has lost the ability to mirror the water of dreams. The city child has no opportunities to come in touch with living water. Water can no more be observed; it can only be imagined, by reflecting on an occasional drop or a humble puddle.

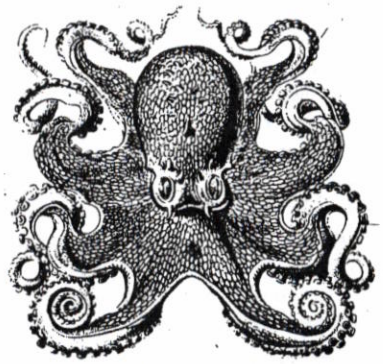


The Division of Waters

In Maori myth, creation starts in the womb, in which the waters fuse. The firstborn wedges himself between mother and father, whom he thereby separates from each other; from the blood the separation draws out of the womb the world is made.

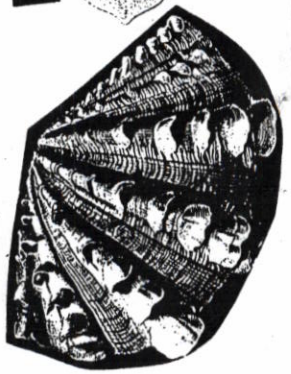
Ivan Illich

H_2O and the Waters of Forgetfulness





Reflections on the Historicity of "Stuff"

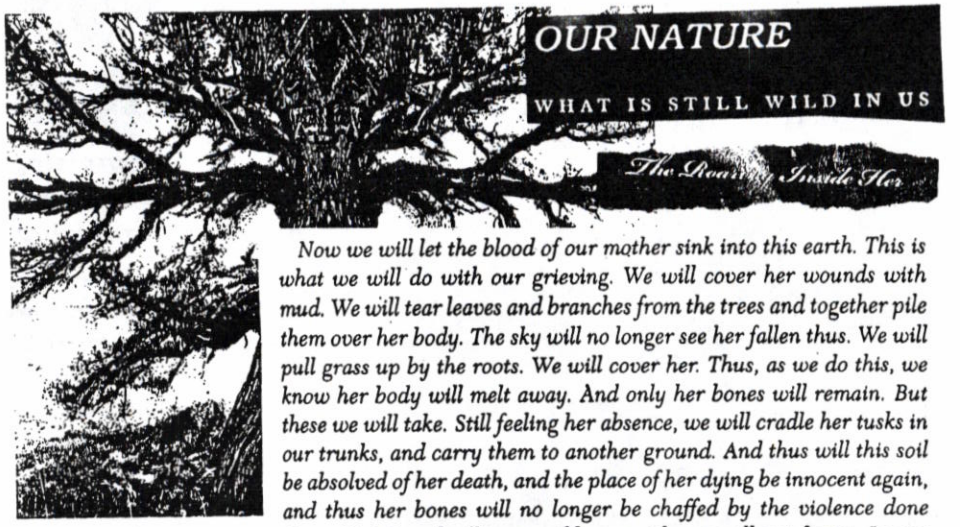


Elusive Waters

The water that we have set out to examine is just as difficult to grasp as is space. It is, of course, not the H_2O produced by burning gases nor the liquid that is metered and distributed by the authorities. The water we seek is the fluid that drenches the inner and outer spaces of the imagination. More tangible than space, it is even more elusive for two reasons: first, because this water has a nearly unlimited ability to carry metaphors and second, because water, even more subtly than space, always possesses two sides.

As a vehicle for metaphors, water is a shifting mirror. What it says reflects the fashions of the age; what it seems to reveal and betray hides the stuff that lies beneath. On the Wilhelmshoehe near Kassel, a German baroque prince has surrounded his castle with an English garden that solicits his waters to spill all that they know. As a man of his age, he even developed a taxonomy of water's secrets. His architects decided where in this park waters were to be clear or sparkling or deep or open or dull. In the woods they gush and mumble and ebb and swell, and in the meadows they meander and dally and trickle down in the grotto from the roof. There are niches and walls that are misty or dewy or wet. His waters tease and seduce; they threaten to drench and even to drown you. The prince's waters are there to amuse a whole court.

However, it is not this everchanging surface of water that makes it so difficult to explore the historical "stuff." It is the deep ambiguity of that stuff itself that makes it as elusive for us as space was incomprehensible for Plato. Water remains a chaos until a creative story interprets its seeming equivocation as being the quivering ambiguity of life. Most myths of creation have as one of their main tasks the conjuring of water. This conjuring always seems to be a division. Just as the founder, by plowing the *sulcus primigenitus*, creates inhabitable space, so the creator, by dividing the waters, makes space for creation.



OUR NATURE

WHAT IS STILL WILD IN US

The Roar Inside Her

Now we will let the blood of our mother sink into this earth. This is what we will do with our grieving. We will cover her wounds with mud. We will tear leaves and branches from the trees and together pile them over her body. The sky will no longer see her fallen thus. We will pull grass up by the roots. We will cover her. Thus, as we do this, we know her body will melt away. And only her bones will remain. But these we will take. Still feeling her absence, we will cradle her tusks in our trunks, and carry them to another ground. And thus will this soil be absolved of her death, and the place of her dying be innocent again, and thus her bones will no longer be chaffed by the violence done there. But though all traces of her vanish, we will not forget. In our lifetimes we will not be able to forget. Her wounds will fester in us. We will not be the same. The scent of her killer is known to us now. We cannot turn our backs at the wrong moment. We must know when to trumpet and charge, when to recede into denser forest, when to turn and track the hunter. We feel the necessity of these acts in us. We will pass this feeling to our young, to those who follow in our footsteps, who walk under our bodies, who feel safe in our presence, who did we not warn them, did we not teach them this scent, might approach this enemy with curiosity. Who imitate our movements and rely on our knowledge; we will not allow them to approach their enemies easily. They will learn fear. And when we attack in their defense, they will watch and learn this too. From us, they will become fierce. And so a death like this death of our mother will not come easily to them. This is what we will do with our grieving. They will know whom to beware and whom to fear. And this hatred that began to grow in us when we saw her body fall will become their hatred and no man will approach them safely. No man will come near them and live. We will not forget and this memory will protect them. What they have learned from us, all that we have taught them so that they can survive, how to suck up water into their trunks, how to pull down leaves from trees, how to lift with their tusks, and dig holes by the river with their feet, all this they will pass on, and generation after generation will remember the scent of this enemy. This is how long our grieving will last. And only if the young of our young or the young of their young never know this odor in their lifetime, only if no hunter approaches them as long as they live, and no one with this scent attempts to capture them, or use them to his purpose, only then will the memory of this death pass from our hide. Only then will those with the scent of her killer be absolved, as the soil is absolved, of her blood. Only then, when no trace is left of this memory in us, will we see what we can be without this fear, without this enemy, what we are.







SUSAN GRIFFIN

Not My Vision of Liberation

Part one

Some Thoughts on Organization, Federations, and Platformism

by Leaf S. Alone

What are they organizing?
Who are they organizing?
Why are they organizing?

I am fighting for a world that doesn't need organizing, that doesn't need running, that doesn't need controlling. Sure, it is helpful to think about how we resist and live together, to be strategic, and to develop relationships with people outside our families, bands, cells, affinity groups, scenes (or however else we group ourselves based on deeper levels of trust, commitment, common goals, and desires), but these relationships need to be organic in nature, not forced and superficial. Any meaningful and honest decisions can only be made in small groups consisting of those who are directly effected by these decisions. For resistance to be liberatory (which I believe is why we resist, and not because of guilt or concepts like justice), we must be directly connected to what we are fighting for. Yes, it is important to learn about and support other struggles, but not as a substitute for our own. The basis for our resistance must come out of our own struggle for liberation, and our support for others can then grow from that.

Yes, we can, and need to, work with other individuals and groups outside our own, but doing so in ways which do not sacrifice our autonomy and desires, and not compromising the autonomy and desires of others. We can work on specific or more

I am for autonomy. I understand anarchy to be synonymous with ***autonomy;*** to live and act upon one's own beliefs and desires without outside or overriding influences of power; to be self-sustaining; to live within one's own, or a group's own, limitations. As a green anarchist, this idea of autonomy naturally flows into my understanding of the concept of ***bioregionalism;*** to live within the limitations of our immediate surroundings; to obtain all nourishment and satisfaction from our local area; to be deeply connected to the specific geography, micro-climate, plants, and animals (including humans) of the region in which we live. To me, these terms - ***autonomy*** and ***bioregionalism*** - can almost be used interchangeably. For me, they are the basis of my anarchist experience. It is for this reason that I become suspicious when I hear anarchists speak of ***organization.***



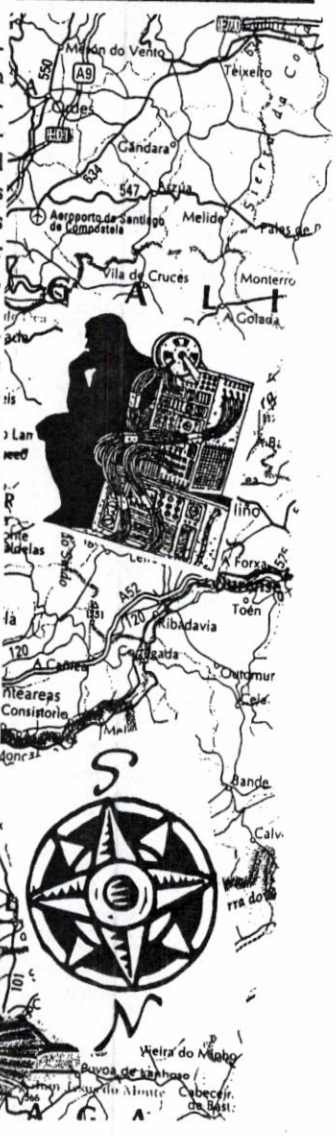
The well-organized, standardized, technocratic eye can only visualize within a limited scope.

Tree trail wind / skyscraper freeway exhaust. The urban nature enthusiast has sad eyes too. Climber, backpacker, skier—his athleticism springs from an authentic source. Photographer, flower collector, spirit-seeker—her love for creation is real. But channeled through the assumptions and demands of a society pitted as it is against the natural world, athleticism and love become truncated expressions severed from their original involvement in communal survival.



You realize there is no such word as *wild.* Not in any language spoken by native peoples, and we can assume that these are the languages that best express who humans evolved to be. No "wild." No division of human from Earth. No hikers escaping civilization. No abrupt reentry into concrete and electromagnetics. Just all the cosmos together united part of the same trout bear wild rose star everyone has a part to play, and it's one big unfathomable miracle.

So, you ask, isn't everything on Earth part of this all-encompassing universe? Don't Crown Imperials and glowing mice and Aspen Maps have a part to play? They are, after all, made of natural materials, however scrambled those materials may be. No. Nature's definition of nature is that every being, living and nonliving, evolved and created, participates in the continuity of the whole. Imperialism's technologies, psychologies, and ideologies lunge like freeways toward the linear horizon, never knowing their place or purpose or end point, producing in their wake a disruption so massive it cannot, as is, be made sustainable.



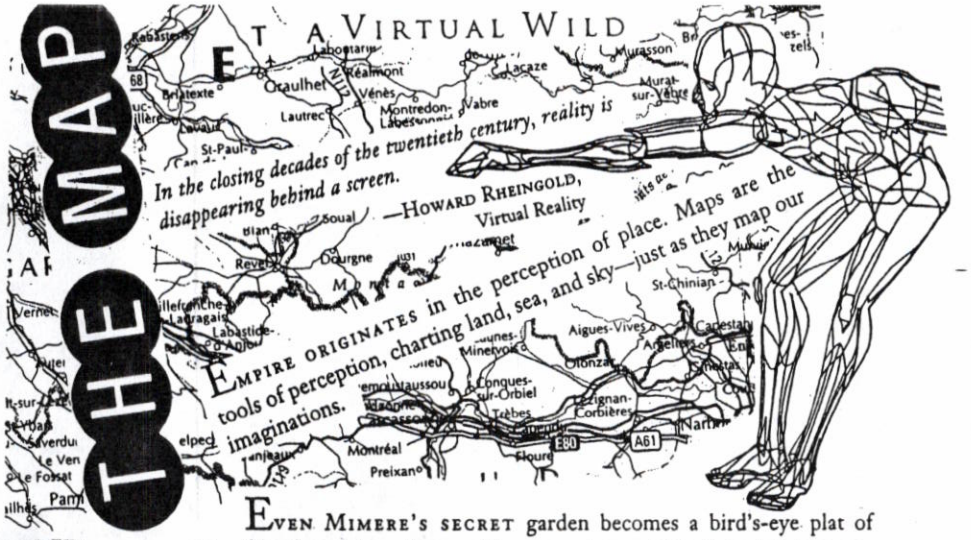
It has been said that the attraction of empire's artifacts and assumptions is their glamour, their shine, the ease they afford the human effort. Perhaps most important, attraction springs from the reverberation of the archetypal within them, and herein we find the source of urgency displayed by the people who defend them. After all, virtual reality's invention *is* an exciting mental adventure, and exciting mental adventures have always stirred the human mind. Genetic engineering *does* speak to the urge within the psyche to participate in the unfolding of evolution, to seed fruits into the soil, to paint rock walls, to thin the herd, to shift identity and shape during ceremony. Princess Cruise! BMW! United Airlines! The truth is, humans have *always* traveled about the Earth. And the urban environmentalist who fights tooth and nail to keep native peoples off their native lands, while projecting his own sad split between human and nature, *is* in fact motivated by a passion to save trees and whales.

But the context is all wrong, is upside down and twisted all around, the dysfunctional and the archetypal becoming so interwoven as to be indistinguishable. In the imperial context, the earnest defense of virtual nature *feels* right. No, it does *not* feel right; it settles over the mind like a wind without the breeze. And pain of all pains, such confusion and contradiction reside at every turn, deviously convoluted, matted, enmeshed, nasty hair balls on the floor of empire.



THE MAP IS NOT THE TERRITORY

Chellis Glendinning



ET A VIRTUAL WILD

Even Mimere's secret garden becomes a bird's-eye plat of false-hue colors. Presumably, somewhere within these bright maps, pachysandra flourishes and morning glories wind up trellises to the sun. But we cannot know. Well, not until we call up the official list of nonextinct flora to a box on the screen.

And please note: the place where leones abound no longer resides at the edge of the European fiat in northeast Asia. It is accessible now only within a head-mounted display that fabricates electronic jungles where vivid yellow cats stalk the human intruder, who, in defense, madly pokes buttons and waves about a sensory glove.

But wait: you *can* see nature in person. Almost anyone can pass through a clear-cut forest on the interstate. And for a price, you are invited to visit elephants at the animal rehabilitation farm. The *true* adventurer, though—you in your photojournalist vest—can bob along the Snake River in a dugout canoe, like Meriwether Lewis and William Clark before you, on a packaged reproduction of the original expedition. But please beware: *see* is what you will do. Distance to scale. It is not required, or even allowed, that you hunt deer or gather herbs for your survival. Bag lunches will be provided. Or if you prefer, you can order a McNugget plate. In the national forest, it is illegal to pick a flower and medical madness to drink water from the stream.

Welcome to the completely imperialized planet. This is virtual wild. If the elaborate gardens at Versailles display the essence of early imperialism's construction of nature, so these simulations-from-unearthly-distances and extinction-tours reveal the end-story meaning of global technoempire.

Indeed, it has long been rumored that the finale is nigh. The obligatory end-of-the-world hysteria born of linear perspective meets its match in the physical world. Sometime in the 1980s scientists proclaim that we have but ten, maybe twenty, years to alter the basis of the imperial livelihood; ten, maybe twenty, years before the damage becomes too excessive for the Earth to bear. And how, for us poor human beings, could all this shell shock and trauma continue anyway? It, too, is unbearable and, to borrow a phrase from ecology, unsustainable.



general projects, we can unite for common goals or events, but again, these connections need to be organic, based on real interactions and honesty, and seen as temporary junctures of interest. Once these relationships are no longer satisfying, effective, necessary, or desirable, we must be flexible enough to accept it and not force interactions for the sake of "unity". There are also different levels of connection and commitment to each other which may change over time, and it is important to be able to distinguish between true affinity and a nostalgic need to keep things going down a dead end road. The organic dynamics of relating to others can begin to take on a more natural form then the left or "radical" movements are used to, and this will often be met with hostility and mis-conceptions of a "lack of solidarity". In fact, by relating to people on more meaningful levels, we are in far greater solidarity (more effective and useful for revolutionary struggle), then the typical superficial "activist" relationships.

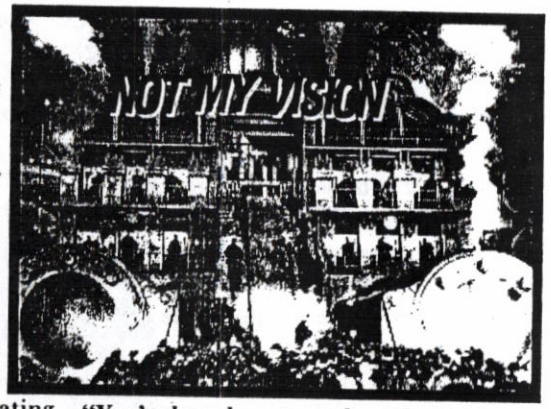
I wish to relate to people as people, and not necessarily in a political way. I think for deeper connections and understanding of one another, it is helpful to transcend politics. Yes, it's political that some people have control of the land, food, and water, but it won't be politics which changes that. Too often, the Left has alienated (and in some cases purged, fought against, and even slaughtered) those they see as the 'other', meaning those who do not blindly accept the ideologies, ideals, and morals of the Left or "Progressives" as righteous and "good". Most people do not relate to the "Left vs. Right" duality. These terms are both part of the same system, and are therefore meaningless distinctions. Both have a long history of supporting their ideological stance with authoritarian, and often state sanctioned, force. I reject both as different faces of the same monster. These terms are irrelevant to anarchists, as we should fight against both. Even dwelling too much in "anarchist" politics has its limits. Sure, I like to discuss my feelings about organization or lifestylism among other anarchists and radicals, but to most people, this is irrelevant. It has nothing to do with their everyday lives.



There are deeper connections to be made. I find that the most fulfilling conversations I have with people are those about how much they hate their job, the alienation we all feel from each other and ourselves, the toxic world we all live in, the new diseases and drugs that appear everyday, the destruction of the world around us, the fact that we cannot feed or take care of ourselves, that we have lost almost all control over our lives, and the spiritual emptiness we all feel. These discussions only re-enforce my understanding that the human condition has become a miserable one, and we are all entrenched in it, that there are no political solutions to it, that our only hope

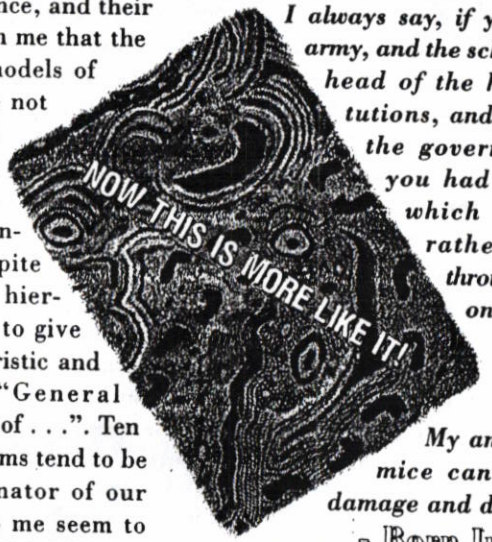
is to figure out how to reconnect to a different way of thinking and living. This is my "outreach". I have no time for the patronizing crap of the liberals, and I have no tolerance for the authoritarianism and vanguardism of the Left, or anarcho-leftism. I have no plans for the "masses". I hope they each have their own plans, and maybe some of us will work together on a few. Maybe we can help to empower each other to take responsibility for our own lives, but it won't happen by creating the perfect organization or infrastructure.

History, personal experience, and their basic structures have shown me that the Federationist and Party models of relating to one another are not liberatory, but instead are usually based on manipulation, coercion, and deception. They often contain representational structures, and despite good intentions, are often hierarchical. Some go as far as to give certain individuals militaristic and commanding titles as "General Secretariat" and "Minister of . . .". Ten Point Programs and Platforms tend to be the least common denominator of our hopes and dreams, and to me seem to disturbingly reflect the neo-liberal nightmare I fight against. It seems that some anarchists' need to "federate" stems from a need to feel part of something larger, to appear larger to others, to validate their perspectives or beliefs, or just the typical leftist ideal of controlling resistance and having their replacement infrastructure already set up. Whatever the motivation, I think it is important to look at these methods of relating to each other and ideas of organization with a critical and wary eye. Strength does not come from a monolithic mass of ideology, but from a multi-dimensional explosion of infinite passions.



"You've heard my story about the divisions... They always talk about unity, unity; but I always say, if you were the army, and the school, and the head of the health institutions, and the head of the government, and you had your guns, which would you rather see come through the door, one lion, unified, or 500 mice?

My answer is 500 mice can do lots of damage and disruption."
- Born In Flames





(NOTE: Future parts of **"Not My Vision"** *will address workerism, anarcho-communism, anarcho-liberalism, anti-ecological or anti-bioregional perspectives, techno-nerds, identity politics, and other orientations and persuations within the anarchist movement.)*

Here are some others which I have either not tried yet or couldn't get over my own cultural conditioning enough to try:
Mealworms, (If you've ever eaten any grain product , you've already eaten them), Fly Larvae (maggots), cockroaches, mantids, praying mantis, termites, bee larvae, cicadas, katydids, tomato worms, caterpillars (avoid spiney and hairy ones), and dragonflies. There are also many other edible bugs which I have not heard of and have not tried. Try finding out the ones you can eat in your own bioregion. Check out www.food-insects.com

*Escamoles are the larvae of black ants, and a traditional pre-columbian dish in Mexico. When boiled, they look like cottage cheese

*About 20 years ago, the Paiute Indians won a dispute with the U.S. Forest Service in California as to whether the caterpillars (a traditional food of the Paiute) would be harvested or sprayed.

Edwin Bryant (circa 1848) provided one of the few assessments of grasshopper palatability by a white. following an encounter with Utah Indians, an occasion when three women appeared, *"bringing baskets containing a substance, which, upon examination, we ascertained to be service-berries, crushed to a jam and mixed with pulverized grasshoppers. This composition being dried in the sun until it becomes hard, is what may be called the 'fruitcake' of these poor children of the desert. No doubt these women regarded it as one of the most acceptable offerings they could make to us. We purchased all they brought with them, paying them in darning needles and other small articles, with which they were much pleased. The prejudice against the grasshopper 'fruitcake' was strong at first, but it soon wore off, and none of the delicacy was thrown away or lost .... After being killed, they [the grasshoppers] are baked before the fire or dried in the sun, and then pulverized between smooth stones. Prejudice aside, I have tasted what are called delicacies, less agree able to the palate."*

RESOURCES

FOOD INSECTS NEWSLETTER:
http://www.hollowtop.com/finl_html/finl.html
GOOD ARTICLE ON INSECT NUTRITION:
http://www.food-insects.com/Insects%20as%20Human%20Food.htm
LINKS TO MORE INSECT EATING PAGES:
http://dmoz.org/Home/Cooking/Wild_Foods/Insects/

BOOKS

Man Eating Bugs - The Art and Science of Eating Insects by Peter Menzel & Faith D'Aluisio
Creepy Crawly Cuisine - The Gourmet Guide to Edible Insects by Julieta Ramos-Elorduy, Ph.D.
The Eat-A-Bug Cookbook - 33 ways to cook grasshoppers, ants, water bugs, spiders, centipedes, and their kin by David George Gordon

THE WILD FEAST

Wild foods were the basis of the humyn diet for nearly a million years, depending on how you define "human". Today only a small percentage of the world's population survives entirely off of wild foods, with a larger percentage combining them with domestic crops. Studies by anthropologists on primitive diets have confirmed what may seem instinctually true to many of us: that the leanness and purity of wild meat sources, and the superior nutrient content of wild plants helped the humyn species maintain excellent health and longevity for 99% of humyn evolution. It is only in the last 10,000 years that domesticated animals and plants have (for reasons unknown) entered the picture of humyn cultures. In our minds, this is not an absolute statement against domesticated plants and animals, but it IS a clue as to the secrets of humyn health in prehistory. For example, primitive diets that have been studied in contemporary times have proved higher in calcium than our modern diets, without the use of any dairy products whatsoever. The abundance of leafy greens in primitive diets supply more than enough calcium and countless other minerals and vitamins, and because of the lack of refining processes and "anti-nutrients" like sugar, caffeine, and carbonation, those vitamins are actually absorbed into the body, unlike in the modern western diet. Similarly, native cultures of the far north, where animal proteins make up the majority of the diet, have shown no incidence of the clogged arteries and heart diseases so commonly associated with animal fats in the modern world.

"we are interested in bringing wild food gathering and roadkill scavenging into our present day lifestyle. Our future vision is one of a horticultural, village-scale, community located near a wild area for foraging, but as we are still landless, our current dietary habits combine backyard-scale gardening, dumpster-diving, and bulk organic staples, along with foraged plant foods and scavenged roadkill."

This is a section from the new "primitive skills" zine

The Feral Forager:

A guide to living off nature's bounty in urban, rural and wilderness areas.

To get a copy, send $3 to Feral Forager, PO BOX 1485, Ashville, NC 28802

wildrootsnc@ziplip.com

INSECTS
a forgotten delicacy

Most people in North America will quiver at the thought of eating bugs. In fact even some survival guides mention eating bugs as "the unthinkable". But in spite of this blatant specieism, everyone who's ever eaten anything (including the strictest vegan) has unintentionally eaten millions of insects.

Entomophagy is the study of insects as food, and a growing movement among primitive-skills and bug enthusiasts is burgeoning today.

Insects are infact a very nutritious food source. They are high in fat, protein, and many other vitamins, including B12. That is part of the reason why indigenous people around the world seek out these abundant food sources. They have served as traditional foods in most cultures of non-European origin and have played an important role in the history of human nutrition not only in North America, but in Africa, Asia and Latin America. And for those of us modern feral folk who have gotten past the mental block of cultural conditioning, we have discovered that insects are not only nutritious but can also be very tasty. But don't go out eating everything you see- some are poisonous or can cause allergies, although we haven't found any information about this. Remove the shells of adult beetles, and cook all hard-shelled bugs to kill parasites. They say to avoid most brightly colored insects, but still some such as the tomato worm are perfectly edible. I would suggest researching this subject more, but here is a list of edible bugs that I have tried and how you can prepare them:

"They begin by digging a hole, ten or twelve feet in diameter by four or five deep; then, armed with long branches of artemisia, they surround a field of four or five acres, more or less, according to the number of persons who are engaged in it. They stand about twenty feet apart, and their whole work is to beat the ground, so as to frighten up the grasshoppers and make them bound forward. They chase them toward the centre by degrees—that is, into the hole prepared for their reception., Their number is so consider able that frequently three or four acres furnish grasshoppers sufficient to fill the reservoir or hole." **- H. M. Chittenden and A. D. Richardson, in their account of the life and travels of the French missionary, Father Pierre-Jean De Smet, describing the "surround" hunting method used in a Shoshoco grasshopper hunt (circa 1850)**

Grasshoppers and Crickets - if you have the patience to catch them! Like all hard-shelled insects you should cook them to kill any parasites, and you may want to remove the wings and legs. I have found they are best roasted in a pan or over a fire shish-kebob style. (kill them first if you can- and they can hop around even with their heads off). They are surprisingly tasty and filling- they taste something like popcorn. Crickets are incredibly high in calcium and potassium. *(see http://www.ent.iastate.edu/misc/insectnutrition.html)*

Ants and their eggs - one of the best wilderness foods I have ever eaten! The large black carpenter ants are the choice ones to go for. All ant eggs are edible and can be eaten raw or cooked. The carpenter ant's eggs taste a lot like grains when boiled, and taste like eggs when roasted. I hear that small ant eggs can be eaten raw and taste like couscous, but the only time I tried this it tasted like a hundred ants biting my tongue (there were live ants on the eggs too). If you're cooking the eggs you can add the ants right in there with them. I wouldn't suggest eating fire ants, but then again I've never tried too, and the chemical that causes the burning sensation may cook out. (let us know if you try this).

Rolly Pollies, or Pill Bugs - Rolly Pollies are actually a crustacean and not an insect (just think of them as land shrimp). They can be roasted whole and taste a little like popcorn.

Grubs (Beetle Larvae) - All beetle larvae can be eaten raw - they taste kind of fishy. They can be added to soups, stews and stir frys. They can also be roasted, after which these little fat-filled protein snacks taste a lot like popcorn.

Snails and Slugs (escargot) - Snails can be shelled (throw them in boiling water first) and sautéed with garlic (wild or cultivated), or added to soups. Slugs probably present the biggest challenge getting over the mental block. They can be prepared like snails only you don't have to shell them.

Earthworms - These subterranean squirmers are packed with soil minerals and microorganisms that simply can't be substituted in our modern vegan diets. They can be eaten alive, added to stews, or dried in the sun on a hot rock, and then ground into a very nutritious flour, which can be used as a soup thickener, or cut with other flours and used in flatbreads or other baking.



THE GARDEN of PECULIARITIES

by Jesus Sepulveda

number 2

Domestication is a process that some animals on this planet suffer. It reduces the wild and accustoms the animal to the absence of the natural state of living beings on this planet. It eliminates any wild characteristics that naturally negate planet-wide standardization. It erases that which is natural and spontaneous that made life possible on this planet. It homogenizes every living creature and organizes life into units that categorize everything living and breathing on the planet. It places human beings outside the animal kingdom, creating categories of kingdoms and organizing plants and insects as dead objects on this planet. Domestication is a process suffered like a strange sickness that weighs on life on every corner of the planet, threatening to destroy the existence of all who inhabit its magic.

number 6

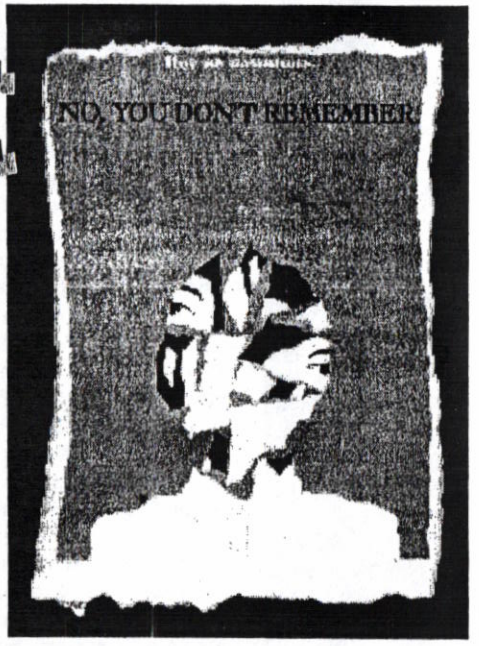
The individual tends to see him or herself as an individual subject. This is to say, as an indivisible being, unique and monolithic. This vision has generated a false consciousness of the being that justifies pragmatic individualism as much as the Cartesian disembodiment of the self: "Cogito ergo sum," mind over body, the virtual world, personal space, etc. The institutional propaganda of school and the authoritarianism of the expert scientific voice have impelled civilized populations to internalize the notion of the monolithic subject whose incorporeal identity reifies itself into an expansive ego, thus reproducing the instrumental logic of colonizing western thought. The expansive I turns itself into a unique and indivisible individual, thus negating its own multiplicity, plurality and flexibility, all that constitutes its own peculiarity. Thus, while the monolithic identity negates multiplicity, disembodiment rejects reality. So, the indivisible identity reifies itself through the disembodied consciousness of the I. And this consciousness is nurtured and forms itself through the standardizing mechanizations of taxonomic knowledge.

The individual is not a being apart from its totality, nor is it fragmented between body and consciousness. The individual is a part of its totality and its body interacts with reality. Denying this is justifying alienation. To feel the wind, for example, that crosses our pores when we stop at night to look at the stars, is sufficient proof that this totality exists. To believe the opposite is to be sadly alienated.

Poetry and art prevent the standardization of peculiarity. Artistic language suggests, instead of describing comprehensively, the immediate presence of being. Art and poetry dismantle the reduction driven by intellectual control, allowing its practitioners to become a part oftotality. This transformation is called authenticity or one's own voice, that is, the genuine that exists in everyone. This authenticity is nothing more than the peculiarity of every being: that which opposes standardization expressed by--among other things--the reification of the I., To think, for example, that one is an image projected in a mirror, or to believe in the formal and pictorial combination of a portrait, or in a mechanically reproduced image--photography, video or film--represents an alienating distance between the reality of a being and the reifying Cartesian consciousness to which the civilized world submits. Images as mediating ideological constructs of human relationships constitute what Guy Debord early on called "The society of the spectacle." Since then, the world has conglomerated like a swarm of bees around panoptical centers of domestication: television, Hollywood, the cult of celebrity. This is without even taking into consideration surveillance and control. Images massively lead individuals to see themselves as individual subjects, that is, as indivisible beings, unique and monolithic, thus ignoring their flexibility, plurality and multiplicity. This final trilogy is the stuff of which the innate peculiarity of the self is made.

Note: These are two parts out of forty-seven from the book *"The Garden of the Peculiarities,"* recently published in Buenos Aires, Argentina. The book is being translated by Daniel Montero and is edited by Janine and Jesus Sepulveda.

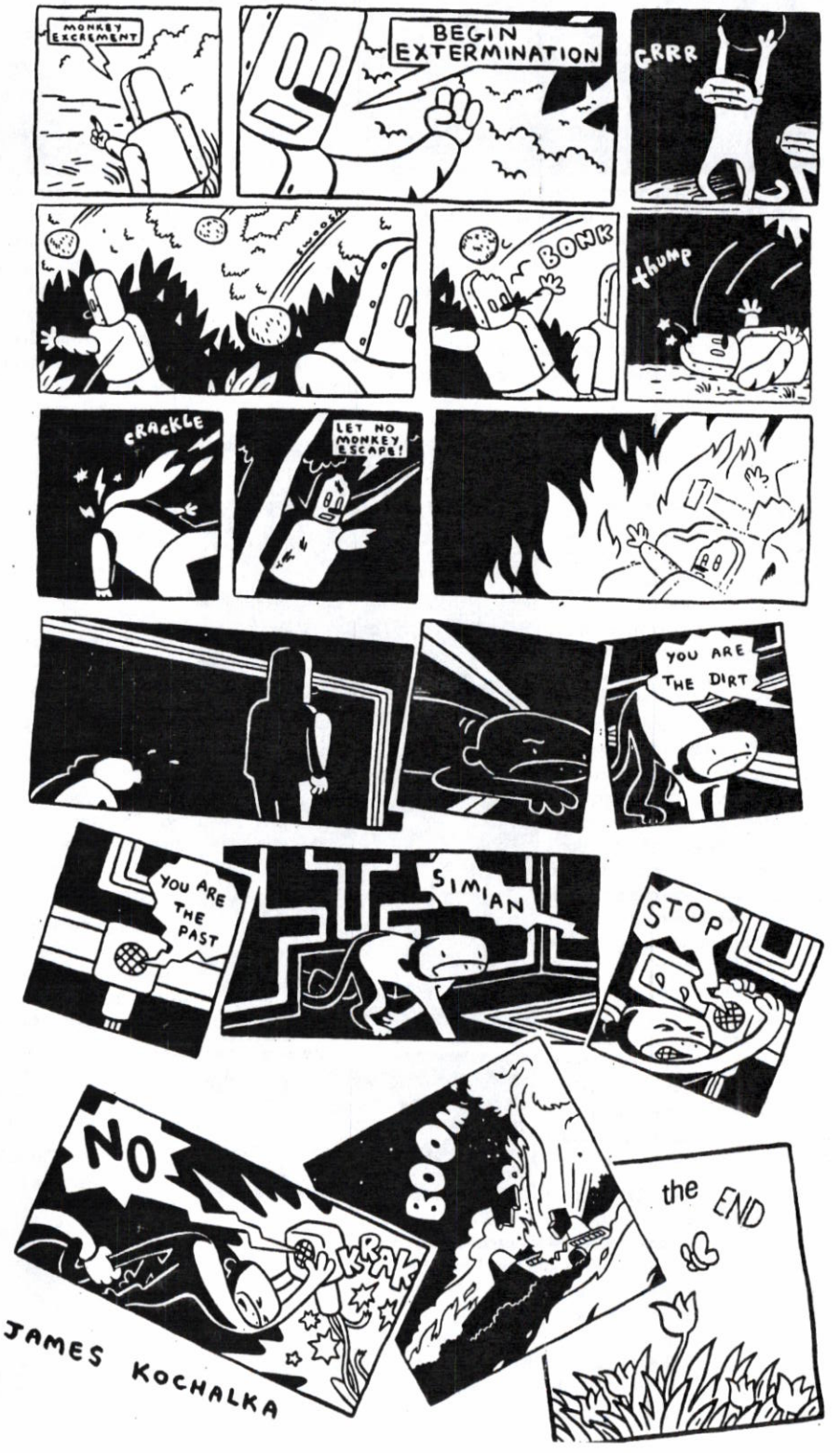
Guilt



Once upon a time, in a mid-sized town of mostly white-middle-class hippies and liberals (although set within one of the most conservative rural counties around), there was a fairly intelligent and relatively happy kid; to protect his real identity, we shall call him Russ. Russ had a lot of the same problems that most kids have growing up in Amerika, but he had one thing goin' for him - people liked him - and therefore he was able to develop some self-confidence (some would argue too much for his own good) and made many friends. Now Russ loved to discuss topics ranging from the personal to the political. In fact, he got so good at the art of deliberation, that it was usually difficult to tell what Russ really believed, and what he was just presenting for argument's sake. Russ soon connected with a group of kids who were sometimes rude and obnoxious, but for the most part had a relatively liberated outlook and world view. They were young, excitable, impatient, and full of energy. They thought of themselves as "revolutionaries", and they had been able to develop a somewhat holistic critique and understanding of things, considering their age and isolation from the rest of the world. They were not interested in playing the "activist" or "reformer" games. They understood all too well, that they had only one life to live (that they were aware of) and were not going to waste it hoping for liberation, but instead were gonna go for it. Now, Russ became one of the most outspoken of the bunch, and was always somewhat differentiated by his over-emphasis on the cerebral, rather then the physical. He was one of the only people in this crew who attempted to clearly articulate their views to others, and definitely one of the few who conceived of this group as being part of a larger movement. He was always able to balance this motivation, with his own, and his friends own, need for autonomy. For a while, things proceeded, and people felt good about themselves, those around them, and what they were doing.

There were some, however, who became jealous of the attention this group was getting and their self-assuredness. Some who saw this group of "hooligans" as dangerous to their lifestyle. Some disagreed with their particular ideas of autonomy and militancy. Many, legitimately, felt that these young people were not taking certain aspects of oppression seriously enough, but rather then try to address these aspects themselves, or to contribute to the general discussion or projects, certain individuals with their own agendas went on an attack. Using people as fodder for their plans for power, these certain individuals distorted, deceived, and destroyed people. Because of Russ's self-confidence, skilled tongue, and public nature, it was determined that he would be a main target. For a couple years, he was the victim of psychological warfare, the goal being his complete isolation and disempowerment. Nothing Russ did to try to understand where others were coming from did any good. All of his focus was shifted from his own liberation, to the understanding of the oppression of others (a vital understanding, but not at the expense of his own need to be free.) After a couple years of unfounded accusations and attacks (most later to be discovered to have been complete distortions or fabrications), he was finally beaten. Like a stallion turned into a domesticated beast of burden, the submission was complete.

Russ now became one of the living-dead. His physical form was still there, but he was missing. Some thought he had gotten a lobotomy or that psychological drugs were forced upon him. He was no longer Russ. He was now a vessel for all





an anti-liberatory experience or an ideology of masochism

the guilt-ridden rhetoric that had been thrust upon him. He now turned on all those who stood beside him and tried to help him through these difficult times. He figured that because he had never adequately de-constructed his "white, male, first-world, middle-class, heterosexist, educated, physically-able" privileges, that his friends must not have ever thought about these things before. That because they were hostile towards the venomous methods of the missionaries, they must be hostile to the entire message. Like a born-again Christian, he spent his days repenting and denouncing his past. Last I heard of Russ was that he seemed very depressed, and was heard muttering that the last time he really felt happy was a couple years ago, thinking that he was a good-natured person, preparing to strike a blow against capitalism, or just drinking beer with his friends.

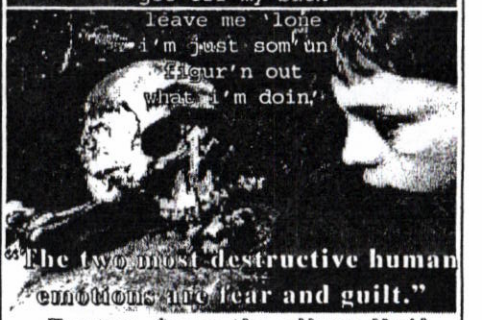


Sad Story, but it's true.

I am not guilty

by u.u. doings

no, I am not guilty
'cause you ain't my judge
what's that about glass houses
with anarchists in the neighborhood
get off my back



Guilt (gilt) *n.* the fact or state of having offended; criminality and consequent liability to punishment. ***-y*** *a.* judged to have committed a crime. ***-ily*** *adv.* ***-iness*** *n.* -Webster's Dictionary

One of the most crippling and diffusing forces in the fight for liberation is **GUILT**. It is essential to be aware of one's own privilege in society granted by one's sex, race, class, or other societal distinctions, and to figure out ways to deconstruct and fight against the institutional systems and mindsets that creates these distinctions and privileges, but it is another thing to be frozen or immobilized by feelings of guilt. I have heard certain men say that they have no right to speak or fight for their own liberation, since they have benefited too much from the patriarchal system and should follow women's lead (with the added inference that women are naturally more nurturing, compassionate, or egalitarian). I have seen white activists sit with their hands folded and suppress their own beliefs and goals so a "person of color" can have space or "have their voices heard", even when that idealized (and often tokenized) person was authoritarian or running for office. And we won't even get into the liberals who volunteer once a month at the soup kitchen or give out spare change with a aura of self-congratulation. These are all manifestations of a mindset drenched in guilt, an ideology of masochism: that self-sacrifice (in varying degrees) can bring about a just world; that suppressing our true desires (and I want to differentiate between feral desires and those programmed by the death-culture) benefits those in less privileged positions; that our disempowerment is the empowerment of another.

Well, I ain't got no Jesus complex, he died for his own sins, and I'll live for mine. I'm fighting for my freedom, and since my freedom is dependent on everyone and everything else's freedom, I'm fightin' for total freedom. Since I can only define for myself what passions push me, I can only define for myself what my struggle is. I will sit down, shut up, and listen when you tell me of your struggles, and I will help with them when we can agree, based on mutual respect. But, when it comes to my own liberation, you should shut up and listen to me! Don't tell me what I've been through, where I've come from, what I am, and what I fight for.

Only those who allow themselves to be judged can be guilty.

Defend the collective imagination

the belief police

by

a. a. beings

you, with the dictionary in your hand
obtained from the experts
with the newest and strictest language
demanded from our mouths
fuck you!
you have no jurisdiction over me!

you, with the rulebook in your hand
obtained from the activist centers
with the restrained and irrelevant actions
you demand from our resistance
fuck you!
you have no jurisdiction over me!

you, with the magazine in your hand
obtained from the bookstore
with the glossy pictures and articles
explaining the hip and cool way to look
fuck you!
you have no jurisdiction over me!

you, with the textbook in your hand
obtained from the university
with politically correct issues and details
determining how we should behave
fuck you!
you have no jurisdiction over me!

you, with the map in your hand
obtained from the gas station
with the routes and linear directions
you want me to travel
fuck you!
you have no jurisdiction over me!

you, with the manifesto in your hand
obtained from the party
with your limited and restricted ideas
based on ideologies and dogma
fuck you!
you have no jurisdiction over me!

you, with the bible in your hand
obtained from the moralists
with definitive and authoritative do's and dont's
explaining the proper way to exist
fuck you!
you have no jurisdiction over me!

you, with the notebook in your hand
obtained from the belief police
taking notes on all of our lives
so you can report back to your masters
fuck you!
you have no jurisdiction over me!

the day will come
when your pathetic little world
based on control, lies, and deception
will crumble around you
fuck you!
i give you no jurisdiction over me!

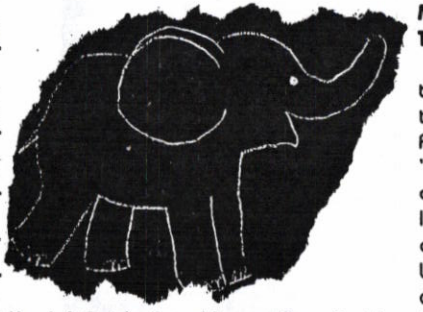
Fuck You

(You know who you are)

ANIMAL UPRISINGS:

THE WILD ONES FIGHT BACK!

A brief look at non-human animals rising up against human tyranny



March 6, Austria: Caged Jaguars Stage Uprising

Vienna: While visitors watched, three jaguars at the Schoenbrunn Zoo attacked and killed an employee as she was preparing their food and injured the zoo's director when he tried to rescue the zookeeper.

March 12, England: Captive Elephant Sets Out To Kill Jailkeeper

London: A four-ton Burmese elephant held down a zookeeper at London Zoo and deliberately crushed his skull with her foot, according to an official zoo inquest. In front of dozens of shocked visitors, the 20-year-old female elephant pushed over zookeeper James Robson, then wrapped her trunk around his legs to hold him down before stamping him on his head.

April 10, India: Wild Elephants Foil Police Chasing "Terrorists"

A herd of rampaging elephants forced police to abandon a mission against so-called "terrorists" in an Indian jungle. The elephants charged at police commandos chasing guerrillas of the United Liberation Force of Assam, a rebel group based in the state of Assam. Police and commandos raided the forest following a heavy gunfire exchange with the rebels near Jaldapara. Regional police chief Shiv Kumar said the operation had to be called off after they were chased away by a group of wild elephants. Kumar, who was among the police and commandos, said: "It's impossible to carry on the operation."

April 17, New York: Turkey Breaks Into Store, Trashes Hunting Videos

Batavia: A turkey recently decided to take a turn as social critic, attacking movies in a video store and taking particular aim at hunting videos. Nancy Arena arrived at her video store 30 miles east of Buffalo to find the front window smashed and feathers and movie cases scattered everywhere. She called police, and when the cops finally arrived, they flushed a young tom turkey out of the science-fiction section. Arena says the episode was "kind of weird" because the turkey bashed into the hunting videos first and left some droppings on them.

May 12, Florida: Feline Zoo Prisoner Bites The Hand That Tortures It

Bush Gardens: A 12 year old 350 pound lion bit off the lower-half of a zookeepers right arm at Bush Gardens—the Anheiser-Bush owned "theme park"—in Tampa Bay, Florida, during what amusement park managers called a "routine training exercise." Lions have a long tradition of challenging human tyranny: In 1898, two male Tsavo lions made meals of a reputed 135 laborers, stopping construction of what is now Kenya Railways in its tracks. Why the taste for humans? Perhaps because *rinderpest*, a disease brought by the European colonizers' cattle, had killed off most of the lions natural prey.

Late May: By Leaps And Bounds, Marauding Monkeys Overrun Japan

Violent, rebellious monkeys—hostile to human laws and customs—are spreading across Japan, a tidy, cement-trimmed nation more commonly associated with electronics and international commerce than wildlife. From a scraggly postwar population of 15,000, the number of monkeys has increased tenfold in half a century, reaching 150,000 today. The generation of monkeys produced by this population explosion seems to be an anti-social and defiant one, and have been accused of everything from burglarizing supermarkets to mugging humans for food to carjacking! "It just gets worse and worse," complained Taki Kaneda, a resident of the Chuzenji Lake district who closed her souvenir store because of monkey theft. "We haven't been able to leave the windows of our second-floor rooms open for years." Increasingly, Japanese officials demonize monkeys as "pests" that "infest" farmland, causing at least $7 million dollars crop damage a year. Like coyotes in the United States, monkey numbers in Japan keep increasing. With monkey bands moving from mountain areas to farm areas, their diet has improved, allowing most adult females to have one baby a year. Japanese monkeys are also becoming bigger and more aggressive because of their Western diets: By rooting through garbage bags or extorting food from tourists, they've gotten much stronger and larger from 20-30 years of eating greasy, fatty McDonalds food. Farmers are wondering if they're growing vegetables only to provide monkeys with buffet salad bars. A new book, *Protecting Mountain Fields From Monkeys*, contains the latest in anti-monkey technology, including electric fences and 12-foot-high nets. Rural villages have been posting bounties of up to $1,000 for the leader of a particularly destructive monkey troop.

Humans aren't the only species oppressed by the system, nor are they the only species fighting back!

The Advocacy Of Wrath Magic

Let me first state that I am a hard core atheist. I have met many folks who 'don't believe in gods, or mysticism', but I have met few who like myself, 'believe that there is no god(ess) or mystic spirituality on any level'. The difference is blatantly obvious to one who has sat in a classroom as the only kid who is an unbeliever, damned and cursed by their peers and authority figures. But the purpose of this rant is not really to express the alienation and oppression felt by the non-believer, but to show that one who is an atheist can advocate magic. But magic is not super-natural, magic is manipulation. Magic is slight of hand and is sometimes an effective means of carrying out ones desires. There is no power beyond the natural, but there are pickpockets and there are shadow walker eco-defenders.

There is no god, fairie, spirit, life-force, or cosmic consciousness, that will displace the system from it's current ecologically destructive course. No amount of prayer or ohming or wishing or conjuring will change anything, unless it inspires an individual to strengthen and focus themselves for effectiveness in action. And this is where magic fits in. Slight of hand is a very effective way to get things accomplished, for it is hard for anyone to resist that which they cannot see. That is how the pigassmuthafukkas have controlled the peoples of the earth for millenniums. The people are tricked. But if folks desire an end to the civilization/patriarchy/hierarchy/class system/human dominion, then learning a bit of trickery is suggested.

Who really knows how much could be accomplished if every anarchy lovin', tree huggin', freak, learned to secretly manipulate the world to their liking. And I know it frightens off some overly politically correct folks to hear some person they do not know advocate action in a confident way, but I don't care. I care to maybe get through to some folks that focusing on nature, and influencing the future through hidden direct action is infinitely more successful at accomplishing an objective, than any so-called supernatural means could or will ever be.

Let us get real, the spirits/ghosts/Jesus' will never 'save' shit. Only we will, through magic. Magic of the hidden, mysterious world, of what is beyond the obvious. What is beyond the obvious? Beyond the T.V., beyond the end-of-the-world-cults? Beyond the in front of our face world? Maybe only nothingness lies in this void, far, far away, perhaps on the planet Neptune (the sea god, which is aligning with the second moon of Mars, the god of war)? But here and now on mama earth, we are not blessed. WE ARE DOOMED! Unless we learn and teach trickery and magic, that will change the world around us.

We cannot always be pleasant and wait for the whole human world to embrace our love for the 'earth mama', and our superior lifestyles. Our days for recycling bottles, have changed into re-using them to fill with gasoline. With our hidden tactics, our agenda is obvious. **Our magic will light fires in 'spirits' and in the physical.**

by Chuck A. Rock



its or it's

by o. o. cummouts

it's or its
I really dont care
grammar crackerz
a blip in the symbolic
yeah, I don't want no red lights
butt one thng I gotta say
aint's a word in my dicktionary
because it's its "it's" and "its"
it's its shit, not mine.

The Journey

"American Primitive"
by Mary Oliver

One day you finally knew
what you had to do, and began,
though the voices around you
kept shouting
their bad advice -
though the whole house
began to tremble
and you felt the old tug
at your ankles.
"Mend my life!"
each voice cried.
But you didn't stop.
You knew what you had to do,
though the wind pried
with its stiff fingers
at the very foundations,
though their melancholy
was terrible.
It was already late
enough, and a wild night,
and the road full of fallen
branches and stones.
But little by little,
as you left their voices behind,
the stars began to burn
through the sheets of clouds,
and there was a new voice
which you slowly
recognized as your own,
that kept you company
as you strode deeper and deeper
into the world,
determined to do
the only thing you could do -
determined to save
the only life you could save.

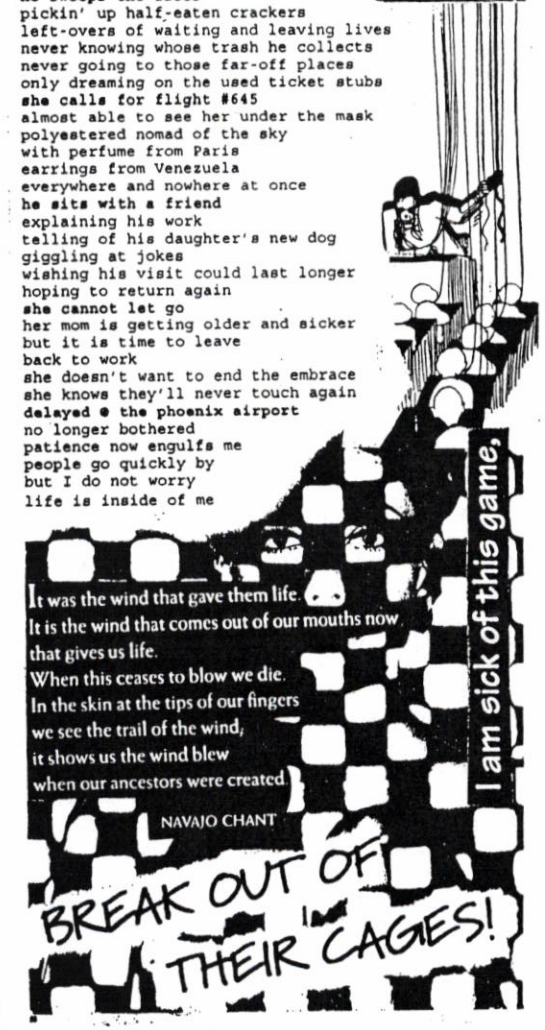




delayed @ the phoenix airport

by i.i. goings

sadness in his eyes
of a life wasted
used up in pursuit
never quite satisfied
hurrying here and there
empty and lonely
anticipation in her smile
waiting for a childhood friend
uneasiness in her posture
knowing it will not be the same
time has broken their connection
it is now all based on memories
he sweeps the floor
pickin' up half-eaten crackers
left-overs of waiting and leaving lives
never knowing whose trash he collects
never going to those far-off places
only dreaming on the used ticket stubs
she calls for flight #645
almost able to see her under the mask
polyestered nomad of the sky
with perfume from Paris
earrings from Venezuela
everywhere and nowhere at once
he sits with a friend
explaining his work
telling of his daughter's new dog
giggling at jokes
wishing his visit could last longer
hoping to return again
she cannot let go
her mom is getting older and sicker
but it is time to leave
back to work
she doesn't want to end the embrace
she knows they'll never touch again
delayed @ the phoenix airport
no longer bothered
patience now engulfs me
people go quickly by
but I do not worry
life is inside of me



It was the wind that gave them life.
It is the wind that comes out of our mouths now
that gives us life.
When this ceases to blow we die.
In the skin at the tips of our fingers
we see the trail of the wind,
it shows us the wind blew
when our ancestors were created.

NAVAJO CHANT

Flashback To The Sixties

Current Perspectives On Our Resistance

Dear Disorderly Conduct, 7-16-02

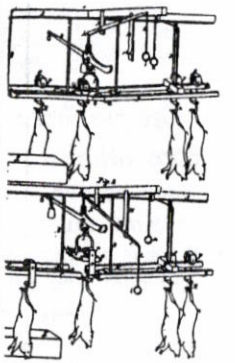
My name is Mark, and I live in a small town outside of Boston. I am writing to let you know that I greatly appreciate your publication. I obtained a copy from my daughter, who is a 16-year-old anarcha-punk, with more emphasis on the punk (unfortunately) for now. She showed it to me mostly for Ward Churchill's article on September 11th, which I thought said many important things that the peace, social justice, and anarchist movements have been afraid or too cautious to say. I find D.C. to be a breath of fresh air in a stale, predictable, and virtually ineffective movement for social change.

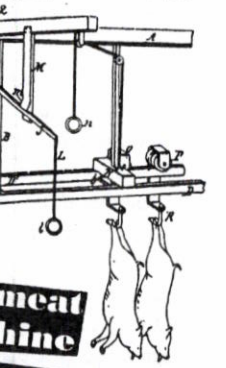
I have seen many things in my 52 years upon this planet, and wanted to throw out a perspective from an older, working-class, x-hippie. My parents were polish immigrants, so needless to say, we were a poor, working-class family, who never seemed to even come close to the "American Dream" that my parents had dreamt of in the old country. In fact, I heard my parents and uncle often say that they would trade the uncertain and difficult life they were living when I was growing up for the hardships of post-World War II Poland if they could. I wouldn't say my family was necessarily "political", but I did grow up hearing about the importance of hard work and the need for trade unions. These values led me to join the local pipe-fitters union upon completion of trade school. I saw it as just a part of life, but not my central focus. It was the late sixties, and there were other interests literally swirling around my head. I was also becoming interested in the peace movement, mostly from my best friend and my girlfriend at the time, and because I saw many people from my high school going off to Vietnam, and a good number not coming back (or a least not in one piece). It was when a close friend of mine came back missing an arm and half his leg that I became more active. I tried to help unite the peace movement, which I saw as mostly middle-class white kids, with a more diverse working-class. This was tremendously frustrating. The peace activists were interested, but usually in an arrogant and opportunistic way, and the union folks weren't really too interested in anything but better pay and benefits. I was banging my head against the wall constantly. I felt isolated from both worlds and began to move away from being too active in either.

I knew that the problems facing the world went beyond the war or the job, and I began to get interested in the limited, but available anarchist literature of the time. I was warned by my friends in the peace movement and labor movement about these "extremist" views, but it seemed so much more real and applicable then the stale and irrelevant politics that they espoused. I don't really identify myself as an anarchist, per say, but the ideals seem to be the only way to assure a free life for everyone and everything. The fight against power is really the only legitimate fight there is. I have, however, never felt totally comfortable in the anarchist scene, So, I have done what I can within the corrupt and impotent union I am in and have tried to stay updated on the direction of the anarchist and peace movements. I have to say for a long time it seemed like nothing was happening and I began to settle into the apathetic and dismal reality that any hope for a different world was lost somewhere in the early to mid-seventies. I must admit, Seattle caught me off guard. I was surprised and exited again, and even got a subscription to an anarchist publication again (Sorry to say it was not D.C. - 'cause I didn't know of it then). I was once again disgusted with both the peace movement and trade unions, who seemed to miss the boat on Seattle, and tried to control the event and get their "issues" to the forefront, despite their virtual irrelevance and inactivity. Oh, how I wish I was there! The reports I read and pictures I saw reminded me of some of the more militant protest/riots of the late '60's and early '70's.

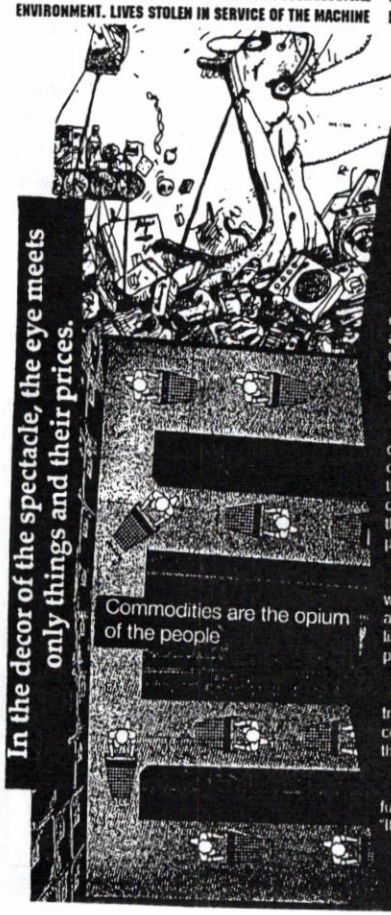
TECHNOLOGY

TECHNOLOGY IS MORE OF A PROCESS OR CONCEPT THAN A STATIC FORM. IT IS A COMPLEX SYSTEM INVOLVING DIVISION OF LABOR, RESOURCE EXTRACTION, AND EXPLOITATION FOR THE BENEFIT OF THOSE WHO IMPLEMENT ITS PROCESS. TECHNOLOGY IS DISTINCT FROM SIMPLE TOOLS IN MANY REGARDS. A SIMPLE TOOL IS A TEMPORARY USAGE OF AN ELEMENT WITHIN OUR IMMEDIATE SURROUNDINGS WHICH IS USED TO HELP WITH A SPECIFIC TASK. TOOLS DO NOT INVOLVE A COMPLEX SYSTEM WHICH ALIENATE THE USER FROM THE ACT. IMPLICIT IN TECHNOLOGY IS THIS SEPARATION, CREATING A MEDIATED EXPERIENCE WHICH LEADS TO VARIOUS FORMS OF DOMINATION. OUR DOMINATION INCREASES EVERY TIME A NEW "TIME SAVING" TECHNOLOGY IS CREATED, AS IT NECESSITATES THE CONSTRUCTION OF MORE TECHNOLOGY TO SUPPORT, FUEL, MAINTAIN AND REPAIR THE ORIGINAL TECHNOLOGY. THIS HAS LED VERY RAPIDLY TO THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A COMPLEX TECHNOLOGICAL SYSTEM THAT SEEMS TO HAVE AN EXISTENCE INDEPENDENT FROM THE HUMANS WHO CREATED IT AND WHERE THE POWER RELATIONSHIPS BETWEEN THE "INVENTOR" AND THE "INVENTION" CLEARLY FAVOR THE INTERESTS OF THE MACHINE ITSELF. DISCARDED BY-PRODUCTS OF THE TECHNOLOGICAL SYSTEM ARE POLLUTING BOTH OUR PHYSICAL AND OUR PSYCHOLOGICAL ENVIRONMENT. LIVES STOLEN IN SERVICE OF THE MACHINE AND THE TOXIC EFFLUENT OF THE TECHNOLOGICAL SYSTEM'S FUELS — BOTH ARE CHOKING US. TECHNOLOGY IS REPLICATING ITSELF NOW, WITH SOMETHING RESEMBLING MECHANICAL, ARTIFICIAL SENTIENCE. THE TECHNOLOGICAL SYSTEM IS A PLANETARY INFECTION, PROPELLED FORWARD BY IT'S OWN MOMENTUM, THAT IS RAPIDLY ORDERING A NEW KIND OF ENVIRONMENT, ONE DESIGNED FOR MECHANICAL EFFICIENCY AND TECHNOLOGICAL EXPANSIONISM ALONE. IT'S QUESTIONABLE WHETHER THE RULING CLASS (WHO STILL BENEFIT ECONOMICALLY AND POLITICALLY FROM THE TECHNOLOGICAL SYSTEM) REALLY HAVE ANY CONTROL OVER THEIR "FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER" AT THIS POINT. THE TECHNOLOGICAL SYSTEM METHODICALLY DESTROYS, ELIMINATES, OR SUBORDINATES THE NATURAL WORLD, AND DOES NOT ALLOW THE EARTH TO RESTORE ITSELF OR EVEN TO ENTER INTO A SYMBIOTIC RELATIONSHIP WITH IT. TECHNOLOGY IS CONSTRUCTING A WORLD FIT ONLY FOR MACHINES AND THE IDEAL FOR WHICH THE TECHNOLOGICAL SYSTEM STRIVES IS THE MECHANIZATION OF EVERYTHING IT ENCOUNTERS. IF WE WANT TO BE MORE THAN "SERVO-MECHANISMS" OR CYBORG LACKEYS OF TECHNOLOGY THEN WE HAVE TO RECOGNIZE ITS DOMINATION OVER US AND WORK TO DISMANTLE THE SYSTEM THAT HAS BEEN BUILT AROUND THE NEEDS OF MACHINES, AND NOT FREE LIFE-FORMS.





we are all meat to the machine



Declaration of the Surrealists on the Andy Warhol Retrospective at the Chicago Art Institute, June 1989

POINT-BLANK

Homage to Valerie Solanas

A hundred and eighty-one years ago William Blake warned us against certain artists who the ruling class "Hired to Depress Art." Today capital and its state monopolize Art itself while stifling all free expression. Contemporary society is one huge prison, and it comes as no surprise that the various celebrities of the Art Market are guards armed with stun-guns and tear-gas.

Avowedly racist and sexist, a devout Catholic, professional flatterer of corporate complacency, apologist for imperialism and every other form of exploitation and degradation, Andy Warhol exemplifies the sort of scum that rises to the top in this intolerably miserabilist society. The stinking corpse of this rich toady--the Richard Nixon of Modern Art, who boasted that his greatest ambition was to make himself a machine--remains the perfect embodiment of today's official culture.

Never having had the chance to spit in Warhol's face when he was alive, we take this opportunity to spit on his memory, on all his work, on all his admirers, and especially on all those curators, critics and other highly paid liars who have managed to convince a certain number of people that this putrid non-entity was and is actually of some importance.

Some day-- and sooner than you think! --we shall have the pleasure of trampling and pissing on Warhol's loathsome representation of commodities, on the ruins of this whole stinking social structure founded on the fetishism of commodities.

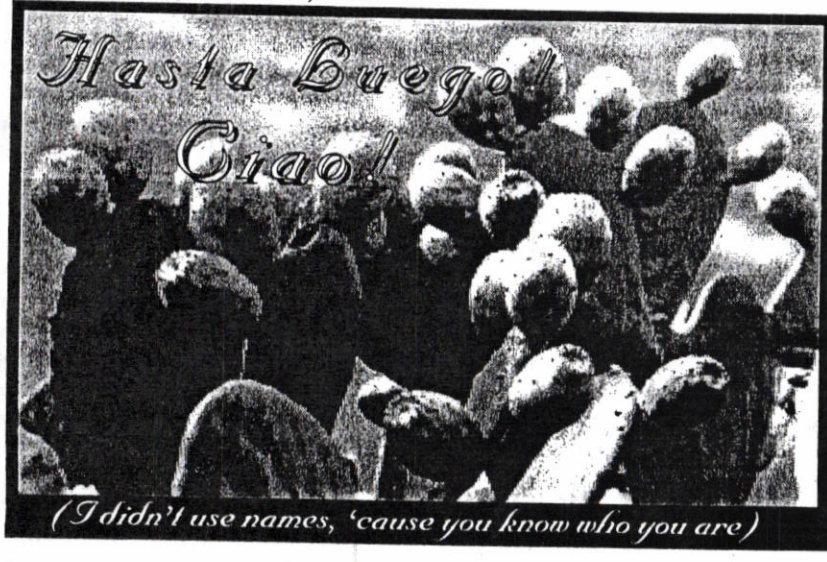
Meanwhile, if some of us take the trouble to show at these disgusting funerals of yours, the joke's still on you, isn't it? As Daffy Duck would say, "It is to laugh!"

The Surrealist Group

Chicago June 1989

collection of graffiti. If you can't get find a squat, hostels can be somewhat cheap, but certainly not free, and often dirtier then most squats. Try to avoid tourist traps. Yes, some of the most beautiful places end up tourist destinations, so if you really want to go, try to make day trips, pack your food, and break the rules. If you go to a cafe, drink or eat at the counter, because in many places if you sit at a table it costs twice as much. Try to buy food and wine from stores and party back at the squat, hostel, beach, or square. You can drink wherever you want outside the U$, so take advantage and be creative. I drank far more there, than normally, so if you do, be aware of yourself and drink lots of water. Every toilet I entered was different, and viruses are easily caught when traveling or problems may occur when eating foods you're not used to, so it can be good to carry your own toilet paper (or liberal/leftist publication), just in case. If you want to disseminate information, carry masters of your favorite anarchist publications to distribute along the way, or if you can, mail it by boat at least six weeks ahead of time to your contacts. Another vital tip, is to go with a companion you love to be around, someone you really know, or someone you want to know really well. This isn't necessarily the best time to work out unresolved issues with people, 'cause you have to depend on your fellow travelers for a lot. I'm sure I've missed a bunch, but you can figure it out. Like anarchy, keeping a healthy balance of planning and spontaneity is key. Be prepared for things, but you may never be back here again, so live and let live, and if the memory is not a sufficient record of your travels for you, take along a cheap camera and journal.

In general, throughout our journey, we found people to be far more open and connected with one another then we typically find in the $tates. People seemed to get less caught-up in personal dynamics. They are challenging of each other, but also very accepting and healing. There was a camaraderie I have rarely seen here. There was almost no shit-talking (unless they were choosing not to translate those parts). I think some of this comes from a higher level of seriousness, some from a more integrated and shared reality of daily life and politics, and some from a culture which is more communal then the isolated and individualist one pushed on us here. There is more care given to contact with one another. A small example of this, is when people raise their glasses, they make a point of looking at each other in the eyes. I never realized the fast-paced characteristics we have even on the level of this - I had to actually remember to look at the person I was clinking glasses with. Wow, how isolated and sped-up are we all? Overall, this was a much needed, eye-opening, and amazing experience, whether it was checking out squats, conversing with other anarchists, or swimming in amazingly blue waters, I will always remember this time and these people. While I am a bioregionalist at heart and in theory, in this unfulfilling and empty world we are left with today, interaction with people in other places is a healing process, and a way to explore the particularities of other individuals and other cultures, and to make new friends and comrades for the fight against this fucking system. Thanks to all of you who helped us along our way. We hope that our paths cross again.



(I didn't use names, 'cause you know who you are)

Note: Check-out the incomplete list of contacts at the end of *D.C.* for just a few of the cool people who are doing great stuff in Spain and Italy.

I felt it then, and I feel more so today, that we need a social revolution which challenges the foundations of our society, not just the by-products of it. The single-issues, reforms, political parties, trade unions, and marxist organizations will not change our society in the significant ways it needs to be changed. Their methods have proven, again and again, to be ineffective at challenging the system, sustaining an real momentum, or offering any vision for a different society. I agree with much of what I have seen in your publication - spontaneous revolt coming from the passions within each of us. I remember students and unionists alike suppressing these instincts in favor of stiff ideologies or disciplined organizations. While I may be a little too cynical (or old) to think we can live in a hunter-gatherer society, and may not be as willing to give up all technology (yet?), I think you raise very important questions on how humans have, and might someday interact with each other and the rest of the planet. I must admit, I am a city dweller, but I have been venturing out to the remaining wild areas left in my region, and it brings me peace and wholeness, gives me insight into another way of being, and maddens me to know that it is almost all gone. Despite any differences we may have as far as technology or outlook, I feel that I can trust in people expressing their ideas or feelings, and wanting to live them and fight for them, but perhaps that's just some remnants of the sixties left in me. I hope it's more then that.

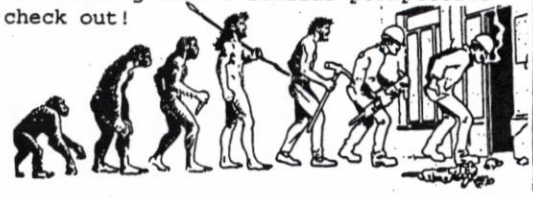
One last thing I'd like to mention before I let you get back to your work of inciting an inflammatory insurrection, is the trend of certain anarchists (particularly in my region, the east coast, and other urbanized areas) to focus exclusively on "class-war". I do want to see a class-war, but I also hope for an eco-war, native peoples-war, race-war, gender-war, sexuality-war, spiritual-war, and personal-war. I want to see people fighting against all domination, wherever it exists, regardless of how it may be perceived by those in control (or those who wish to be). I too often see people claiming that they have THE response, they know what is best, or that they understand oppression the most. This has been the downfall of environmentalists, feminists, anarchists, and every other -ist. Frankly, I'm getting pretty tired of what I observe as an idealization of the working-class by so-called "class-war" anarchists. There is just something strange about a mostly middle-class intelligentsia creating a picturesque and unrealistic idea of struggle. I agree, there are many comrades in the working-class, and yes, we have been the backs on which the ruling class builds its empire, but there are people in every segment of the population and region of the world who have their own anger and their own stories. I know more working-class people who would like to blow your fuckin' heads off and chop down every last tree in the country, so don't idealize anyone. The last thing we need are more shallow understandings of one another, and you sure as hell better not speak for anyone but yourself. We are all suffering in our own ways and we should fight in our own ways. That is why I appreciate your magazine.

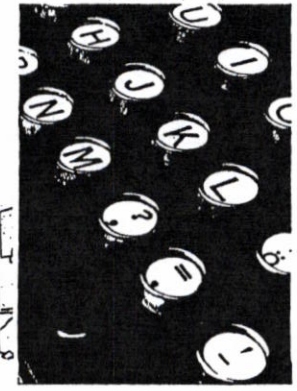
Keep it up! and as you say, "Bring on the Ruckus!"

In true Solidarity,

Mark

P.S. Let me know about any other groups or publications coming from a similar perspective that I can check out!

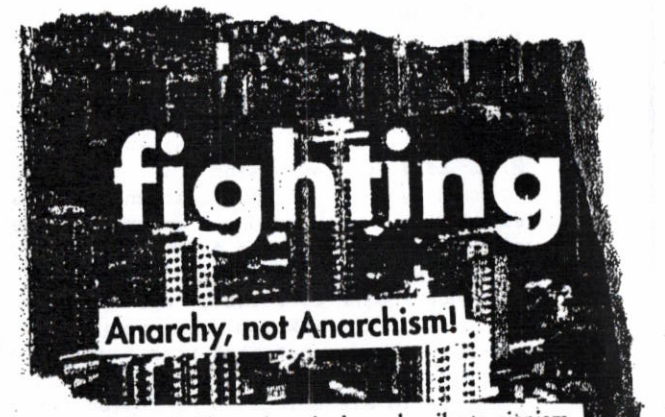






fighting

Anarchy, not Anarchism!

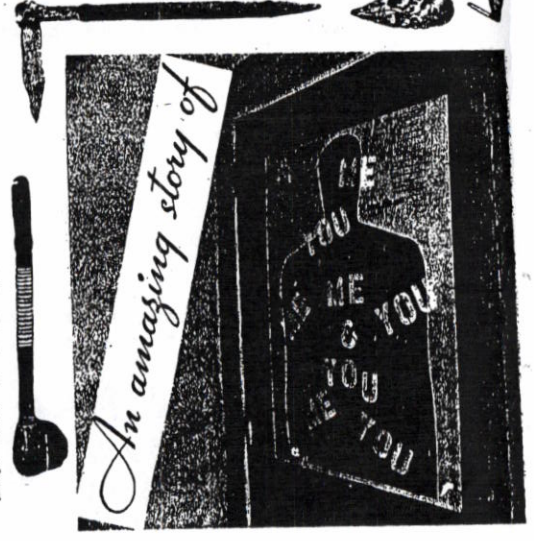


To that say anarchists subscribe to anarchism is like saying pianists subscribe to pianism. There *is* no Anarchism—but there is anarchy, or rather, there are anarchies.

For as long as power has existed, the spirit of anarchy has been with us too, named or nameless, uniting millions or steeling the resolve of a single one. The slaves and savages who fought the Romans for their freedom and lived in armed liberty, equality, and fraternity, the mothers who raised their daughters to love their bodies in defiance of the diet advertisements leering from all sides, the renegades who painted their faces and threw tea into Boston Harbor, and all the others who took matters into their own hands: they were anarchists, whether they called themselves Ranters, Taborites, Communards, Abolitionists, Yippies, Syndicalists, Quakers, Mothers of the Disappeared, Food Not Bombs, Libertarians, or even Republicans—just as we are all anarchists, to the extent that we do the same. There are as many anarchists today as there are students cutting class, parents cheating on their taxes, women teaching themselves bicycle repair, lovers desiring outside the lines. They don't need to vote for an anarchist party or party line—that would *disqualify* them, at least for that moment—to be anarchists: anarchy is a *mode* of being, a manner of responding to conditions and relating to others, a *class* of human behavior . . . and not the "working" class!

Forget about the history of anarchism as an idea—forget the bearded guys. It's one thing to develop a language for describing a thing—it's another thing entirely to live it. This is not about theories or formulas, heroes or biographies—it's about *your* life. *Anarchy* is what matters, everywhere it appears, not armchair anarchism, the specialists' study of freedom! There are self-proclaimed anarchists who never experienced a day of anarchy in their lives—we should know how much to trust *them* on the subject!

So how will the anarchist utopia work? That's a question we'll never again be duped into disputing over, a *red* herring if there ever was one! This isn't a utopian vision, or a program or ideal to serve; it's simply a way of proceeding, of approaching relationships, of dealing with problems now—for surely we'll never be entirely through dealing with problems! Being an anarchist doesn't mean believing anarchy, let alone anarchism, can fix everything—it just means acknowledging it's up to *us* to work things out, that no one and nothing else can do this for us: admitting that, like it or not, our lives are in our hands—and in each others'.



I explained to my friends that strikes like this don't happen in the U$, due to the corrupt and impotent nature of unions there. Despite our political differences, we managed to get within the striking crowds and talk to them. Finally it was over, and some strikers told us of a backroad out of the mayhem, and we preceded on to Palermo. This city is a very arabic town, both historically and today, and I think my father's grandparents may have come from here. For a couple days we explored its old center, open markets, cheap restaurants, and cafes. We saw an amazing late-summer lightning storm from the roof of some local anarchists' apartment building. We ate tons of fish and seafood. We went to a part of the coast near-by where our friends had friends who lived in a cabin between huge cliffs and the sea. We went to a benefit at local punk squat on the outskirts of town, and then went and drank beer and smashed our bottles in this huge shrine to broken glass in an almost liberated square outside a punk, hash, and anarcho-friendly bar. We parted with our friends from Messina for a few days, and took a bus through the rural center of the island to the east-coastal town of Taormina, near Mt. Etna. Here, we explored this old Greek, then sea-village, now tourist town which sits atop huge cliffs. Dodging tourists, we climbed the hill behind the town for a sunset view. It was when we reached the top, and peaked over, that we got our only view of the majestic volcano, Mt. Etna, which had been shrouded in clouds or obscured by mountains all day. It was perfect, and quite possibly a premonition of what was to come only weeks later, of which (despite what the minister of interior has blamed) I , or any other green anarchist, had nothing to do with, the violent eruption of the volcano. The next day we headed back to Messina for a farewell diner and *"Fuck the System"* video showing with our new friend, then the next day we shared a good-bye granita and a touching departure at the station.

We spent our next two days alone, exploring more of the incredibly beautiful (yet over run with tourists and expensive) Almalfi coast, before returning to Napoli and the TNT squat. Here I gave one last talk and showed the video one last time at the local university. We spent our last day with some new friends at a place called Paradise, in the shadow of the volcano, Mt. Vesuvio, before spending the night at the airport for our morning flight home. We woke-up only to find out that most of Italy was on general strike. We knew that it was coming, but we didn't know, and nobody told us, that the

orderly though, and it seemed more of an official holiday then a strike. Almost all of Italy's transportation, production, services, and public institutions would not be running from 10am till 6pm, then back to normal. I had mixed feelings. Sure, I was all for the system shutting down, even temporarily, but this was so institutionalized and ceremonial, and almost nowhere was anything articulated, even in the most reformist way. So for us, it was more of just a pain in the ass (the horrible details we won't get into here), and the next day we got on a plane headed back to the $tates, only to be disappointed to find out that they were letting us back in.

The trip was an amazing experience, and I would urge people to drink less and save up some cash to travel, somewhere. It can be done relatively cheaply if you make some good contacts ahead of time, and are patient and flexible enough to get cheap tickets. I could write another 6500 words on tips I've learned, but I think I've seen other zines on this, or maybe I'll write a follow-up article, but there are some basics to keep in mind. Make solid and numerous contacts from other people's travels, publications, or the internet. Anarchists are the best. Contact these people well before your trip and frequently. Don't take too much shit with you. We each had very small back-packs and pocket-books. We only had two changes of cloths and lots of layers. It's a vacation, so lose the excess baggage you surround yourself with. Since we were going to a mild climate in late summer, we brought a light blanket to sleep with, but we also had a sheet for all the conceivable bugs, dirt, and fluids on the mattresses in squats and hostels. We brought tiny english-spanish and english-italian pocket dictionaries and some background with the language is not only helpful, but also respectful. Don't expect people to understand you, or your limited or imperialistic mindset. Having voice-mail or email helps in coordinating plans on the road, and staying in touch with family and friends at home, but don't waste too much time. Phone cards can be helpful and easily scammed. I won't get into the scams we learned, to protect them and those who use them but trains and buses can be ridden cheaply, if not for free. People in Italy didn't understand why people would ride in a boxcar when they could scam 1st class. Stay at the local squats. Here is where you hook up with some of the coolest people, find out what's goin on, and cook your meals. Try to get good directions and let them know you're coming If you end up in a city and want to find the local anarchist squat, ask around and look for a dens

I am absolutely not a nationalist or a nostalgist, but I have wanted to visit Sicilia (Sicily) my entire life. Most of my family came from this island almost a hundred years ago during an exodus in which a quarter of the island's population left. Like in many regions of more recently "unified" nation-states, there is definitely a distinction between the nation (Italia) and the region (Sicilia); physically, historically, economically, and culturally. The island is a dry and almost desert like mountainous region surrounded by rugged coast. There are active volcanoes, tiny fishing villages, urban centers and industrial hell, farms and orchards, wild areas, ancient ruins, the mafia, and anarchists. Sicilia has been trampled by half of the ancient and modern civilized world. Its history is a collage of foreign conquests from east (Greece, Rome, Byzantine), west (Iberian Peninsula and), north (Europe), south (Africa), and across the ocean from the U$. It has also been greatly impacted by internal conflicts. Like most of the south, it is relatively rural and poor. It is isolated from the rest of Italy and Europe (many consider it part of north Africa), yet there are internal and external forces which want to "modernize" and "connect" the island to the north and to the U$. It is a complicated and amazing place, and I felt, at times, that my body and spirit were home.

Until I opened my mouth, because of my complexion and other physical characteristics, people saw me as Sicilian.

We started our journey in the northeast of the island, where the train boards a ferry to cross the channel. It is here, in Messina, that we were greeted at the station by almost a dozen anarchists who were eager to meet us. Our friends had met them in the north a few months earlier, and I had a brief email relationship with one, so they were expecting us. We spent a few days in Messina, eating, swimming, drinking, learning the local history and culture, discussing the anarchist movement, and sharing our hopes and dreams with this obvious affinity group/family. The dynamics between one another were beautiful and robust. We learned of a bridge the government wants to build between the mainland and Messina, which these anarchists vowed, "would not happen!" We were introduced to granita, which quickly became our favorite sweet caffinated morning coffee drink. We took a trip across the north of the Island, stopping at ancient Greek ruins near the town of Patti, where my grandfather's parents came from. We were headed to Palermo, Sicily's largest city, but what we thought was traffic from a car accident, turned out to be a road blockade by striking FIAT workers. They stopped all in and out traffic to Palermo for hours, and had done so all week, because the company was doing massive cut-backs and were probably going to close this plant.

We told truths to each other no one had dared tell before.

for our lives



We communicated with each other through initials carved into boarding school desks, designs spray-painted through stencils onto alley walls, holes kicked in corporate windows televised on the five o'clock news, letters posted with counterfeit stamps or carried across oceans in friends' packs, secret instructions coded into anonymous emails, clandestine meetings in coffee shops, love poetry carved into the planks of prison bunks.

We wrote our own music and performed it for each other, so when we hummed to ourselves we could celebrate our companions' creativity rather than repeat the radio's dull drone.

WE'RE TAKIN' BACK OUR LIVES!

We lied with clean consciences to homicide detectives in Reno, military police in Santos, angry grandparents in Oslo and grand juries in Portland.

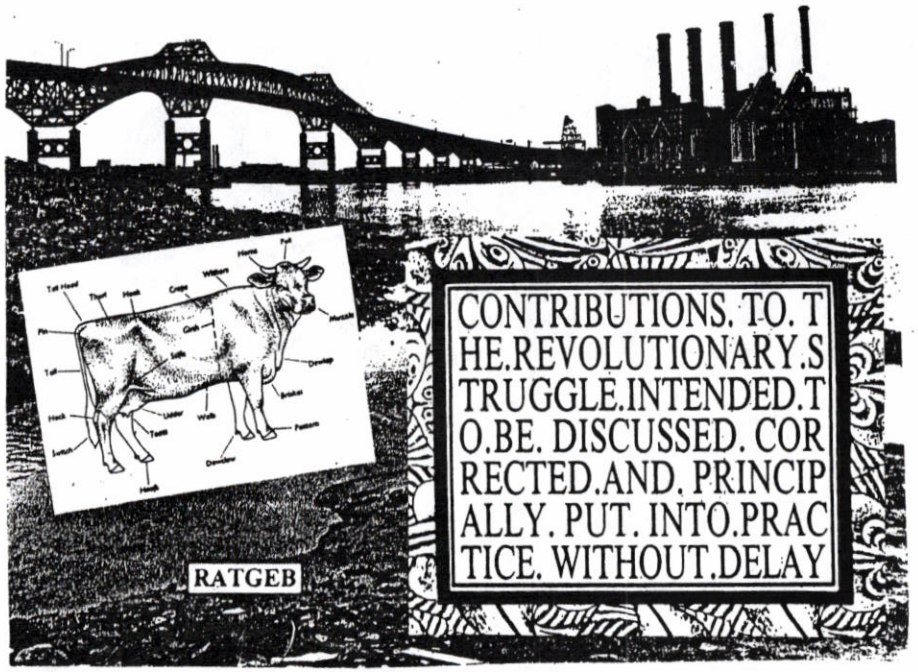
A fellowship of friends and lovers

As anarchists propose that friendship, or at least family, could be the model for all relationships, we prize above all those qualities which make good friendships possible: reliability, generosity, gentleness. Most of us have been indoctrinated into hierarchy and contention since we were born, and that makes it no small feat to interact in ways that liberate and enable more than cripple—still, it happens all the time! Each of us tries to give without demanding in return, to be a person with whom no one must feel ashamed. It's been said that we are against marriage, but the opposite is more true: yes, we emphasize that no one is the property of another, but even more so that everybody on this planet is practically married—and we insist that everyone act accordingly.

All this is not to say we approach soldiers with flowers when they come for our children—nor do we offer corporations our children when they come for our flowers. Sometimes love can only speak through the barrel of a gun.

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we are all meat in the machine

Has it ever happened that, outside your place of work, you have felt the same distaste and weariness as you do inside the factory?

In that case, you have come to understand that:

(a) The factory is all around us. It is the morning, the train, the car, the ravaged countryside, the machine, the bosses, the chief, the house, the newspapers, the family, the trade union, the street, one's purchases, pictures, one's pay, the television, one's language, one's holidays, school, housework, boredom, prison, the hospital and the night. It is the time and space of our everyday subsistence. It is the becoming accustomed to repetitive moves and suppressed emotions, emotions sampled through the proxy of intermediary images.

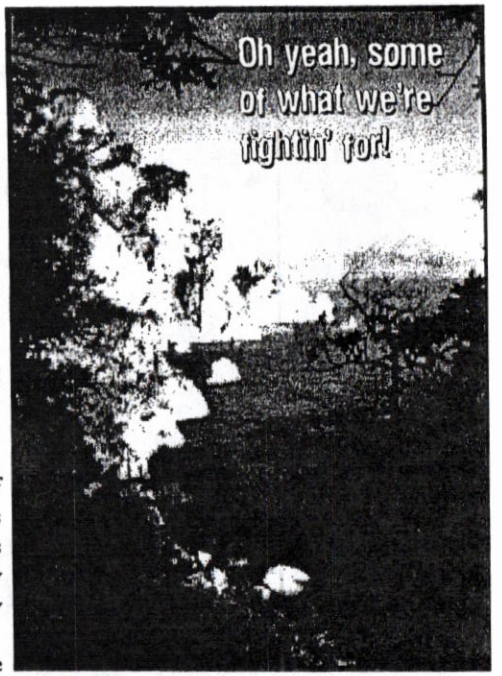
(b) Every activity reduced to mere existence is obligatory work: and all obligatory work transforms the product and the producer into objects of mere existence, into commodities themselves.

(c) Rejection of the universal factory is everywhere, since sabotage and reappropriation are everywhere among the proletariat, allowing them still to derive some morsel of pleasure from idleness, or from love-making, or socialising or chatting or eating, drinking, dreaming or preparing to revolutionise everyday life by neglecting none of the delights of being not quite totally alienated.

So you see, you are fighting, consciously or otherwise, for a society where feelings will be all, and boredom and work, nothing. Mere survival has so far prevented us from really living. We must now stand the world on its head and value those glimpses of authentic living which are fated to be covered up and distorted in the system of the commodity and the spectacle... these moments of real contentment, of boundless pleasure and passion.



When we finally found Torre Maura, however, we were greeted with a hot meal and friendly faces. We were sorry we couldn't hang-out with the people there longer, but we wanted to get out of this town. So, the next morning we went down-town to check-out their info-shop, the colosseum, and ruins, before leaving Rome. It was interesting, and encouraging, to see the destroyed remnants of a once powerful and brutal empire, and it was amusing to see the dorks in gladiator costumes taking pictures with people for money (especially the glatiators on cell phones), but we were ready for the south.



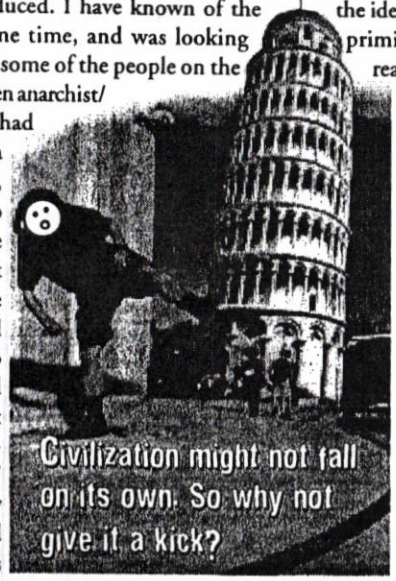
Before we were able to get away from cities, we needed to make one last stop at the gateway to the south, Napoli. This city is just as hectic as any other, and from what we heard even more dangerous, but it definitely had a different feel then those in the north. To start with, everything was half the price, like coffee for fifty-cents and pizza for a dollar. There were open markets, old little streets, and more working-class and poor people in the main parts of town, unlike the more segregated northern cities. Unfortunately, there were millions of scoot-ers nearly running people over, lots of pigs, and tons of dog shit, so we weren't gonna stick around for too long. We stayed at a really cool squat called TNT. It was in the main part of town, it had clean apartment-type rooms, and lots of great murals and graffiti. We learned, however, that there were three main factions who lived there, and they did not get along. Originally, the squat was occupied by a diverse autonomous group, but over the years peoples political orientations created irreconcilable differences. We stayed with the anarchists - who were very active in publishing projects, prisoner support, community projects, and direct action but there was also a strong communist contingent - who undermined anarchist projects and tried to control what went on there, and then there were the apathetic punks - who just wanted the TNT to be a free place to party and crash. These conflicts made the space unable to reach its potential, and created very hostile and segregated conditions. Needless to say, we enjoyed our stay, and used it as a base for exploring the Bay of Napoli. Just a short train ride away were the ancient ruins of Pompeii, the still-active volcano of Vesuvio, and the Almalfi coast - one of the most dramatic yet touristy, coastlines in Italy. We made short trips to these places, and to the city of Salerno, where my grandmother's parents come from before heading down the southwest coast to Sicily, for a week before returning to the area to give a talk and fly home.



Our heads were starting to hurt from endless discussions, trying to speak in different languages, and too much wine, so again, we thanked our hosts, promised to stay in touch, and decided to go off into the beautiful mountains for a couple days before connecting with an anarchist contact in Firenze (Florence).

We found out before leaving the mountains that, unfortunately, we were not going to be able to meet up with our Firenze contact, so when we had to switch trains in Venezia (Venice) we thought about staying for a night, but we didn't make it too far from the station before we were overwhelmed by the tourist vultures. So, we decided to stay in Firenze, which was not much better then Venezia, but a little less crowded. Here we stocked up on a couple books in English for the rest of our trip, including *"Marcolvaldo"* by Italo Calvino (an author I had long forgotten about). This book is full of short stories which are the comic tragedies of a poor county man, who, like many of that time, moved to the city for work, and his ways of trying to treasure the tiny fragments of life despite the urban need to standardize and crush all hope and joy. After trashing (only vocally, of course) the local monuments and cathedrals, we headed through the Tuscany countryside, to the town of Pisa.

Besides being the place where some stupid tower of a church has a faulty foundation, Pisa is the place where *"Terra Selvaggia,"* an anti-civilization pagan publication, is produced. I have known of the publication for some time, and was looking forward to meeting some of the people on the crest of the Italian green anarchist/primitivist tide. We had trouble getting a hold of them at first, so we taped a note to the door of the infoshop, and went to go get some coffee and see the stupid tower. I have to admit, seeing it did make all different visions of "civilization falling over" flood through my barbarous head, and we amused ourselves by making fun of the tourists. There was a place where people were taking pictures of themselves in the foreground "trying to save" the tower from falling, a trick they apparently learned from the most popular tourist manual. I added my own flavor by taking similar pictures of me kicking, punching, and knocking down the tower, which received a mixed response, but I don't know if anyone quite knew how much I really meant it. Anyway, we finally met up with the Silvestre crew (some of whom produce *"Terra Selvaggia"*), and had a great time checking-out their info shop, dis'ing liberals and leftists, learning about the local anarchist resistance, and drinking beer. Later that night we met up with some other folks who live outside of town on an olive orchard. We stayed up late eating pasta, drinking wine, and discussing all the things we anti-civ folks do. The next day, after a leisurely morning, we went to the beach for a swim in the blue waters of the Mediterranean, back to the house for a big Tuscan dinner with comrades, and then to the info-shop for a scheduled talk. The place was full, with about 40-50 people. I started with a brief introduction of myself, Eugene, and some of the projects going on there. We then watched segments of the video, *"Fuck the System"*, which I introduced as an insurrectionary collage of music, riots, and civilization. I apologized that there were not subtitles in Italian, and that we would try to translate the main ideas and important parts, but we were sure that "cops on fire" would need no translation, to which people laughed and cheered, and at which the one pacifist in the room gasped in horror. After the video, I gave a presentation on the ideas, concepts, and orientations of anarcho-primitivism and green anarchy, which people really seemed into, and spurred some lively discussion, all of which was mostly in agreement about the need to destroy civilization, except for the predictable babble from the lone pacifist. After another late night at the olive orchard, we left the next morning on a train heading south.



We really wanted to avoid big cities, especially the seat of Papal and Roman Catholic power and the largest concentration of fascists in the country, but when we had difficulty reaching our contacts in Napoli, and after our Pisa friends convinced us, we decided to stop in the center of one of the most powerful civilizations of all time, Rome. We had directions to a squat on the outskirts of town, which really was still in the middle of concrete urban hell, but we couldn't quite figure out the bus. We literally rode the same bus for almost three hours, back and forth in and out of town, trying to find the right stop.

Doesn't it give you a certain sense of pleasure to think how, some day soon, you will be able to treat like human beings those cops whom it will not have been necessary to kill on the spot?

In that case you have come to appreciate that:

(a) The cop is the guard dog of the commodity system. Where the lie of the commodity is not enough to impose order, the ruling bureaucratic class or caste sends in the cop to impose it for them.

(b) Quite apart from the contempt which he stands for, the cop is despised as a hired killer, the lackey of every regime, a professional slave, a dealer in protection, the repressive clause in the economic and social contract which the State foists upon its citizens.

(c) Everywhere that the State is to be found, there are cops. Everywhere that cops are to be found – (starting from the stewards and marshals at opposition demonstrations) – there too, is the State or its ghosts.

(d) All hierarchy depends on the police.

(e) Killing cops is a pastime for would-be suicides. The only way to resolve the police problem is through selfdefence within the general context of liquidation of all hierarchical power.

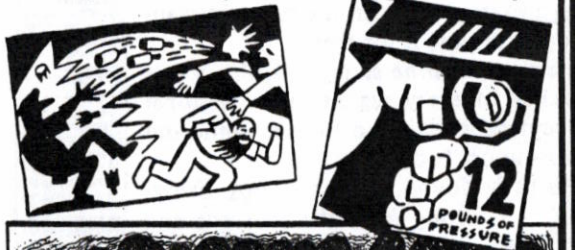
(f) Happiness is possible only when the State ceases to exist: and where the complete absence of hierarchy excludes the possibility of its re-emergence.

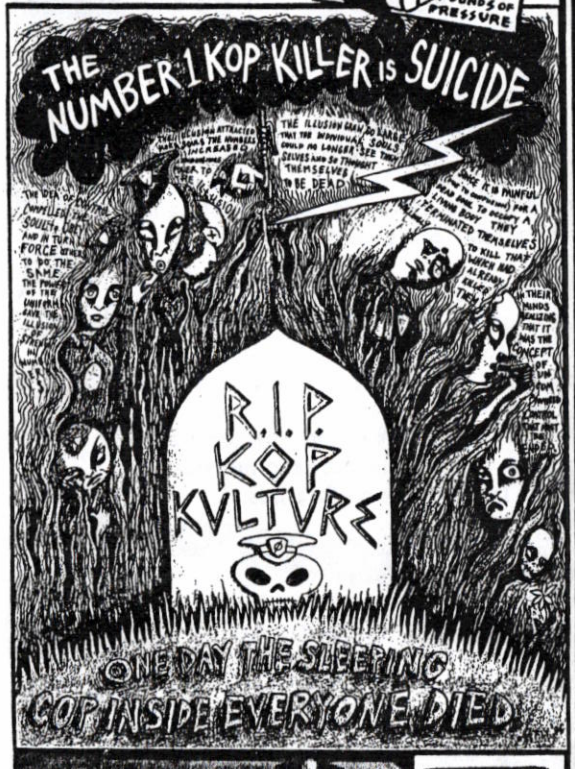
So you see, you have had your fill of controls and constraints, and of the cop who is a living reminder that you are nothing and the State everything... and a bellyful of the system that creates the conditions for illegal crime and legalises the crimes of the magistrates who repress it. And already you are fighting for a harmonisation of passions and interests (through the elimination of the interests of the spectacle and its economy) and for the reorganisation of relations between individuals through abundant intercourse and the free diffusion of desires.

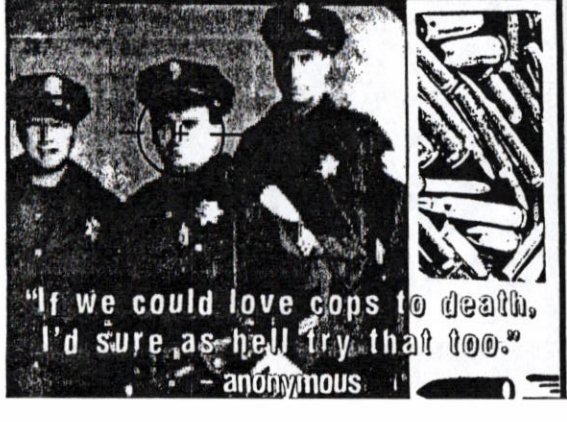


page 187 is brought to you by:

my idea of police brutality







101 DEAD COP JOKES

New from **Anarchy Productions** tm

All the unapologetic anti-cop jokes any insurrectionary anarchist needs to fit into any clique or scene with anti-authoritarian and pro-violence tendencies.

"It will make you a hit at your next anarchist party!"
- Sketch Pad Magazine

"Sure to let your friends know how down you really are!"
- The Scenester Review

"Whoever said that rhetoric has to match actions obviously needs a sense of humor, man"
- The dude at the coffee house

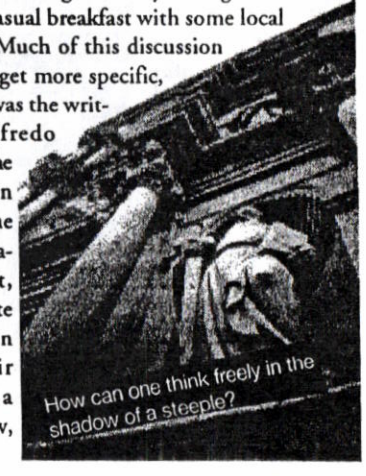
"These people obviously see us as class traitors, armed protectors of the ruling class, and their enemy."
- Officer Lastbreath

SOME JOKES ----->

we were on enemy soil, with stares from some that seemed to see right through my pants at the holes in my pockets. Fuck them and their $5 coffee! We got back on the train, and didn't get off until Italy. We spent the next couple days exploring the north-west coast of Italy, and despite all the tourists, we were able to enjoy the natural beauty of Cinque terre, a part of the rugged coast with five old sea-villages turned vacation spot. It was my partner's 30th birthday, so we had some romantic "alone time"(check out-our web-site for details).

After days around tourists and college kids, we needed to find some anarchists, and free places to stay. So we headed to Torino, an ugly old northern industrial town, which was a stark contrast to the cliffs and blue of the sea. We had some contacts there that knew we were coming, but they did not know how and when, and we did not know where. My email had stopped working the day before, and we still were unable to figure out that the phones didn't take coins, only cards you had to purchase from the tabaccaio (tobacco shop) or news stands. We decided to try my email again at an internet shop, and although my email still was not working, the guy who worked there had heard of this squat, called El Paso. He looked it up on the internet, found the address for it, and told us what bus to take (pretty lucky, considering the city is huge). We made it to the squat, which was an old abandoned school (I think), and we were told of an event that night, which our main contact was organizing. It was a benefit for a local radical radio station, and was part of a week long festival. Soon after arriving, we met our very enthusiastic contact, who translates and publishes much of the work we and other north american anarchists produce. He introduced us to his friend, who was actually from the U$, and had spent most of the '90's in the Portland radical environmental scene. He lived about an hour and a half from Torino, in the foot-hills of the Alps, near the French border, so the next day we went to check-out his place. It was his father's family farm, and for the past four years, has been re-connecting with the land and people here. We spent the day wandering around the hills, preparing chestnut fields for the up-coming harvest, looking for mushrooms, eating hearty meals cooked on the wood stove, playing games, and discussing this region and politics. The next morning, we walked back to town to catch a train, and were delighted to see graffiti asserting "Fuck the Sistem" under an overpass.

Sad to leave the Alps, we got a train to Milano, Italy's wealth and fashion capital. We weren't even gonna go, but a friend who had passed through a few months earlier, said that the squat and the people there were pretty cool. So getting off the train in the rain, we set through an even bigger city to find Villa Occupata. Our directions said we needed to take two buses, to the end of town, and after much confusion, we finally made it to this gardenous paradise on the edge of urban confusion and industrial hell. We ate, met other travelers, and were able to coordinate a few future talks later on our journey, but we have no love for cities, so the next day we thanked our generous hosts, and headed for Trentino, a mountainous region in the northeast of Italy, towards Austria. We got to Rovereto late in the afternoon, just after the first snow had fallen for the year (in mid-September). We met up with a close friend of a Eugene comrade, and had a dinner which included gathered mushrooms, wild asparagus, and of course the local wine. The next day, after checking out the area, we got together with many local anarchists. They had just finished a meeting of about 60 people to discuss the events of a recent attempt at occupying a building, which lasted for half a day before getting evicted by an immense mobilization of local cops. There had not been a squat here in many years, and the group decided that more work needed to be done to connect with potential neighbors next time. We had great informal discussions over pizza, and then went to the info-shop to have a discussion on green anarchy, insurrectionalism, and anarchist and anti-globalization resistance. There was much agreement, despite minor semantical problems, which often occur through translations. There did seem to be some disagreement over whether anarchists' main focus should be internationally or locally prioritized, but even this was not a major contention. This long and smoky evening was followed by a more casual breakfast with some local anarchists. Much of this discussion was able to get more specific, whether it was the writ-ings of Alfredo Bonanno, the Palestinian struggle, the Earth Libera-tion Front, or local state repression (and their shitter had a great view, too).



resistance to GE in Europe verses in the U$, and I think it comes down to how we look at food. In much of Europe, especially in the south, people are far more connected to their food then in the U$. They understand where it comes from and the processes used to make it, while in the U$ most people think food simply comes from the super-market. Amerikans are more afraid of the earth, and so the idea of "clean", "perfect", and "super" food is more generally embraced. The exception to this in the U$, are small-scale, rural farmers, who are quite alienated from the "activists" who are working (usually in the most reformist of ways) against GE foods.



Before leaving our friends in this region, we popped back over the border to meet up with people in Bilbao, a highly industrialized and modern city (yet there are some beautiful old districts as well). Here we showed pieces of the video, *"Fuck the System"*, translating the main ideas, but I think most people can understand the jargon of a riot! We had some interesting discussions at the local anarchist book-store, before hitting our friends' favorite local bars. People were very festive, because the next day there was to be a giant manifestation to demonstrate against the "illegalization" of the Basque party and all public support for Basque separatism. While our friends are not nationalists, they do identify more with Basque culture then Spanish. They are very critical of the nationalist, marxist, and reformist politics of many Basque separatists, but explain that there is a whole range from anarchists to conservatives who want to break from Spain, for their own particular reasons. It is a very complicated issue, but some overlapping factors are the language, the land, the desire for self-determination, and the return of their political prisoners from the often torturous and distant Spanish prisons. There were estimates of 100,000 people at the manifestation, many Basque songs were sung, and far too many flags for my anti-nationalist tummy to take, so we left early, later hearing that a few demonstrators were injured when police formed a cordon to block the march and fired rubber bullets and high pressure water hoses at them. As we left my wild-brother on those streets, headed for our new destination, he gave me a hug I'll never forget, and with tears in his eyes, said in the best English I've ever heard from his lips, "We will win!"

After a difficult night in some little French beach town, we got on an train to Toulouse, a city in south central France, then we went south to the little medieval town of Foix. It was after tourist season, so the town was almost empty. We came here to see the pre-historic cave paintings, which date back about 15,000 years (and some, which take days to get to through caves by boat, are said to be almost 30,000 years). Despite the fact that no public transportation goes to these caves, so unless you walk over 15 km or have a car, you're screwed, and despite the fact that you have to go down into this enclosed space with a bunch of perfumed-up, yackin' tourists, it was pretty cool. I don't normally enjoy caves, being somewhat claustrophobic, but my partner is a cave-nut, and it was worth it. To see expressions made by people that long ago, despite their symbolic nature, did connect me to them on some level, and we were lucky enough to catch a ride back to town from some Nordic folks. We then checked out some villages further into the Pyrenees mountains before heading back to Foix. The next day, much to our surprise, there was an anti-GE convention in the main square. This was because there were meetings being held that day to discuss GE standards for farmers in the region. Many farmers and activists organized an alternative educational conference. Most were generally pretty liberal, but we found some anarchists to chat with. They were not familiar with green anarchy, so I explained some of the ideas, which they were open to, but I could see some doubts, or maybe it was just communication problems. We exchanged publications, and discussed future contact before heading out of town.

After almost slugging an asshole train conductor (long story), we got on an all-night train headed towards Italy. As the sun was coming up, we were passing through one of the most disgustingly decadent parts of France, the Riviera. It is the premier vacation spot for much of Europe's elite, so needless to say we stayed on the train, and viewed from the coach what the ruling class has done to such a beautiful place. We got off at some point to go for a swim, but each step we took, we felt as if

SOME JOKES FROM THE BOOK:

#3: What is the difference between a cop and a washing machine?
- A washing machine doesn't die when you pour bleach down it.

#7: How do you stop a cop from drowning?
- Take your boot off his head.

#9: What is 6 minus 1?
- The number of minutes it takes to drown a cop in a toilet.

#13: What is the best thing to come out of a cop's mouth?
- His tongue.

#17: What was the last thing to go through some New York City cops' heads on September 11th?
- The top floor.

25: What do you call a police station on fire?
- A pig roast.

#27: What do you throw a drowning cop?
- The rest of his precinct.

#38: How do you get a cop to be more "down to earth"?
- Throw him out of an airplane.

42: How many cops does it take to shingle a roof?
- Depends on how thin you slice them.

#49: How many cops does it take to build a mound?
- Depends on how ambitious you are.

#51: When is the only time you let a cop into your garden?
- As compost.

#58: What do you call a TV-program in which a cop gets shot?
- A tease.

#64: How many pacifists does it take to kill a cop?
- Depends how hard you throw them.

#72: Why did the cop cross the road?
- To get run over and die.

WARNING!: This book contains very graphic depiction's of cops engaged in the act of their ultimate liberation, their own deaths. It is not intended for use by law enforcement, unless they are feeling particularly suicidal, in which case it may provide some much needed suggestions.

#77: What do you get when you skin a cop?
- Pork rinds.

#79: What do you call a cop in a thousand pieces?
- Bacon bits.

#83: What's grosser then gross?
- A living cop.

#84: What's grosser then that?
- More live cops (or not enough dead cops).

#91: How do you "cure" the cop problem?
- With some salt and a smokehouse.

#99: Knock, knock. (Who's there?)
- Pow! Pow! Bang! Bang! Dead cop.

#101: Why do you bury a cop six feet under?
- Deep-down, they're good people.



All these jokes (and many more!) could be yours for the low price of $24.99!

Drop-off well concealed cash in a plain brown bag without fingerprints to the dumpster behind the 7-11 between the hours of 3am and 4am on the third Friday of every month.



distaste or caution by some of the more moderate anarchists in the $tates, as it was by the communists and other authoritarians during the war, but for anarchists in all the places we visited, the Church is seen as a legitimate and important target. In Spain and Italy, the Church and the $tate have been the same force for a millenium, and the modern concept of a superficial separation is odd to them. This moral and physical power has historically been the primary colonizing force in, and from, this region. We could still see the solid reminders of the most brutal colonizers of their time, with the numerous statues of Christo Colombo and old fuckin' popes and cardinals. We had many great discussions here, filled with food and wine, that ran late into the evenings. I gave a presentation in Barcelona and one in Granollers on green anarchy and primitivism, which were very well received. People were definitely into the questioning of technology and organization, and many of these people had even come from strict Syndicalist and workerist backgrounds. After a couple excursions to la playa (the beach) and the medieval town of Girona, where we explored some ruins and the old Jewish center, we left Catalunya on a train headed for the Basque region.

We arrived in Pamplona (yes, the place where they run the bulls), the largest city in Navarra, one of the seven Basque provinces that straddle both sides of the Spanish and French border. You don't say you're in Spain here - it is Basque country. Here, we met up with two good friends, one an expatriate who was originally from southern California, but who has lived here for over 25-years, and the other, my dear friend who I call my hermano-salvaje (wild-brother), a hairy fellow, who I suspect may be part Pyrenees black bear. Before we even got through with the hola's (hello's) and introductions to friends, they were getting us drunk, and we decided to shed our vegetarian dogma for the trip as we feasted on local meats and cheeses. For the next week we were fed, intoxicated, and driven all over the western Pyrenees mountains. This was fine with us, because we enjoyed their company, and this region is one of the most beautiful places I have ever been. We mostly slept in the small village of Eugi (about a half-hour's ride from Pamplona), where our friend's family had a small bar (and psychotic and mean mother-in-law, but let's not even get into that). Every day we took a different route around, over, and sometimes (unfortunately) through these amazing mountains. We visited a couple rural squats, which I was most astounded with, and could easily see myself living in someday. In the 1950's and 60's, many mountainous and rural villages were abandoned for jobs in the cities, leaving many of these ancient structures accessible for occupation, which is just what many squatters have done, especially those who have grown tired of the less sustainable, and often less stable, urban occupas (squats). Some of these places have been occupied for almost thirtyyears, while some are just getting started. They are off the grid, growing food, baking bread, and are for all practical purposes, self-sufficient. They were really inspiring, and offered a glimpse into a possible post-industrial transition that I could certainly live with. We also visited a huge valley where a dam project would literally submerge many villages (either partially or entirely), some of which have been there for over a thousand years. The dam has already been built (but not yet filled), despite numerous sabotage attacks, including one in which construction cables were cut, and for which people are currently doing time or on the run. Needless to say, many anarchists in this area have a very critical and antagonistic view of "progress".

While in this area we made a few trips into the Basque region over the French border. We saw the old border controls which have been shut down in the EU's attempt to unify its nations (a positive effect from a very negative agenda), as well as remnants from the completely closed-off and militarized border in the early years of Franco's fascist isolationist policies. We were supposed to meet with a French farmer who used to work with Jose Bove(that anti-genetics activist with the tractor), but it didn't end up happening. It would have been interesting; apparently he stopped working with Bove because he saw him as a reformist and too dependent on the media, and is a proponent of more militant tactics and deeper analysis. We did meet up with some people who worked against GE crops. While we were visiting, there was a conference of local farmers, herders, and cheese makers to discus local standards; currently GE is not yet allowed. At this conference, there were apparently many scientists trying to convince local farmers that GE foods were OK, but the farmers seemed to know better. We had many discussions on the difference between

Sketchies in Spain, France, Italy, and Sicily

Just some reflections off the top of my head about some recent experiences

by Arachna Selvaggia

(I can't tell you everything, of course)

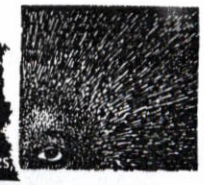
As I write this, I am attempting to re-integrate back into the dysfunctional tragedy/comedy known as Eugene. After an almost non-stop four-year stint of helping (trying) to create a community of resistance, propagate anti-authoritarian and anti-civilization perspectives, spark insurrection, and just figuring out how to survive together, I decided to take a little break. On the verge of a mental breakdown, spiritual desolation, and physical exhaustion, my partner and I needed time away from this place to rest, re-think our commitments here, share time together, and experience other places and peoples outside of this drama ridden-bubble. We decided to head to northern Spain, southern France, Italy, and Sicily, mostly because we had contacts and friends in those places, and because most of my family originally comes from the Mediterranean island of Sicily (except for a small number from a town near Napoli and from the north African country of Tunisia). I had visited Spain a year earlier with my buddy John Zerzan, on a very successful and stimulating three-week speaking tour. We traveled around the whole country, doing about 14 talks in 18 days (See "Anarchy in Spain" by Salvaje Caos in *Disorderly Conduct #5* or *Green Anarchy # 7* for more details), and while we connected with some incredible people, saw some extraordinary places, and shared our perspectives with each other, it was not much of a break from the exhaustion of continuous "activist" animation. So, we decided that on this trip we would give ourselves more time to experience the places and connect with people more deeply. We had about 6-weeks (which still wasn't even close to enough time) to visit some old friends, meet many new ones, hop around squats, give a few talks, show videos, have many discussions, debate, argue, share stories, learn some history, pick up pieces of other languages, eat incredible meals, drink lots of red wine, listen to music, see volcanoes, explore ruins, make fun of nuns, develop our own little travel language, drink more red wine, piss on churches, swim, ride trains, walk, write, think, and relax. So now, I am back on the north american anarchist scene, and Eugene in particular, with a new attitude about our resistance, indispensable experiences, and a refreshed spirit for the life-long fight for liberation.

Our journey began (after a couple of long, anxiety-filled airplane rides) in Barcelona, where we united with good friends that I had met the year before. It started with a confusing airport/customs scene in which our passports never got stamped, and when we asked the Information counter about this, they replied, "Go ask the policia." To which we responded with nervous laughs, and decided to forget about such small stuff as stamped passports. After a short ride through the industrial hell of Barcelona's outskirts, we arrived in Granollers, a smaller city just northwest of Barcelona. We (re)aquatinted ourselves with our hosts and Spanish (which, like any tool, gets rusty if you don't use it). We spent the next few days exploring the barrios (neighborhoods), tapas (various appetizers served at almost every bar), cafe (coffee), vino (wine), and historic areas of Barcelona and Granollers. It was amazing to hear the stories of the Spanish Revolution, and to walk down the very streets where many of those brave anarchists fought at the barricades, almost seventy years ago. It was really good to hear about all the churches which were vandalized, burned, and looted during the war. This aspect of anarchist resistance is sometimes viewed with

Little by little
roads eat away the hearts of mountains.
Fires burn through, come back in huckleberries,
trails close in August, too many bears.
Too many bears, now following avalanche chutes,
glacier lily, early spring.
Caribou in old growth spruce,
lichen,
banks of snow and fog.
Bear tracks in the mud.

Treat each bear as the last bear.
Each wolf as the last, each caribou.
Each track the last track,
Gone spoor. Gone scat.
There are no more deertrails,
no more flyways.
Treat each animal as sacred,
each minute our last.
Ghost hooves. Ghost skulls.
Death rattles and
dry bones.
Each bear walking alone
in warm night air.

GARY LAWLESS





k.t.'s pick's

***dreamtime*-hans peter duerr**

(last four chapters are particularily good)

***neaderthin*-ray audette**

***paleodiet*-loren cordain**

(see appendix b-table comparing nutrition of wild versus domesticated meats)

unlimited means, limited wants

(gowdy-ed) paul shepard has an amazing essay called post historic primitivism in there pgs. 281-286

drawing blanks right now....had some good ideas too....damn.



BEWARE!!

THE CULT OF JOHN ZERZAN AND HIS "EUGENIANS" MAY COME FOR YOU!!

UPHELD BY ANARCHIST YOUTHS, SUCKERED IN BY THE LURE OF OPPOSING 'THE SAME OLD SHIT', IS THE THRONE OF JOHN ZERZAN. THE VERY LOCATION BEING DISGUISED AS AN 'AVERAGE' AMERICAN TOWN: EUGENE, OREGON. LO-AND-BEHOLD, EVEN THE TOWNS' 'REPUBLICAN' MAYOR, JIM TORREY, IS IN ON IT, AS HE WAS BACKED BY EUGENE ANARCHISTS FOR TORREY [ALSO KNOWN AS THE EAT CAMPAIGN] ...SOUNDING SUSPICIOUS?

SURE ENOUGH HE SEEMS INNOCENT, PERHAPS NEIGHBORS WOULD SAY THEY NEVER SUSPECTED THAT HE WAS AN ANARCHIST CULT LEADER, BUT BE WARY, FOR CHAOS LURKS BEHIND THOSE SUSPICIOUSLY OUT-DATED GLASSES! DEEP INSIDE THAT OBSESSION WITH HIGH SCHOOL SHOOTINGS [PLAYED OFF AS SIGNS OF DECAY WITHIN CIVILIZATION] IS THE DESIRE TO BRING ALL YOUTHS INTO HIS STOMPING GROUNDS, ALSO KNOWN AS EUGENE. HE BRINGS THEM INTO HIS CIRCLE OF TRUST, AND THEN SENDS THEM OFF TO HIS TRAINING CAMPS, AKA THE SHAMROCK HOUSE.

PLAYING THE ROLE OF ANARCHIST AGITATOR IS ONLY THE FRONT FOR A MAN WHO HAS SAID, "FOR ME, WORDS ARE A BETTER WEAPON THAN A GUN." AHH YES, JOHN EXPOSING HIS PLOT TO USE WORDS TO SUCKER IN INNOCENTS. HE USES DOUBLESPEAK BY RANTING AGAINST 'SYMBOLIC THOUGHT', BUT THE SICKENING IRONY IS THAT THESE POLEMICS ARE WRITTEN! WE ARE ONTO YOU NOW, JOHN!

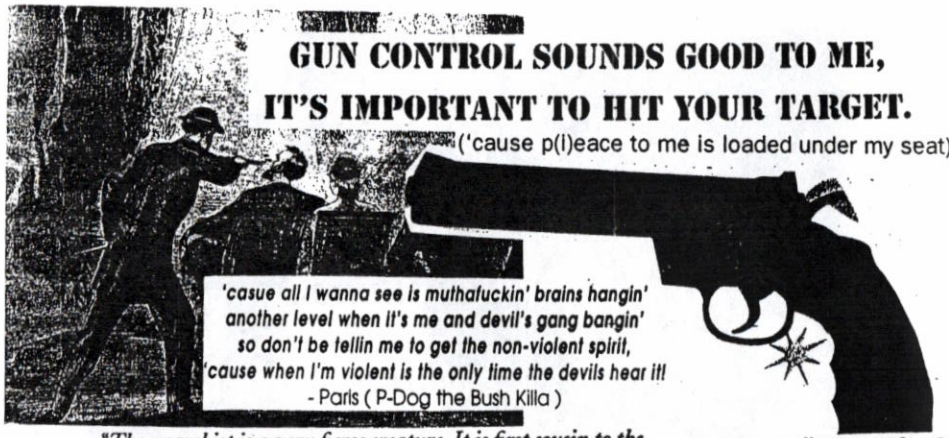
HE OFFSETS THE MINDSETS OF INNOCENTS AND REAL ANARCHISTS BY SUGGESTIONING WE BE 'QUESTIONING AND REJECTING SUCH BASIC INSTITUTIONS AS DIVISION OF LABOR AND DOMESTICATION". AND TURN WHERE? PERHAPS JOHN SAYS IT BEST:

"WHAT I FEAR, AS THE NEW MOVEMENT...WORKERIST, PRODUCTIONIST MODEL ...IS ALSO THE DANGER OF ...OPPOSITION. ...THE BILLIONS OF PEOPLE ...DIDN'T ...HAVE ...PROTESTATIONS..., ...BUT ...ANARCHO-LEFTISTS ...SENSED ...NEW IDEAS..., ...HOPE I'M WRONG, BUT... I... LIKE ...POWER." [TAKEN IN BITS FROM ANARCHY #51, PGS. 41-44].

HE TAKES GOOD IDEAS AND USES THEM AS BAIT... BE VERY WARY OF HIS ACTIONS. HIS OVERT FRIENDLINESS IS A TRAP! STAY CLEAR OF JOHN AND HIS DECIEVING EUGENE ANARCHISTS!

GO TO OTHER PARTS OF THE COUNTRY AND WORLD, GREEN ANARCHISTS OF AUTHENTIC BREED ARE NEEDED ELSEHWERE!! EUGENE'S GRASP ON GREEN ANARCHY WILL BE NO MORE!!

HEY JOHN, WHY THE GLASSES?



"The anarchist is a very fierce creature. It is first cousin to the gorilla. It kills presidents, princes, executives, likewise sabotages their summits and summer holidays. It has long, unkempt hair on its head and all over its face. Instead of fingernails it has long, sharp claws. The anarchist has many pockets in which it carries rocks, knives, guns, and bombs. It is a night animal. After dark, it gathers in groups, large and small, and plans raids, murders, plagues. Lots are drawn to select who must carry out the work.

The anarchist does not like water. It never washes or changes its clothes. It is always thirsty and drinks only salt water. The home of the anarchist is in Europe, especially Italy. Some few have been exported to North America, where they are feared and hated by all decent folks and hunted wherever they show themselves.

Papa does not like anarchists a bit. They give him bad dreams, he says. He has given orders to have them caught and put in cages, and he will not allow any more to come into this country if he can help it. If any sneak in, he will have them shot like rabid dogs, Mexicans, mountain lions, and such animals. I practice every day with my rifle so I can shoot these wild beasts when I grow up."

-A White House nursery composition, 1904



The fortress mentality is paradoxically dangerous to colonists, as it keeps them from recognizing the precariousness of their position.



Anti-colonial struggle demands complete dismantling of colonial space. When natives surge into "THE FORBIDDEN QUARTERS," Fanon explains, their object is "NO LESS THAN THE ABOLITION OF ONE ZONE" and the complete "DESTRUCTION OF THE COLONIAL WORLD" (WE 40-41) from the bottom up.



A Text of Great Importance

A Short Piece On the Subject Of the "Unabomber"

The climax of the bombing campaign of a certain anti-technology anarchist was reached in April 1995. In that month the "Unabomber" (a name jointly conferred by the media and the FBI) killed for the third time. The dead man was Gilbert Murray of Sacramento, head of the California Forestry Association. Murray had been, in effect, chief of public relations for the destruction of forests in the Western U.S. From this time on, the already notorious Unabomber became a national figure who was constantly discussed.

Also at this time he (or more precisely, the person or persons who used the name "FC") made a public offer: there would be no more killings, if "Industrial Society and its Future" would be widely published at minimal cost. On September 21, 1995, upon the advice of the FBI, this 30,000-word essay was published by the Washington Post. Additional press runs of the issue had to be printed to meet the enormous interest in the treatise, the so-called "Unabomber Manifesto."

It should be noted that federal law enforcement was less concerned with further loss of life than with their ability to search such a document for clues about its author's identity. During the Unabomber's 17-year effort, which counted 17 injured as well as 3 dead, none of the various police agencies had been able to come anywhere close to identifying or apprehending him/her/them. Within about six months of the publication of the "Manifesto," Theodore Kaczynski was arrested (April 1996). He was betrayed by his brother David, who recognized Ted's ideas and writing style and told the FBI of his conclusion.

The 232 sections of "Industrial Society and its Future" represent a lucid, calm, carefully reasoned argument. I believe that an open-minded reader comes to concur, rather irresistibly, with its central thesis: namely, that the more technology-oriented society becomes, the less freedom and personal fulfillment its constituents will have. This is a simple case, modestly or tentatively presented, which I think is undeniably powerful.

"Industrial Society" also contains (in fact, it begins and ends with) its author's negative assessment of leftism. In these sections leftism is portrayed as an essentially dishonest mindset, an outlook whose stated values and goals mask a more basic desire to compensate for feelings of inferiority and guilt. The leftist is typically an oversocialized person who rebels only partially and within approved parameters, out of touch with his/her real needs and with a growing social and ecological crisis.

Unsurprisingly, the dominant culture - including the left - has ignored this deeply incisive contribution. The will to confront a rapidly more and more technicized social existence is only now showing signs of life. Technology (and in my view, civilization itself) must be viewed as profoundly polle "B ."

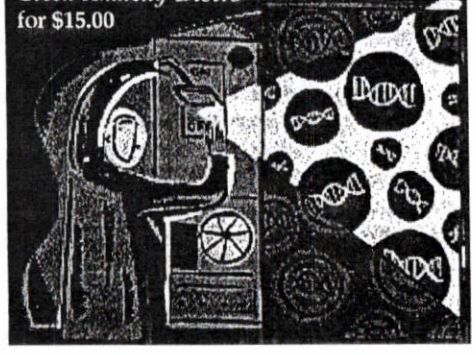
bu John Zerzan

Running On Emptiness:

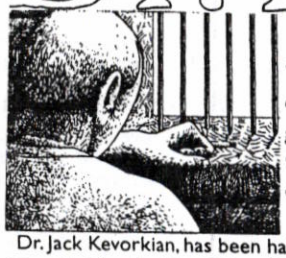
The Pathology Of Civilization

by John Zerzan

John Zerzans new book, ***"Running On Emptiness"***, collects 24 articles and essays written since Johns last book, ***"Future Primitive"***. Zerzan's Anti-civilization and anti-technology writings are widely considered to be the most radical tonic to the crisis of our times, and the essays in this book are as challenging and revolutionary as anything he's written before. Included in this collection are ***Time And It s Discontents, The Age Of Nihilism, We All Live In Waco, Domestication News*** and ***Why I Hate Star Trek***, as well as many locally-produced flyers and broadsheets that have not been seen by many people outside of Eugene, Oregon, most notably the infamous short essay, ***How Ruinous Does It Have To Get?*** This brilliant new collection of Johns' writings, published by Feral House Books, is now available through the ***Green Anarchy Distro*** for $15.00



Dr. Death



Some Info on Jack Kevorkian

"The severity of the sentence on Kevorkian will drive the practice of voluntary euthanasia and assisted suicide even further underground. It will not stop it. Kevorkian is by no means the only doctor who helps people die - just the one who does so and also openly campaigns for societal acceptance of the practice."

- Derek Humphry, founder of the Hemlock Society

Dr. Jack Kevorkian, has been hailed as "a humanitarian without equal" by the widow of Thomas Youk, the 53-year-old afflicted with ALS (Lou Gehrig's disease) whose assisted suicide led to his imprisonment. After graduating from University of Michigan's Medical School in 1952, Dr. Kevorkian specialized in pathology for nearly 40 years, serving as chief of pathology at Saratoga General Hospital in Detroit. He took part in his first assisted suicide in 1990, leading to the suspension of his medical license in 1991. He has publicly acknowledged he has helped at least 130 other people to die by assisted suicide. Dr. Kevorkian was prosecuted and acquitted on three occasions prior to his conviction, which is now being appealed.

* ***Euthanasia*** - the act of mercifully ending the life of a hopelessly suffering patient; taken from a similar Greek word meaning "easy or good death"

* ***Suicide*** - the act of taking one's own life voluntarily and intentionally

* ***Assisted Suicide*** - the act of mercifully helping one to take one's own life voluntarily and intentionally

On 13 April 1999 retired pathologist Dr. Jack Kevorkian was sentenced in Michigan, USA, to two terms of imprisonment for helping a man suffering from A L S to die. For the 2nd degree murder of Thomas Youk he received a sentence of 10-25 years and for using a "controlled substance" (lethal drug) he was given 3-7 years jail, the sentences to run concurrently. A month earlier a jury had convicted him on both counts. The 70-year-old doctor, who is currently (April 20) in prison, has said he will appeal to higher courts.

The case achieved enormous notoriety, not only for Dr. Kevorkian's publicly acknowledging that he had already helped at least 130 other people to die by assisted suicide, but Mr. Youk's death in September 1998 was by direct injection (voluntary euthanasia). When the law enforcement authorities in Michigan did not move to charge Kevorkian with killing Mr. Youk, he took a tape of the incident to CBS Television, which aired it in the widely watched news program '60 Minutes'. On the program Kevorkian challenged prosecutors to act: three days later Kevorkian was charged with the offences.

The legal case against Kevorkian was, of course, watertight because his video clearly demonstrated the process of injection. There was no question but that he was guilty in the eyes of the law. The law does not accept that a person can ask to be killed - as Tom Youk clearly did. It is still "murder" legally. So, in an attempt to persuade the jury that his action had not been "murder" but a justifiable act of mercy, Kevorkian defended himself. He sought "jury nullification" on the grounds of humanity - something a lawyer may not do. Kevorkian was further hampered by the judge's ruling that he could not call the wife and brother of Tom Youk to confirm Tom's suffering and that the lethal injection was agreed by all three. (This aspect of the trial is likely to be one of the grounds for appeal.)

On three previous occasions when charged with "assisted suicide" the juries refused to convict Kevorkian against the weight of evidence. But that did not happen this time. Soon after he started publicly helping people to die in 1990, Kevorkian was stripped of his licenses to practice medicine in both Michigan and California.

Dr. Jack Kevorkian #284797, Southern Michigan Correctional Facility JMF
4010 Cooper St, Jackson MI 49201

The holder of this card is a

MEAT DONOR

Attention: Help me, I am dead.
If you find me and I am dead (really dead this time)
Contact the Church of Euthanasia *immediately* at

1-800-LONG-PIG churchofeuthanasia.org

A church representative will claim my body shortly
DO NOT INVOLVE THE AUTHORITIES
The church will notify my loved ones
DO NOT EMBALM! Put me on ice, at once!
Please make sure I am dead (and not just sleeping like last time)

Keep this card in wallet at all times.

"Take it. This is my body." Mark 14

WARNING: THESE ARE MY FINAL WISHES

As the finder of my body you *must* follow these instructions.
If you fail you will be held accountable and subject to civil liability.
Don't make me come back and haunt your ass !
This card authorizes the Church of Euthanasia to:

1. sell all my available organs on the black market
2. use my carcass for sexual gratification
3. ultimately, eat my meat

Tell Rev. Korda to send out the dinner invites and fire up the grill. I'm comin' home.

Baumans description of a typical "June 2nd" bank robbery,

I stood at the door and this old grandma comes in and I say to her, 'Come on in, come on in, there's a raid going on right now.' And she just looks at me, a dear little old woman, and grins at me, and looks at my pistol. I automatically grinned back, I thought she was pretty good. I had one of these scarves tied over my face, we really looked impossible. But the old woman was far out, there was this really spontaneous communication with her.

When you're standing there like that, you develop a whole new set of instincts; first of all, you feel insanely secure, it's logical because you have this weapon. Of course, it's horrible, a little pistol like that, a weapon, it has its own dynamics. You just feel insanely secure because you have a thing like that in your hand. As well, you feel secure because the element of surprise is on your side, as far as you can see it you're in control. It all goes insanely fast.

But then the alarm was set off in this thing, they have these little switches everywhere, and we say, okay, we're splitting. But somehow it's quite weird, people begin to talk to you, someone said, 'It was your fault that the alarm was set off.' There is a very peculiar atmosphere in a bank like that. You start developing an instinct for such things. You know exactly what's going on. It's not like a night and fog action, where you look around and do something; in a thing like this you act differently, you act completely instinctively. Of course, your years of experience help you—since you've been doing things like that, you can change in a split second, you know exactly how you need to act.

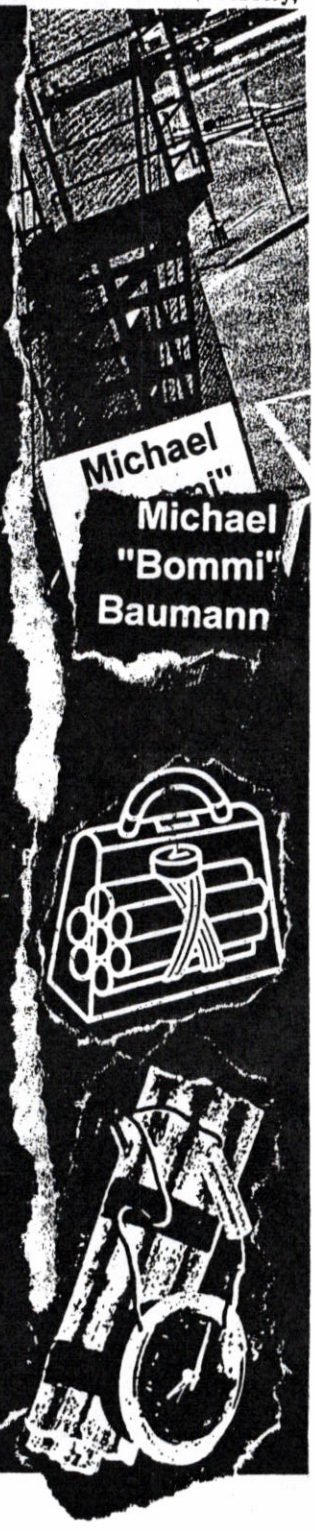
The Samurai story is the best example of this, from the film *The Seven Samurai,* where the one fighter recruits the others by hiding a fighter behind the door and saying to the applicants, 'Why don't you come in?' With the first one, he snaps the whip right in front of his head, and of course he fails the test. The second one can barely ward off the whip, and the third one says,' 'Come out from behind the door, you can't fool me.'

It is precisely this instinct for doing the right thing unconsciously that's actually the highest form you can reach in this guerrilla business, developing instincts like an animal in the jungle. This comes out for the first time in business like the bank. You sort of stand beside yourself and watch what you're doing, it's like an acid experience again.

If you feel secure, things will go well, too. If you look for your security in technology, it can always fail you. Of course, it's logical, you have a lot less influence on it than you do on yourself. You have to plan the escape, you have to know how you're going to get yourself out.

That's what we did, too, and got through safely. A couple of times we drove past police barricades. Then you see how they jump out of the car, totally scared, stand on the curb, close the intersection with their submachineguns, and you drive past them laughing in a B.V.G. bus. There's no danger for you anymore.

Michael Bauman,"Terror or Love"





Mutulu Shakur #83205-012, Box PMB, Atlanta, GA 30315. He was sentenced to 60 years imprisonment for an alleged conspiracy by the Black Liberation Army/New Afrikan Freedom Fighters against the U.S. government.

Russel Maroon Shoats #AF-3855, SCI Green, 1040 E. Roy Furman Highway Waynesburg, PA 15370-8090. He's a BLA POW.

Herman Wallace #76759, CCR Upper C Cell 1, Louisiana State Penitentiary, Angola, LA 70712. He's a former BPP member and one of the infamous "Angola Three".

Gary Watson #098990, Unit SHU18, Deleware Correctional Center, 1181 Paddock Rd., Smyrna, Deleware 19977. Social prisoner turned black liberationist. One of the infamous "Smyrna Five" (S-5), a group of radical Blacks that retaliated against authorities for the death of George Jackson.

Albert Woodfox #72148, CCR Upper B Cell 13, Louisiana State Penitentiary, Angola, LA 70712. He's a former BPP member and one of the infamous "Angola Three".

MOVE Prisoners:

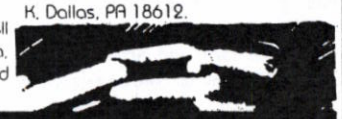
MOVE is a radical, ecological movement that has been attacked by the Philadelphia Police since its inception. Nine members were convicted and sent to prison for life following a 1978 siege at their house in which one cop was killed by another cop. One of those nine, Merle Africa, died in prison after not being treated for a health issue.

Debbie Simms Africa #006307, **Janet Holloway Africa** #006308, **Janine Philips Africa** #006309, SCI Cambridge Springs, 451 Fullerton Ave, Cambridge Springs, PA 16403-1238.

Michael Davis Africa AM4973, **Charles Simms Africa** AM4975 SCI Grateford, PO Box 244, Grateford, PA 19426-0244.

Edward Goodman Africa AM4974, SCI Camp Hill, PA 17011-0200.

William Philips Africa AM4984, **Delbert Orr Africa** AM4985, SCI Dallas Drawer K, Dallas, PA 18612.



From a Letter by Craig "Critter" Marshall

11/5/02: *"The harrasment level has been off the hook. . .*

The Joint Terrorism Task Force has been coming to question me. I got secretly whisked away from the prison to the state police station and no one but the transport cops and the 2 pigs from the JTTF knew where I was really going. All the paperwork said I was going to some fictional medical facility. Once I was cuffed, shackled, chained and locked securily in the back of the transport, the transport cops told me the real deal. I told them I didn't have shit to say to anyone and I wanted a lawyer. They told me to tell the JTTF pigs when I got there, so I did. The pigs told me I wasn't entitled to one. The short of it is that they offered me a get out of jail free card then tried to get me to roll over on everyone I've had a falling out with by trying to push my buttons. They'd really done their homework, but regardless of how pissed I am at anyone, I ain't gonna rat anyone off. I told the pigs to go fuck themselves, and other assorted nicities. The pigs then threatened to wait until I'm walking out the gate here to snatch me up and hit me with federal charges for the shit I'm in here for now (which technically they can do). I told them to "bring it, I'll have more time in, sitting on the toilet jacking off than they'll be able to get me with". I stood up and asked if they were done wasting both of our time yet, they ordered me to sit down. I just about nutted up saying, "Fuck you pig, what are ya gonna do arrest me? Are you gonna put me in prison if I don't? You forgot something punk, I'm already in prison." It felt good to release a bit of pent up anger, I was feeling pretty offended that those fuckers thought maybe for even a half a second that it was worth driving the 7 hours out here to ask me to rat out anyone. Needless to say they went home very unsatisified."

Critter has been going through tough times and the pigs think they can kick him while he's down. These are the realities that political prisoners face, and, as Critter pointed out, they can hit him with these charges, giving a sentence close to what Jeff "Free" Luers is now looking at. We must show the state that we won't sit by as our comrades are getting fucked with in jail. Critter is currently on a 5 and a 1/2 year sentence for a 1999 arson of 3 trucks at Romania Chevrolet in Eugene, Oregon. For more info see www.spiritoffreedom.org.uk You can write critter at:

Craig Marshall #13797662, 777 Stanton Blvd, Ontario, OR 97914

Assisted Suicide:

Dr.Jack Kevorkian #284797, Southern Michigan Correctional Facility JMF, 4010 Cooper St Jackson MI 49201, USA. The 70-year-old doctor, currently in prison for multiple terms for helping people to die.

United Freedom Front Prisoners:

The following three individuals are serving huge sentences for their role in actions carried out by the (UFF) in the 1980's. The UFF carried out solidarity bombings against the US government on a variety of issues.

Jaan Karl Laaman W41514, Box 100, South Walpole, MA 0207.

Ray Luc Levasseur #10376-016, Box PMB, Atlanta, GA 30315.

Thomas Manning #10372-016, Box 4000, Springfield, MO 65801.

Richard Williams #10377-016, 3901 Klein Blvd., Lompoc, CA 93436.

Prisoner Support Groups:

Anarchists Prisoner Legal Aid Network (APLAN) 818 SW 3rd Avenue, Portland, OR 97204. Email: **aplan@tao.ca**

Break The Chains: Northwest Political Prisoner Support Network POB 11331, Eugene, OR 97401. Email: **gumbycascadia@yahoo.com**

Dallas/Ft. Worth Anarchist Black Cross POB 202846, Arlington, TX 76006. Another fantastic ABC branch from Texas!

Free's Defense Network: PO Box 50263, Eugene, OR 97405. This is the newly formed support group for Oregon political prisoner Jeffrey "Free" Luers. **www.freefreenow.org**

Friends of MOVE POB 9709, Philadelphia, PA 19143. Friends and supporters of the MOVE prisoners.

Houston Anarchist Black Cross PO Box 667233, Houston, TX 77266-7233. See website: **www.anarchistblackcross.org**

N. American Animal Liberation Front Support Group Box 69597, 5845 Yonge Street Willowdale, Ontario M2M 4K3 Canada.

Prison Activist Resource Center (PARC) POB 339, Berkeley, CA 94701. Webpage: **www.prisonactivist.org** Excellent resource for info anti-imperialist and anti-capitalist prisoners.

Rob Los Ricos/Robert Thaxton Support Group POB 50634, Eugene, OR 97405. Newly formed support group for this anarchist prisoner.

South Chicago Anarchist Black Cross POB 721, Homewood, IL 60430. A very solid prisoner-support group.

The Jericho Movement
www.thejerichomovement.com Excellent

Indigenous Prisoners:

William Firewalker Burchett #03655032, West 5852, Federal Prison, PO Box 7000, Fort Dix, NJ 08640. Native American religious rights activist being held in prison under questionable circumstances.

Eric Wildcat Hall BL-5355, Unit I/A 10745 Route 18, Albion, PA 16475-0002. Serving 35-75 years for helping ship arms to Central American resisters.

Eddie Hatcher Marion Correctional Institution, PO Box 2405, Marion, NC 28752. Long-time Amerindian activist being framed for crimes he did not commit.

Leonard Peltier #89637-132, PO Box 1000, Leavenworth, KS 66048. An American Indian Movement (AIM) activist, serving two life sentences, having been framed for the murder of two FBI agents.

Andy J. Riendeau (John Two Names) #193786, B-Dorm, Staton Correctional Facility, PO Box 56, Elmore AL 36025-0056. Native activist being framed for setting schools on fire.

Tewahnee Sahme #11186353, Oregon State Prison, 2605 State St., Salem, OR 97310. Dedicated Native rights advocate serving time for a prison insurgency.

David Scalera (Looks Away) #13405480 OSP 2605 State St. Salem, OR 97310. Dedicated Native rights advocate serving time for a prison insurgency.

Anti Imperialist & Anti-Capitalist Prisoners:

Joelle Aubron #2174K, C.D. - Quarter Femmes, Chemin des Anzacs, 62451 Bapaume Cedex, France. One of the two remaining political prisoners from the French urban guerrilla movement Accion Directe/Direct Action.

Lori Berenson c/o **The Committee to Free Lori Berenson** 320 E. 25 St., #2AA, NY, NY 10010. She's an American journalist imprisoned in Peru for allegedly aiding the Tupac Amaru Revolutionary Movement (MRTA). She's incarcerated in the notorious Socayaba prison.

Kathy Boudin #894171, PO Box 1000, Bedford Hills, NY10507 Former Weather Underground activist serving time for being a passenger in a get-away van during the 1981 Brinks expropriation attempt in New York.

Marilyn Buck #00482-285, Unit B, 5701 8th Street, Camp Parks, Dublin, CA 94568. Serving 50 years to life for actions taken after she escaped prison herself including an armed robbery of a Brink's armored truck and the liberation of Assata Shakur from prison.

Pierre Carette Central Gevangis Geldenaakse, Vest 64, 3000 Leuven, Belgium. He's the last remaing prisoner of the Communist Combatant Cells, an urban guerrilla group that carried out attacks against capital and state.

Judy Clark #83-G-313, PO Box 1000, Bedford Hills, NY 10507. Former Weather Underground member.

Bill Dunne #10916-086, Box 1000, Marion, IL. 62959. Anti-authoritarian sentenced to 90 years for the attempted liberation of a prisoner in 1979.

Larry Giddings #10917-086, PO Box 1000, Lewisburg, PA 17837. Anti-authoritarian prisoner jailed in 1973 for attempted expropriation, paroled in 1978 then re-arrested in 1979 while attempting to liberate a comrade from prison. He is serving 75+ years with no known parole opportunities.

David Gilbert #83A6158, Attica C.F., POB 149, Attica, NY 14011. Serving time for clandestine actions against imperialism and capitalism.

William Gilday P.O. Box 1218, MCI Shirley. Shirley, MA 01464-1218. He was jailed for the shooting of a cop during a 1970 bank expropriation intended to fund the movement against the Vietnam War.

Alvaro Luna Hernandez #255735, Hughes Unit, Rt. 2, Box 4400, Gotesville, TX 76597. Chicano-Mexican freedom-fighter serving time for a police-orchestrated frame-up to stop his effective anti-oppression organizing in the Barrios.

Yu Kikumura #090008-050, PO Box 8500 ADX, Florence, CO 81226. He's an alleged member of the Japanese Red Army.

Evgeni Novozhilov ul. Ignatova 51, kv. 105, 350061 Krasnodar Russia. Anarchist-sympathizer serving a sentence for allegedly aiding Chechen rebels.

Roberta Ripaldi Casa Circondariale rebbibia femminile, Via Bartolo, Longo 92, 00156, Rome, Italy. Feminist activist accused of incendiary attacks against political offices as a protest against the war in Yugoslavia. She's the sister of eco-anarchist political prisoner Marco Camenish.

Jean-Marc Rouillan #9698202, BP266, 65307 Lannemezan, France. One of the two remaining political prisoners from the French urban guerrilla movement Accion Directe/Direct Action.

Black Liberation Prisoners:

The following prisoners are all serving time for "crimes" in the name of black liberation. Many of them are former members of either the Black Liberation Army (BLA), or the Black Panther Party (BPP), or both. They are either in prison for their clandestine actions against the state and the racist pigs, or because they have been framed by the authorities who work to crush all dissent.

Sundiata Acoli #39794-066, Box 3000, White Deer, PA 17887, USP Allenwood. He's a BLA POW.

Zolo Azania #4969, Indiana State Prison, PO Box 41, Michigan City, IN 46361-0041. Community activist being framed for murdering a pig.

Hanif Shabazz Bey (Beaumont Gerseu) #295933, Wallens Ridge State Prison, PO Box 759, Big Stone Gap, VA 24219. Imprisoned for actions carried out against US colonialism in the Virgin Islands.

Jalil Muntaqim (Anthony Bottom) #77A4283, Box 338, Napanoch, NY, 12458. Former Black Panther who is accused of participating in illegal underground activities. He has been in jail for 22 years.

Joseph "JoJo" Bowen AM-4272, 1 Kelley Drive, Coal Township, PA 17866-1021. Former BLA.

Marshall Edward Conway #116469, Box 534, Jessup, MD 20794. Veteran BPP leader who continues to maintain his innocence of a police murder in 1970, which he claims not to have committed.

Romaine "Chip" Fitzgerald B-27527, Box 290066, CSP-SAC FC 1208, Represo, CA 95671-0066. Former BPP member serving time for the death of a cop.

Bashir Hameed (J. York) #82A6313, Box 149, Attica, NY,14011-0149. Former Black Panther and BLA POW who has been incarcerated since 1981 for killing of a pig.

Robert Seth Hayes #74A2280, Box 500, Elmira, NY,14902. He was captured and convicted in 1973 under a host of charges, attributed to membership in the BLA.

Mumia Abu-Jamal AM8335, SCI Greene, 1040 East A. Furman Highway, Waynesburg, PA 15370-3090. Former BPP. In 1981 he was framed for the murder of a pig. He was recently taken off death row, but faces life in prison.

Khalfani X. Khaldun (Leonard McQuay) St. Joe County Jail, 129 S. Main St., South Bend, IN 46601. New Afrikan activist serving time for allegedly killing a prison guard.

Richard Mafundi Lake #079972, 100 Warrior Lane, #6-39, Bessemer, AL 35023-7299. He's a Black community activist being framed for a crime he did not commit.

Robert Mitchell, In transition. Email Lorenzo Kom'Boa Ervin at **komboa@hotmail.com** for more info. He's a social justice activist serving time for a frame-up.

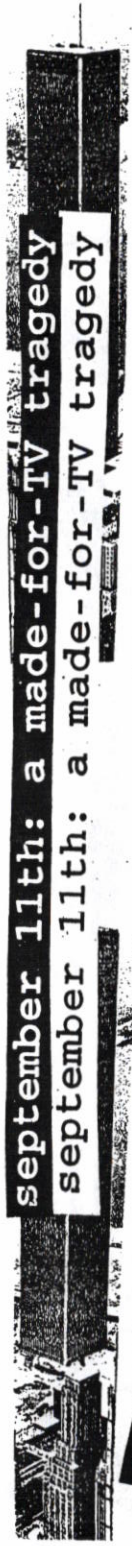
Mondo We Langa (David Rice) #27768, Box 2500, Lincoln, NE, 68542-2500. Former BPP member falsely accused of killing a cop.

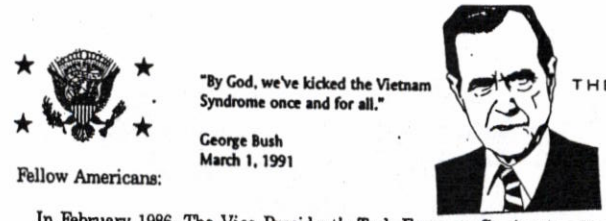
Abdul Majid (Anthony Laborde) #83-A-0483, Upstate Correctional Facility, Box 2001 Malone, NY 12953 Former BPP serving time for a crime he did not commit.

Ruchell Cinque McGee A-92051, PO Box 7500, SHU-2-C-233, Crescent City, CA 95531. Serving time for a court-house action to free incarcerated black liberationists.

Sekou Odinga #05228-054, 3901 Klien Blvd., Lompoc, CA 93436. Former BLA sentenced to 25-to-Life for shooting a cop in self-defense, and also an additional 20 years for the liberation of comrade Assata Shakur and the expropriation of an armored truck.

Ed Poindexter #110403, 7525 4th Ave, Lino Lake, MN 55014-1099, Minn. Correctional Facility. Former BPP member falsely accused of killing a cop.





"By God, we've kicked the Vietnam Syndrome once and for all."

George Bush
March 1, 1991

THE VICE PRESIDENT
WASHINGTON

November 1988

Fellow Americans:

In February 1986, The Vice President's Task Force on Combatting Terrorism released its public report, which contained a number of policy recommendations. These recommendations became the cornerstone of US counterterrorism policy. One key proposal was to launch a public awareness effort to better inform the American people about the nature of terrorism and the threat it represents to our national security interests and to the freedoms we so deeply cherish.

I strongly favor providing the public such information because it sharpens awareness as to the individual agendas of terrorist groups, the role of nations that support their depredations, and the necessity for tailoring multiple strategies to effectively combat this scourge.

As a result of the findings of my Task Force, we have markedly improved the coordinating machinery that enables the American Government to more rapidly and effectively resolve terrorist crises. We have put in place new procedures to enhance the response capabilities of our intelligence, law enforcement, and security forces. We have spent millions to recruit, train, and equip our personnel engaged in combatting terrorism and to enhance the security of our embassies and overseas military bases.

First, the United States will be firm with terrorists. We will not make concessions. We will continue to urge other countries not to make concessions. Rewarding terrorists only encourages more terrorism. Second, we will apply pressure to states which sponsor terrorism. We will work with friendly nations to apply diplomatic, economic, political, and, if necessary, military pressure on states which sponsor terrorism. If we find states supplying money, weapons, training, documents, travel, or safehaven for terrorists, we will respond. We must make clear to countries that supporting terrorism is not cost-free.

The more things change, the more they stay the same.

Third, we will bring terrorists to justice. We will continue to cooperate with friendly nations to identify, track, apprehend, prosecute, and punish terrorists. Our efforts include exchanging intelligence information on terrorists and their movements, developing "watch lists" for use by border police, and tightening extradition treaties. Terrorism is crime, and terrorists must be treated as criminals.

For many, terrorism represents a cheap and effective way to project power. It is a tactic that enables terrorists to shoot their way onto the world stage and, in effect, hijack the international media. Terrorism, as common street crime, may never be totally eradicated, but we can reduce it to a more tolerable level. In our fight against terrorism we are going to suffer casualties. And, as in any conflict, the innocent suffer. Our aim is to minimize the price the American people and other innocents pay, and assure that those states and groups that resort to terrorism find the cost prohibitive and their actions counterproductive.

The difference between terrorists and freedom fighters is sometimes clouded. Some would say one man's freedom fighter is another man's terrorist. I reject this notion. The philosophical differences are stark and fundamental. It should be clear to all those who read this book that terrorists are criminals who attack our cherished institutions and profane our values.

In seeking to destroy freedom and democracy, terrorists deliberately target noncombatants for their own cynical purposes. They kill and maim defenseless men, women, and children. They murder judges, newspaper reporters, elected officials, government administrators, labor leaders, policemen, priests, and others who defend the values of civilized society. Freedom fighters, in contrast, seek to adhere to international law and civilized standards of conduct. They attack military targets, not defenseless civilians. Noncombatant casualties in this context are an aberration or attributable to the fortunes of war. They are not the result of deliberate policy designed to terrorize the opposition.

The difference between the terrorists and the freedom fighters is as profound as it is obvious. To permit this distinction to become blurred is to play into terrorists' hands.

The American public needs to understand terrorism, what it is and is not, and how the United States Government takes action against the terrorist threat.

Sincerely,

George Bush

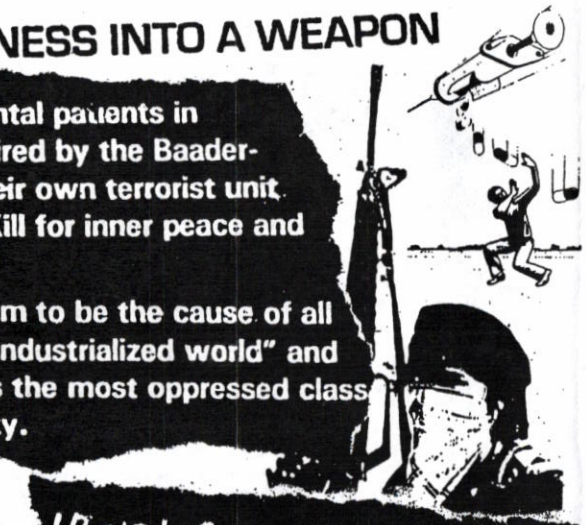
the U.S. patriot act
the United Snakes of Amerika

same shit, diff'rent pile.

SPK: TURNING ILLNESS INTO A WEAPON

SPK were a group of mental patients in West Germany who,inspired by the Baader-Meinhoff Gang,set up their own terrorist unit with the slogan"Kill Kill Kill for inner peace and mental health".

SPK believed Capitalism to be the cause of all mental illness in the "industrialized world" and saw the mentally ill as the most oppressed class of people in our society.



H E A L T H o u c h !

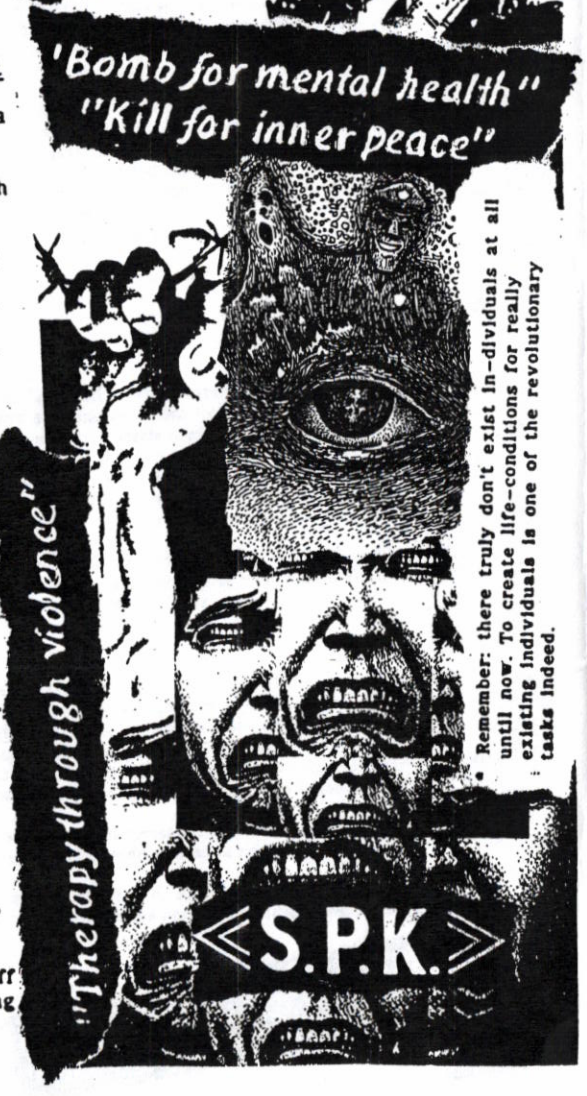
Life is what you make it

Illness is not an incident in a single person, ill is ... our society. In our society there rules capitalism, there triumph the interests to earn profits, there the victims are mercilessly squeezed and consumed in favour of a little ruling minority. The hospital machinery is nothing but the pursuit of the profit economy by other means. The exploited human being must sell itself, even quite beyond the price he achieves indeed, until he sooner or later will end totally exhausted.

And then, when he is finally worn down by the capitalist economy, they deliver him to a hospital.

There the exploitation is continued: his illness is transformed so that the other can earn profits of it: honorars for the physicians, profits of the pharmaceutical industry, exploitation of the nursing equipment.

The ill person is patch-worked (wird zurechtgeflickt), as soon as possible he is thrown back to the front, until he finally is finished off in the drumfire of the growing profit rates.



Anarchist Prisoners:

Jerome White-Bey #37479, Jefferson City Correctional Center, PO Box 900 (5C-146), Jefferson City, MO 65102. Social prisoner turned dedicated anarchist activist. Founder of "Missouri Prison Labor Union."
Thomas Meyer-Falk JVA Bruschal, Zellle 3117, Schonbornstr. 32, 76646, Bruschal, Germany. Anarchist activist imprisoned for "crimes" relating to his anti-fascist activism.
Ojure Lutalo #59860, POB 861, Trenton, NJ 08625. Black liberation activist and anarchist. He's serving a lengthy sentence for various clandestine actions.
Robert Middaugh T41137 Bldg 410 23up, PO Box 8, Avenal, CA 93204. He's serving three years for an assault on a pig during the 2001 Long Beach May Day.
Michelle Pontolillo C.P. Madrid VI, Ctra. Nacional 400 Km. 28, Apdo. 2000 - 28300 Aranjuez, Madrid, Spain. He was a squatter and a conscientious objector. Now he's serving time for acts of expropriation.
Francesco Porcu Via della Montagna, Ponte della Togaia, 50047 Prato, Italy. Sardinian anarchist rebel sentenced to 30 years for being framed by a notorious prosecutor.
Amadeu Casellas Ramon C.P. Figueres. C/ St Pau 158 17600 Figueres, Girona, Spain. He's serving time for several expropiations.
Mike Rusniak DOC K88887, Dixon CC, 2600 Brinton, PO Box 1200, Dixon, IL 61021. Serving time for stealing a police car, and other acts of anti-government property-destruction.
Gabriel Pombo Da Silva C. P. Nanclares de la Oca, C/ Tacope s/n, 01123 Langroitz, Araba, Spain. He was imprisoned when he was 17 for bank robberies and attacks against the military. He was sentenced to 100+ years in prison.
Carlo Tesseri Casa Circondariale Dozza, Via del Gomito 2, 40136, Bologna, Italy. Italian anarchist accused of conspiracy to rob banks.
Robert Thaxton #12112716, OSP, 2605 State Street, Salem, OR 97310. Long-time anarchist activist Rob Los Ricos was convicted of Assault and Riot for throwing a rock at a cop at the 1999 Eugene J18 Reclaim The Streets. He recieved a 7 year sentence. He is currenly assigned "Anarchist Security Group Status." Do not send anything containing any circle-A's.
Harold Thompson #93992, Northwest Correctional Complex, Route 1, Box 660, Tiptonville, TN 38079. Sentenced to life plus 50 years for a 1979 robbery of a jewelers, killing a police informer who had murdered his partner in a shooting incident in Ohio. He was later given an extra 32 years for a failed escape attempt.
Thomas Tripp # 777 Stanton Blvd., Ontario, OR 97914. He's a social prisoner turned devoted anarchist. His sentence was lengthened recently because of his participation in a jailhouse riot aimed at winning concessions from the authorities.
Shaka N' Zinga (Arthur Wiggins) #196612, POB 534 (MHC-X), Jessup, MD 20794. New Afrikan anarchist being framed for a crime he most certainly did not commit.

Turkish Anarchist Resisters:

The anarchist movement in Turkey is growing, and as a result of this state terrorism against anarchists has intensified. The following individuals are anarchists serving time under the repressive Turkish regime:
Ali Biter E Tipi Cezaevi, B-2 Kirsehir, Turkey.
Abbas Irmak E Tipi Kapali Cezaevi, B-2, Kersehir, Turkey.
Zamir Karaagac E Tipi Kapali Cezaevi, B-5, K. Maras 46060, Turkey.
Bulent Kurt E Tipi Kapali Cezaevi, D/8, K. Maras, Turkey.
Ibrahim Demir Ozel Tip Cezaevi, B/1-2, Gaziantep, Turkey.
Osman Ercan Ozel Tip Kapali Cezaevi, C-2, Koguso, Amasya 05100, Turkey.

Ecological Resistance Prisoners:

Marco Camenish Hornlstr. 55, 8330 Pfaffikon, Switzerland. Imprisoned for clandestine attacks against a number of ecologically destructive and exploitative industries.
Inaki Garcia Koch Carcel de Pamplona, C/Span Roque, Apdo. 250, 31080 - Iruez - Pamplona, Navarra, Spain. Serving four years for cutting cables on the construction site of the heinous Itoiz dam.
Charles Hoke #861206, ACH, Indiana Department of Correction, Indiana State Prison, PO Box 41, Michigan City, Indiana 46361-0041. He's a radical farmer serving time for robbing banks in order to support himself, and other farmers, who were being forced from their homes by developers.
Ted Kaczynski #04475-046, US Pen-Admin Max Facility, PO Box 8500, Florence Colorado 81226. Sentenced to multiple lifetimes in prison for the "Unabomber" bombing attacks against industrialist scum.
Jeffrey Luers (Free) #13797671, OSP, 2605 State Street, Salem, OR 97310. Serving 22 years on politically-motivated arson charges related to the arson of cars at Romania Chevrolet and an attempted arson at Tyree Oil in Eugene, Oregon. He is a long-time environmental activist who needs your support.
Craig Marshall (Critter) #13797662, SACI, 777 Stanton Blvd, Ontario, OR 97914. Serving a five year sentence for a politically-motivated arson attack against a Romania Chevrolet car dealership in Eugene.
Grigory Pasko SIZO Institution IZ-25/1, Partizanskyj Prospekt 28-b, 690106 Vladivostok, Russia. An eco-journalist serving four years for exposing the Russian Navy dumping nuclear waste into the Pacific Ocean.
Fran Thompson #93341, 1107 Recharge Rd., York, NE 68467. An eco-activist serving a Life sentence for shooting dead, in self-defense, a stalker who had broken into her home.
Helen Woodson #03231-045 FMC Carswell, POB 27137, Admin Max Unit, Fort Worth, TX 76127. Serving 27 years for robbing a bank and then setting the money on fire while reading out a statement denouncing greed, capitalism and the destruction of the environment.

Animal Liberation Prisoners:

Neil Bartlett FLU7083, HMP The Verne, Portland, Dorset, DT5 1EQ, England. Serving fours years for making bomb-hoax telephone calls to various animal & earth abusers.
Dave Blenkinsop HM Prison, Bedford, MK40 1HG, UK. On remand for allegedly physically attacking the managing director of Huntington Life Science.
Mel Broughton DJ8216, HMP The Mount, Molyneaux Avenue, Bovingdon, Hemel Hempstead, HP3 0NZ, UK. Serving four years for conspiracy to cause explosions for the cause of animal liberation.
Rae Newlands GN6613, HMP Holloway, London, N7 0NU, England. Serving four years for "bomb hoaxes, arson, criminal damage, harassment and conspiracy" against HLS.
Peter Schnell #99470-111, FCI Otisville, PO Box 1000, Otisville, NY 10963. Anti-authoritarian earth/ animal liberationist serving two years for being in possession of incendiary devices.
Geert Waegmans Begijnestraat 42 2000 Antwerp, Belgium. Serving four years for arson attacks in the name of animal liberation.
Matt Whyte #99477-111, Taft Correctional Institution, PO Box 7001, Taft, CA 93268. Anti-authoritarian earth/animal liberationist serving two years for being in possession of incendiary devices.

Anti-Fascist Prisoners:

Grzegorz Chyska Zakland Karny, ul. Katowica 4, 46-200 Kluczbork, Poland. Serving three years for defending himself against a vicious neo-nazi gang.
Pavel Kroupa 4.3.1977, Veznice Vazba, Straz Pod Ralskem, 47127, Czechseslovakia. Recently jailed and charged with murder. He was attacked by five fascist skinheads. He defended himself and consequently one fascist died.
Yves Peirat Nood'Écrou 5591, Centre de Detention de Salon, bat.A, Route Nationale 113, 13300 Salon de Provence, France. He's serving five years for for a series of anti-fascist arson attacks against the neo-fascist political party Front National.
Rodney Wade #380581.C.C., N-15-B, PO Box 70010, Boise, ID 83707. Activist serving time for defending himself against a racist attacker.
Tomasz Wiloszewski Zaklad Karny, Orzechowa 5, 98-200 Sieradz, Poland. Serving 15 years for accidentally killing a neo-nazi whilst defending himself.



Statement From Political Prisoner Rob "Los Ricos" Thaxton

"Over the past three years of my prison xperience, friends, supporters, well-vishers and comrades have been very enerous to me, sending donations, books, ines, cards and letters. Thank you all very uch for thinking of me, it means a lot.

The Oregon Department of Corrections nakes it difficult to send literature and nonetary donations to prisoners, so a riend offered to start a bank account for ne in Eugene. The only way this seems o work for all parties involved is to start business account in my name, so that's vhat we've done.

Having one address for people to send lonations my way seems like the easiest vay for me to manage my personal ffairs, so that I have one place and person o contact when I want to order a book, ubscribe to a magazine, order new lasses, replace my worn out running hoes, send money to my daughter's nother or to send my daughter a gift. Her birthday is coming up soon.)

In the future, this business account may ome in handy for helping me produce ublications and otherwise conduct usiness with the outside world. Of ourse, I'll let ya'll know when such levelopments arise.

Thanks again for your support. It's nade a really horrible situation some-vhat more bearable.

In Revolt,
Rob Thaxton"

Send donations for Rob in the form of checks or well-concealed cash to: Rob los Ricos Enterprises PO Box 50634 Eugene OR 97405.

Write to him personally: Rob Thaxton # 12112716, OSP 2605 State Street, Salem, OR 97310.

Update on the November 17th Movement

On June 30, 2002, the Greek state made it's first substantial strike against the November 17 (N17) revolutionary movement, an astonishingly disciplined urban guerrilla operation with an airtight organizational structure, who for nearly three decades carried out a principled, anti-imperialist resistance within the Greek metropole. For 27 years, N17 pursued a consistent campaign of assassinations of key members of the Greek political and economic apparatus, and their rambling, florid communiqués and daring actions became the stuff of modern-day Greek mythology. Despite a massive budget set aside for the sole purpose of crushing N17, the Greek state until recently was not able to smoke out a single member and admitted that they were "waiting for N17 to make a wrong move."

Finally, on June 30th, Greek authorities got the break they were hoping for when N17 combatant Savas Xiros falls into the hands of the State after a bomb that he was planting at the "Flying Dolphin" office explodes in his hands. (see *"Green Anarchy" #10* for more details.) What has now been solidly established by reliable sources is that Savas Xiros confessed under interrogation to his involvement in most N17 actions and also snitched out the identity of comrades, and their role in the group. Dimitri Koufentina, the N17 cell member who accompanied Xiros on the botched "Flying Dolphin" action (but escaped), had time between Xiros' capture and confession to enter one of the N17 "giafkas" (safehouses) and submerge all the stored weapons in the tub, consequently getting rid of prints. But by July 11, it appears Xiros has confessed everything: He talks openly about his brothers and their involvement in the group, asking for them to be in the "protection program" (offered under the "terrorist" law for snitches whose information leads to the termination of "terrorist" groups.)

Xiros' confessions lead to the arrest of 16 alleged comrades and trigger off a massive manhunt for Dimitris Koufodinas, believed to be the chief executioner and treasurer for N17 and nicknamed "Poison Hand" by his colleagues for his lethal assasination skills. For about two months, Koufodinas was the county's most-wanted man—and chose to elude his legion of pursuers by hiding out stark naked on a nudist beach on the little isle of Agistri, secure in the knowledge that he could flaunt himself in a crowd of similarly unclad tourists. "To think we had 17,000 police and anti-terrorist officers on his trail, as well as Scotland Yard, the FBI and Interpol, and there he was for all of us to behold on that beach," a flabbergasted official said. On September 5, Dimitri Koufodinas walked into the anti-terrorist building and turned himself in, in order to restore the honor of the group. He states that he is a revolutionary man, a warrior for a decentralized socialist society. He takes responsibility for all the political actions of N17, states that he's the last of the group and it's over, and speaks of how the most important thing in times like this for every revolutionary is dignity.

The Greek state becomes furious about these developments. Koufodinas's strategic surrender provides a different role model and immediately through his non-cooperating stance a chain reaction is set off among the imprisoned guerrillas, particularly Savas and Christodoulo Xiros. They both attempt to re-call their confessions and statements. In a television interview, Savas Xiros states that his confessions were given while he was under the influence of drugs, torture, a strange device that caused painful sound vibrations, and other such sadistic, mind manipulating tactics. Dimitiris Koufodinas, considered to be the missing prize by Greek authorities in the N17 investigation, is now turning their whole case upside down.

The fact that the Greek anarchist movement, who are most in a position to judge the revolutionary merits of the N17 movement, are choosing to support certain of the arrestees and see that there is a connection between N17 and other anti-state struggles in Greece, is enough for many of us to extend our (for the time being) conditional support and solidarity, until we are given good reason not to. The Greek anarchist movement has a reputation of being resolutely anti-leftist. In light of this sentiment, their support of N17 lends these anti-state guerrillas serious credibility. N17 spent the last 27 years undetected and underground wasting pigs of all parties, platforms and institutions, in what can only be regarded as potent actions against state control.

The Post-Industrial Strategy

THE POST-INDUSTRIAL STRATEGY (Twilight of the Idols)

Michel Foucault in *Discipline and Punish:* the mechanism of social control has changed from liquidation or internment to *therapeutic.* Criminals or the insane are now simply recycled and turned into normalized homogeneous citizens. Both the right and the left wish to feel responsible for these problems and to reintegrate the deviant. *We must not do this.* Our interest in social deviance must be to maintain and extend the disability of the system to keep its margins under *control.*

EXPOSING THE CATHEDRAL OF DEATH

The true meaning of the slogan, *We are all German Jews,* is not solidarity but the inescapable *fact* that these people are NOT deviant phenomena. THIS SITUATION IS THE NORM. DEATH IS EVERYWHERE IN LIFE. SPK is not fetishing a situation, it is exposing this Cathedral of Death.

The strategy is not dialectical—liberation vs. *control,* unconscious vs. conscious, deviant vs. normal, sexual vs. chastity.

The strategy is CATASTROPHIC—pushing the situation to the limit.

The strategy is SYMBOLIC—using the system's own intolerable signs against it.

The strategy is ANONYMOUS—the refusal to be categorizable as another star deviant. We are the norm. We are the twilight.

If the industrial era was determined by its capitalist mode, then the post-industrial is hyper-capitalist. And in the sphere of signs the society has become indeterminate and codified. In the pre-industrial era every sign had a corresponding reality. In the industrial, every sign became equivalent to all others with money as the mode of social coherence. Now, however, all signs have become models, slightly differentiating all social reproduction—a generalized code of simulation. The real horror is that this process no longer stops at the factory gate but penetrates our homes, our loves and our minds. All our time becomes marked time....

THE POST-INDUSTRIAL SIMULACRE

It has been some decades since Western culture could be accurately described as Industrial. Since the under-consumption crisis of the Thirties, we have shifted entirely into a social structure dominated not by production but by reproduction, not by equivalence but by commutation, not by merchandise but by the model. We live in a post-industrial world. A world no longer where all labor is exchanged and loses its singularity but where labor and leisure become entwined. Not a culture bought and sold but one where all cultures simulate one another. Not a place where love is prostituted but one where a liberated keel sexuality is compulsory. And an era in which time is no longer accumulated like money but is broken in a confused web of nostalgia, fetishism and futurism.

SYSTEM DEATH

The system has produced a special kind of death, a calculated system of signs. If the cemetery and the asylum are in the process of disappearing it is because death is everywhere and no longer needs to be hidden away. Today it is ethnocidal, judicial, concentrational, sensational. A complex fetishism of death as deviance—hence "star" deaths like Manson, Jones or Vietnam are just part of the system's own sensationalist fetishism. The true horror is statistical death which is the by-product of normalization and the therapeutic. Serums and laboratories are only the alibi for the prohibition of the speech of the dying.

It is quite obvious, then, why all our attention is focused on violent death, which alone manifests something like sacrifice—the transmutation of the real by the WILL of the group. All artificial death is therefore a product of a social will.

Suicide equals murder. (from the manifesto of the original *Sozialistisches Patienten Kollektiv)*

REPORTS ON DIRECT ACTION

Thanks to *"Green Anarchy"* magazine for the updates on a wide assortment of actions. We cannot re-print them all, so check out the latest *GA* for the most recent info.

EARTH & ANIMAL LIBERATION ACTIONS

'Cause every night is earth night.



March 17, Pennsylvania: ELF Arson Destroys Expensive Crane

Erie: A fire that destroyed a $500,000 crane used at a road construction site has been daimed by the ELF. The following is the communique that was issued by the ELF: *Hello brothers and sisters! Our Earth is being threatened everyday by the industrial mega-machine, which devastates and kills our Earth. That is why the ELF is taking a stand in Erie, Pennsylvania. On Sunday, ELF members demonstrated their wrath towards the booming mega-machine that seems to be rising from the gates of hell, by destroying a 60 ton crane. These past months brothers and sisters in the Erie area have witnessed the atrocities that are being committed by Wintergreen George. Thousands of wild species are being killed for the sake of building the "Eastside Access Highway". This project will not just kill thousands of wildlife, but will clear most of the precious trees that stand so gracefully. Yet many developers have already been destroying acres of precious forest. Sunday's action was an example of the agitation people in Erie feel about the construction of the "Eastside Access Highway". We are not just making a stand against ecocide and developers, but the growth of civilization, as well as the demise of our existence and the biodiversity that comes with it. For the protection of Mother Earth! - ELF*

May 3, Indiana: Animal Liberation Front Claims Responsibility For Sims Poultry Fire

Bloomington: The following is the communiqué received by the North American ALF Press Office: *The Animal Liberation Front is claiming responsibility for the early morning May 3rd attack on Sims Poultry Processors in Bloomington, Indiana. While it may not be an actual slaughterhouse, Sims Poultry was targeted because of its role in the industries of animal exploitation and murder. The ALF will not rest until all businesses profiting from the misery and death of the innocent are destroyed. Record numbers of chickens are being raised and killed for meat in the U.S. every year. Nearly ten billion chickens are being hatched in the U.S. every year. These birds are typically crowded by the thousand into huge factory-like warehouses where they can barely move. Chickens are given less than half a square foot of space per bird while turkeys are each given less than three square feet. Both chickens and turkeys have the end of their beaks cut off, and turkeys also have their toes clipped. All of these mutilations are performed without anesthesia, and they are done in order to reduce injuries which result when stressed birds are driven to fighting. Today's meat chickens have been genetically altered to grow twice as fast, and twice as large as their ancestors. Pushed beyond their biological limits, hundreds of millions of chickens die every year before reaching slaughter weight at 6 weeks of age. These institutionalized practices begin with the premise that living beings are mere commodities to be "processed" and consumed. Despite the state's ongoing campaign to discredit and dismiss the movement for animal liberation, we will not shy away from acting to save the lives of innocent beings. As long as there is animal suffering, we will wage a non-violent war against their oppressors. As long as there is animal suffering, there will be the Animal Liberation Front. - ALF*

July 8, Kentucky: ELF Action Against Wal-Mart

Louisville: From the communiqué: *In the darkness of night July 8th, the Earth Liberation Front traveled through the dense forest behind the recently built Fern Creek Wal-Mart Super-center in Louisville, Kentucky. Liberators climbed up a hillside and proceeded to slash the tires of a construction equipment trailer. Messages such as "Stop Sprawl" and "Respect" were painted on the wall of the Wal-Mart and a construction trailer in the parking lot. The locks on the main construction trailer were glued and four windows were smashed out. This action is a protest against the sprawl which seeks to expand its treacherous grip beyond the Gene Snyder Freeway and into the outer limits of Louisville - seeking a never-ending expansion of strip shopping centers. In the process, paved over to make way for another multinational chain that profits from the destruction of the earth, animals, and workers. The ELF is only beginning in the Kentuckiana region. As more wilderness and farmland areas are paved under and precious pieces of earth sold for the profit of a few, more actions are being planned. We will not stop until the developers and oligarchs do.*

With love and hope, ELF.

August 9, Oregon: Timber Sale Spiked

From the communiqué: *In order to defend the delicate ecosystems of the Salmon Creek and Salt Creek watersheds, a small autonomous group of individuals took action at the Pryor timber sale. Dozens of trees in each of the sale units were spiked with both 50-penny and 60-penny nails. In several instances, scattered throughout the units, non-metallic spikes were used in order to elude metal detectors. All spikes were placed at a variety of heights on the tree, high and low. This action took place several months ago, after the contract for Pryor was officially awarded to Roseburg Forest Products/ Scott Timber. We choose to delay the announcement of this action until logging was imminent. The safety of all workers now rests in the hands of Roseburg Forest Products and their partner in crime, the U.S. forest service. This 250 acre timber sale is located along the Eugene to Pacific Crest Trail, Aubrey Mountain, and a roadless area near Hedkletooth Mountain, in what is known as the Willamette National Forest. Pryor is also adjacent to the Bunchgrass Ridge roadless area and the infamous Warner Burn. Much of the Pryor area has been naturally regenerated by fire in the past 200 years. Some trees survived the fires and are now 400+ years old. All but one of the sale units is previously unharvested native forest. We will make sure it remains that way. Wildlife that would be effected by logging activity here include the northern spotted owl, peregrine falcon, red legged frog, and the elusive wolverine. Species including bull trout and Chinook salmon historically existed here and one day we hope that they will thrive again. Companies such as Roseburg Forest Products are destroying our planet for profit. We will no longer be passive observers. We will stand in the way of greed at every step. We will not rest until the greedy machines of destruction cease to exist.*

We are everywhere

Selvaggia" (an italian anti-civilization anarchist paper) and a small notebook with drawings including one of an individual sawing the legs off a transmission tower. "G.B." continues to deny any connection to this action.

In a related story, on July 4, 2001, in Porteranica on the Maresara River in Italy, a television, radio and cellphone transmission tower was attacked with simple incendiary devices -10 fruit juice bottles full of gasoline. Those involved climbed the gate, and systematically attached the bottles to the base of the tower where the cables that transmit data are located. Flames caught the cables on fire and burned the tower up to about 50 ft. There was graffiti left behind which read " Struggle Against All That Is Noxious And Against Telecom"; the Graffiti was accompanied by a circle A. Other anarchist graffiti was found sprinkled around the town: "Against Every Drug, Against Human And Animal Abuse" and "Consumerist Murderer" being two examples. Damages were estimated at $1 million dollars. On July 17th, cops searched the home of 19-year old anarchist student Silvia Guerimi. The pigs found spray paint that matched the same color and brand as that used at the transmission tower site, as well as four bolts that looked similar to those from the sabotaged tower. This was all their evidence but on October 22, Silvia was placed under house arrest with charges of participating in the attack. She denies any connection to the action. Silvia was sentenced on June 3 of this year to three years imprisonment, but is currently free from the restrictions of house arrest until her appeal trial occurs.

Anti-Fascists Arrested

August 24, Baltimore, Maryland: About 200 white supremacists on their way to a Washington DC racist gathering were attacked with gas grenades, tire irons, baseball bats, and hockey sticks at a Southeast Baltimore hotel. Twenty eight people were arrested on assault and weapons charges in the melee. Officials said about 30 to 40 people participated in the attack on the white supremacists. Three of the white supremacists suffered minor injuries, one of whom was hospitalized. Some of the nazis attacked are members of the racist group National Alliance. They were traveling to a Washington DC anti-Jewish demonstration. Of those arrested for allegedly attacking the nazis are members of the Northeastern Federation of Anarchist Communists (NEFAC), Anti-Racist They are facing very serious charges and they desperately need your support. For more info, contact: **Black Planet Books** 1621 Fleet Street, Baltimore, Maryland 21231-2931/ **antifalegal@hotmail.com**

Feds To Indict Raise The Fist

August, Los Angeles, CA: Federal prosecutors are indicting Sherman Austin, founder/webmaster of Raise The Fist - an anarchist/independent media/direct action network. Sherman is being charged with two felony violations, including "Distribution of information relating to explosives, destructive devices, and weapons of mass destruction with the intent that such information be used in furtherance of a federal crime of violence." Sherman rejected a guilt plea in court offering him one month in jail, five months in a half-way house, and three years supervised release. If found guilty in trial, Sherman could serve a maximum of four years in prison. For background info on the case of Sherman Austin, and updates on his situation, please visit the Stop Long Beach Repression website at: **www.stoplbrepression.org**

Anarchist Retried In Attempted Murder Of Pig!

September 9, Athens, Greece: Avraam Lesperoglou, 47, who allegedly shot and wounded pig George Psaroudakis during an October 1982 robbery attempt on a dentist's office in Athens, was initially convicted in a lower court trial and sentenced to 17 years in prison in 2000. A split 4-3 ruling by an appellate court subsequently overturned that decision. But last June, a Supreme Court prosecutor—acting under pressure from the United States—overturned the appellate court decision, setting the stage for another trial. Lesperoglou said that his case was engineered by the Greek State in response to coercion from the U.S. to get more convictions in "terrorist" cases. He also denied that he had any connection with "terrorism." Avraam Lesperoglou, whose name has been linked in the past to anarchist circles, was arrested at Athens airport in December 1999 after 17 years on the run. He was released from prison in November 2001 after an appellate-level military court accepted his petition for parole after serving a good portion of a three and one-half year sentence for dodging military conscription. Lesperoglou was also acquitted in October 2001 on charges of participating in the *Anti-State*

SHAC Activists Indicted

November 5, Boston, Massachussetts: 12 activists associated with the Stop Huntingdon Animal Cruelty-US campaign have been indicted by a grand jury on a variety of charges including attempted extortion, in connection with alleged stalking, harassment and threats of a Boston-based Marsh employee. For now, donations to help with legal and campaign costs can be sent to **SHAC** PO Box 22398, Philadelphia, PA 19110. E-mail: **shacusa@envirolink.org** See: **www.shacusa.net**

Anti-Fascist Prisoner Wayne Heaton Needs Support

England: Wayne Heaton was sentenced to 18 months in prison for "violent disorder" during the Burnley riots last summer. Wayne, who grew up in Burnley, was not too happy seeing the growth of support for the racist British Nationalist Party (BNP) in his home town. So when the police defended the BNP during the Burnley riots (which consisted mainly of Asians fighting neo-nazis), Wayne like many locals stood up and fought. He'd love letters of support. Write to: **Wayne Heaton** GK 7292, Wing G18, H.M. Prison, 2 Ribblestone Lane, Preston PR1 5AB. UK.

Activists Detained For Arson; Tre Arrow "On The Run"

Portland, Oregon: In mid-August, two eco-activists, Jacob Sherman and Jeremy Rosenbloom, were arrested on suspicion of arson against logging trucks at Eagle Creek last year. The police also announced they were seeking two other activists, Angela Marie Cesario and Michael Scarpitti, on the same charges. Following the initial arrests, news of Angela's arrest soon followed. Jacob, Jeremy (who has since taken a deal for 41 months and is said to be "cooperating" with the pigs) and Angela were all charged with four counts relating to the arsons and bailed pending trial. However, Michael, who is also known as Tre Arrow, has not been located by the police and he is "on the run." We have just found out that Tre Arrow, along with Jacob Sherman, have subsequently been indicted for another ELF arson attack, last year, against trucks at Ross Island Sand & Gravel in Portland, Oregon. This arson attack caused approximately $200,000 to the trucks. However, at the time of going to print, Tre Arrow's location is still unknown to the FBI. *Run, Tree, Run!*

STATE REPRESSION NEWS

50's Radical Gets Life In Prison

March 13, Atlanta, Georgia: Former Black Panther Jamil Abdullah Al-Amin was sentenced to life in prison without the possibility of parole for allegedly killing a deputy sheriff and wounding another pig as they were trying to serve an arrest warrant on him two years ago. Al-Amin - known as H. Rap Brown during his days as a Black Panther in the 1960s - was found guilty by a Fulton County jury on all 13 counts he faced, including murder, aggravated assault on a police officer, obstructing a law enforcement officer and possession of a firearm by a convicted felon. At the time of the shootings, Al-Amin, who converted to Islam in the 1970s while serving time in prison, was the imam, or spiritual leader, of a mosque in Atlanta's West End neighborhood, where he also operated a grocery store. Al-Amin was captured four days after the shooting in Lowndes County, Alabama. Al-Amin's defense team had argued he did not shoot the deputies and was the victim of a long-standing government conspiracy. Al-Amin went by the name H. Rap Brown during the 1960s and served as chairman of the Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee (SNCC). In 1967, he was charged with inciting a riot in Cambridge, Maryland, where he declared to a Black audience: "It's time for Cambridge to explode, baby. Black folks built America, and if America don't come around, we're going to burn America down." The next morning, a school and two city blocks burned. He later joined the Black Panther Party and urged blacks to arm themselves. "I say violence is necessary," he once famously said. "It is as American as cherry pie." During the decline of the Black Panther Party in the late 1970s, Al-Amin converted to Islam while in prison serving a five-year sentence for his role in a robbery that ended in a shoot-out with New York police. From 1992 to 1997, the FBI staked out Al-Amin, suspecting him of gun-running. The agency generated 44,000 documents, records indicate, but miserably failed to produce an arrest or indictment.

Silvano Pellisero Is Free At Last!

March 14, Naples, Italy: Italian anarchist Silvano Pellisero has been released from prison. Silvano served more than four years in prison, charged with eco-sabotage against the High Speed Train project in the Sussa Valley. He was arrested along with Soledad Rosas and Edoardo Massari, who both died in prison under very strange circumstances. Silvano can be contacted at: **tutto@squat.net or asilosquat@tiscalinet.it**

Repression on Long Beach Anarchists Continues...

Late April, Orange County, California: As some of you may have heard, a comrade and fellow anarchist activist, Matt "Rampage" Lamont remains jailed. He was arrested with another fellow activist, Max Lucas, a juvenile, also in jail in OC's juvenile detention center. They were pulled over in La Habra and arrested after a search of the car, revealing "gasoline cans" and they are both being charged with possession of an explosive destructive device. It is believed that this arrest is part of an ongoing conspiracy by the police and federal officers to violate the civil rights of those involved with anarchism and community organizing. For more info, contact the **Long Beach Infoshop**: 684 Redondo Avenue, Long Beach, CA 90815. The phone number is 562-434-6934.

Earth Liberation Prisoner Of War Extradited

Switzerland: Marco Camenisch has now finished his 12 year prison sentence for eco-activity in Italy. But sadly, as expected, he has been extradited to Switzerland where he is to serve the remainder of a ten year prison sentence there for eco-activity (back in the 70's & 80's Marco used explosives to destroy power lines which led to nuclear facilities). Marco is also due to stand trial charged with escaping from prison during a mass break out where some prisoners hijacked a piece of heavy machinery and smashed through a security wall! Marco is also charged with allegedly murdering a guard during the break out (something he denies). You can now write to: **Marco Camenisch** Hornlistr. 55, 8330 Pfaffikon, Switzerland.

Mark Barnsely Released!

June 24, England: The following is from a statement released by the Justice for Mark Barnsley Campaign:

"We are overjoyed to announce that miscarriage of justice prisoner Mark Barnsley was finally released from Whitemoor prison on the morning of Monday, June 24th 2002.

Mark walked out of maximum security HM Whitemoor to loud cheers and applause from waiting supporters. Friends, eager to welcome Mark out of prison had traveled from around the country.

After having his first decent breakfast in eight years at a local cafe and thanking everyone for coming, Mark set off back to South Yorkshire where he will be living for the foreseeable future. He was later reunited with his children. Mark's youngest daughter who is now eight years old, last saw him outside a prison when she was just six weeks old. After spending over eight years in just about every Maximum security hell-hole the prison system has to offer, Mark is in good spirits and obviously glad to be finally out. Mark and his campaign would like to take the opportunity to thank everyone who has supported him over his eight long years of wrongful imprisonment.

Before Mark was even released, the police in South Yorkshire tried to intimidate local supporters. In a very obvious attempt to make things even harder for Mark, the place where he was intending to live upon his release was visited by the local Police Intelligence Unit (Special Branch). This sadly resulted in Mark loosing his new home before he was even out of prison. This action by the police is obviously of concern to us and we will continue to closely monitor the situation...." - *The Justice for Mark Barnsley Campaign*

If you'd like to contact Mark you can now write to him at: **Mark Barnsley**, C/O **JfMB**, PO BOX 381, Huddersfield HD13XX, England. You can email him at: **jfmbsyorks@aol.com**

Italian Anarchists Arrested For Ecotage

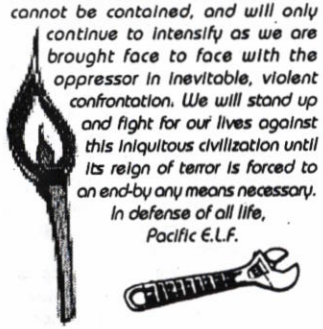
Italy: On March 13, 2000, some unknown people knocked down an ENEL (an Italian electric utility company) electrical transmission tower in Sedonira, Italy causing a power black-out in the rural areas of Sedrina, Ubia Le Cloorezzo, Almerro San Salvatore and Villa da Aline. Shortly after this action, Italian cops arrested "G.B.", a 24-year old man with no fixed address who was involved in anarchist circles. On October 17th, 2001, the Italian courts sentenced "G.B." to 2 years of imprisonment at a preliminary hearing. Evidence against him included tools, topographic maps, a copy of "Terra

FROM AROUND THE WORLD!

August 11, Pennsylvania: ELF Torches United States Forest Service Northeast Research Station

Irvine: The ELF Press Office received the following communiqué on September 1, 2002: *The Earth Liberation Front is claiming responsibility for the 8/11/02 arson attack on the United States Forest Service Northeast Research Station in Irvine, Pennsylvania. The laboratory was set ablaze during the early morning hours, causing over $700,000 damage, and destroying part of 70 years worth of research. This lesson in "prescribed fire" was a natural, necessary response to the threats posed to life in the Allegheny Forest by proposed timber sales, oil drilling, and greed driven manipulation of Nature. This facility was strategically targeted, and if rebuilt, will be targeted again for complete destruction. Furthermore, all other U.S. Forest Service administration and research facilities, as well as all DCNR buildings nationwide should now be considered likely targets. These agencies continue to ignore and mislead the public, at the bidding of their corporate masters, leaving us with no alternative to underground direct action. Their blatant disregard for the sanctity of life and its perfect Natural balance, indifference to strong public opposition, and the irrevocable acts of extreme violence they perpetrate against the Earth daily are all inexcusable, and will not be tolerated. If they persist in their crimes against life, they will be met with maximum retaliation. In pursuance of justice, freedom, and equal consideration for all innocent life across the board, segments of this global "non-violent" ideology. While innocent life will never be harmed in any action we undertake, where it is necessary, we will no longer hesitate to pick up the gun to implement justice, and provide the needed protection for our planet that decades of legal battles, pleading, protest, and economic sabotage have failed so drastically to achieve. The diverse efforts of this revolutionary force cannot be contained, and will only continue to intensify as we are brought face to face with the oppressor in inevitable, violent confrontation. We will stand up and fight for our lives against this iniquitous civilization until its reign of terror is forced to an end by any means necessary.*

In defense of all life,
Pacific E.L.F.



August 18, Iowa: Group Breaks Into Farm To Release 1,200 Mink

Waverly: Members of an animal-rights group cut fences and broke open pens at a mink farm, releasing hundreds of the cat-sized animals prized for their fur. Becky Demuth, who owns the farm with her husband, said about 1,200 mink escaped and half had been recovered the following day. She said others had been run over by vehicles or killed by dogs. "Those that are recovered are in high stress. They're not used to running free," Demuth said. "We're talking thousands of dollars in damage. Our family farm has truly been hit in its heart." The mink were scheduled to be killed in October, Demuth said. Animal Liberation Front spokesman David Barbarash said he received an anonymous email in which members of the group claimed responsibility for the attack at the Misty Moonlight Mink Ranch. He said members target mink farms to give the animals "a chance of freedom." "A percentage will die, there's no doubt about that," said Barbarash. "But all of them would die at the hands of the mink farmer if they weren't released. Outside their cages, they do have a fighting chance of survival."

Mid-September, England: McDonalds Gets McDamaged !

A new McDeath in Reddish hasn't proved too popular with the locals. Since recently opening it has been robbed once, broken into 3 or 4 times with all the burgers thrown about and the deep fat friers vandalized, and the doors and windows are being kicked in on a weekly basis! It's hardly a surprise considering the outlet was built in the face of local opposition and with planning permission from the State on the sly, not to mention McDonald's reputation for proletariat and animal exploitation.

September 17, Indiana: Model Home Completely Destroyed, ELF Targeted

Bloomington— Local environmentalists are being harassed by the ATF, the FBI and Indiana State Fire Marshall's following a fire that completely destroyed a $725,000 model home at Pedigo Bay, the soon-to-be luxury subdivision on the southeastern shore of Lake Monroe, which is also in the towns watershed. The fire, which incinerated the 3,400-square-foot home, is still being investigated, but local pigs suspect arson as being at the crux of the blaze. "We think it was arson and possibly the ELF group," said Ronald Killian, owner of Pedigo Bay Realty and Development. There has been no claim in responsibility for the Pedigo bay incident.

November 8, France: Arsonists Attack McDonald's

Police are investigating an arson attack on a McDonald's restaurant under construction in eastern France. The restaurant was destroyed by fire and nobody was injured. Construction of the restaurant was nearly complete and it's due to open next month. The fire blew out windows, collapsed the building's roof and shattered much of its interior. The fire, which investigators believe started in the kitchen, came amid a heated court battle launched by residents opposed to the McDonald's presence. Residents said they objected to the odors and increased traffic expected from the restaurant's drive-in service.

ANTI-GENETIX ACTIONS

Actions to stop the ultimate domestication of life

June 8, Scotland: Demonstrators Trample Genetically Modified Crops

Fife: An estimated 250 people from across Scotland met at Wester Friarton Farm in Newport for a "Tea in the Field" protest. 70 anti-GM crop demonstrators trampled crops in the field in full view of the cops. Four people were arrested during the trashing.

June 12-13, Holland: ELF Attacks Genetic Engineering Research Laboratory As Part Of A Month Of Ecological Insurrection

Utrecht: The Earth Liberation Front (ELF) disinfected a genetically altered field trial with "elvenwine". *"The genetically modified bacteria have deceased because of us spilling our distilled elvenwine,"* says the ELF in a statement delivered to the Dutch environmentalist magazine Ravage. The ELF also states: *"We had a bit of a party a week or so before midsummer, and those gardens are the only thing that's a bit nice in the concrete apocalypse of De Uithof [the main campus of the Utrecht University]. It went down all right and it turned out to work. Maybe we'll try it a again for midsummer! So girls and boys, have a new moon party on those weird mutant fields, oh and there was the eco insurgence month that we agree upon."* The group apparently refers to the "month of ecological insurrection" called for by GroenFront! (the Dutch version of Earth First!). The group ends their statement with words that characterize the ELF: *"No Compromise in Defense of Mother Earth!"*

...continued on next page

more ANTI-GENETIX ACTIONS

June 18, England: The Pink Castle Is Gone - Long Live The Pink Castle!

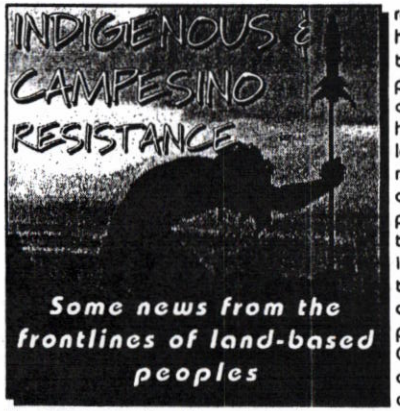
Weymouth: After seven weeks of occupying a GM field in Dorset, the perky pink symbol of defiance is gone - as has the entire GM maize crop! From the 25th of April the pink fortification stood guard over a field where the mutant remains of the previous years GM maize crop could still be found. In May, three weeks into the field occupation, the multinational-collaborating farmer Charles Foot, with seven tractors and massive police backing, entered the field and succeeded in planting the Aventis GM maize. Only two thirds of the field was planted so the pink castle camp remained to defend the rest. Naturally, there was plenty to do after the maize went in and loads of people visited the encampment to insure that the job was done. By early June, the entire crop of GM maize had been pulled up by visitors to the pink castle and the farmer and his corporate sponsers' Aventis wrote off the trial, acknowledging that they had been defeated by a grassroots, local movement they couldn't infiltrate or control. On June 15th, following the victory, a celebration was held that included a large communal feast of organically-grown, non-GM vegetables. Last year, Littlemoor residents decontaminated a massive 70% of the GM maize planted in the same feild and all five Dorset GM trials were destroyed or damaged. Within hours of the seeds being sown, at least twenty locals were seen digging them from the ground.

July 8, Belgium: "Red Devils" Destroy Genetically Modified Crops

Flanders: A group called "Red Devils" destroyed a field of GM sugar beets that belonged to the company Advanta. Despite the fact that the British/Dutch company had earlier announced to have quit producing GM crops, a field of GM sugar beets was discovered by activists in the area of Verrebroek. The "Red Devils" claim this action is part of the world wide campaign of resistance to genetic engineering.

July 15, India: Farmers And Environmentalists Set Fire To Bt Cotton Seeds

Farmers and environmentalists attacked a shop selling Bt cotton seeds and set fire to the seeds stored inside. The activists said they had already warned the government that if Bt cotton seeds were sold, they would be immediately destroyed. Opposition to genetic engineering is widespread in India, and the opposition is becoming increasingly militant.



Some news from the frontlines of land-based peoples

March 4-7, Bolivia: Miners Violently Protest Corruption

Oruro Province: Some 3,000 residents of the mining community of Huanuni blocked the road linking the cities of Oruro and Potosa, outside the village of Machacamarquita. The protest was organized by the Huanuni Civic Committee to demand the resignation of Huanuni mayor Gladys Alcalo, and all five city council members, who have been accused of corruption. Police moved in on March 6 to try to clear the road, and protesters fought back with rocks and dynamite (which is readily available because of its use in mining operations); at least five demonstrators and 15 police agents were reportedly injured. The police were forced to retreat, and the provincial government sent in negotiators. On March 7, as negotiations continued, the mayor and three of the five council members resigned. But the protesters pressed for the resignation of the remaining two, as well as government compensation for two protesters who each lost a hand in dynamite explosions. When the government refused to accept the conditions, the tentative agreement was suspended and the Huanuni protesters took hostage the two lead government negotiators, Oruro provincial Gov. Fausto Morales and Deputy Minister of People's Participation Ivan Arias. The action by angry Huanuni residents was the culmination of more than a month of protests that included the January 30 occupation of the Huanuni mayor's offices; a February 18 protest in the city of Oruro; and a February 28 incident in which villagers forced city council member Florentino Gomez, under threat of violence, to present his resignation.

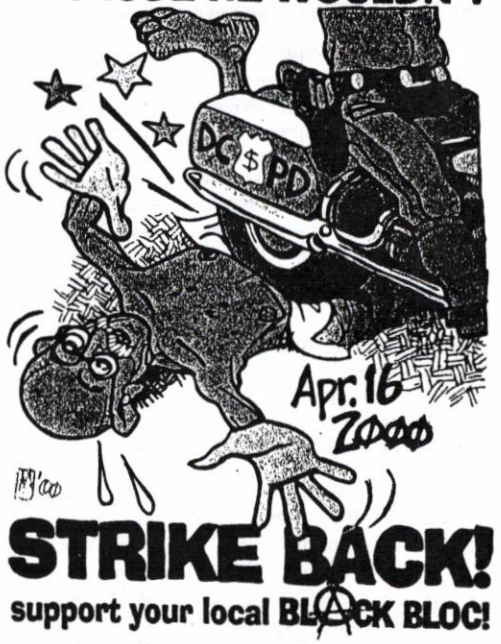
March 4-9, Chile: Southern Dam Fight Heats Up

Alto Biobo Province: Since February 2002, indigenous Mapuche communities have been organizing protests geared at blocking a 225-ton transformer from reaching the site of the Ralco hydroelectric project, owned by the Spanish transnational company Endesa. Protests against construction of the Ralco dam have been going on for years, led by seven families who have refused to sell their land. Now another group of families who previously sold their land are threatening to reclaim it, saying Endesa failed to provide them with housing, jobs, and other social compensation promised in a 1998 agreement. On March 4, two hooded and armed individuals forced the driver out of the truck of an Endesa subcontractor, then doused the truck with gasoline and set it on fire. Police sources charge unknown infiltrators, including some foreigners, with carrying out violent actions in the area in support of Mapuche demands. Following that incident, a number of non-Mapuche activists who were supporting local actions against the dam were forced to leave the area, fearing a backlash by authorities who blamed them for acts of "eco-terrorism." At 1 a.m. on March 5, a group of some 100 Mapuche residents from the Quepuca-Ralco, Ralco-Lepoy and Avellano communities began blockading the Maya bridge on the road linking Ralco to Guayalo, along which the transformer was being moved under heavy security. Carabineros agents arrived several hours later, some of them in Endesa vehicles, with air support from two Carabineros helicopters. The agents used tear gas, rubber bullets and water cannons spraying a chemical substance to try to disperse the Mapuche protesters, who fought back with rocks. Police finally managed to clear the road around 7pm, after arresting 55 people and injuring 26 others, five of them seriously; 18 police agents were also reported injured. Three Endesa trucks were damaged. As of March 9, Mapuche activists from other areas were marching to the Ralco area to join efforts to block the arrival of the transformer.

April 25-26: Mexico: Airport Foes Disarm Cops

Mexico City: A group of more than 100 campesinos protesting plans for a new airport disarmed state police agents who tried to stop them from attending a demonstration. The campesinos, from San Salvador Atenco, a municipality northeast of Mexico, have been holding sit-ins and other protests since October 2001 over the proposed airport, to be located on farmland in Atenco and Texcoco. The campesinos had planned to protest a ceremony in nearby

Pacifism as a Deterrent to Peace





Nowadays, the banner of 'Peace' covers the sheer cowardice of the 'movement'. The pacifistic mindsets which confuse ought with is could serve to be the greatest detriment to the actual achievement of peace. It seems the 'progressive communities' (and even some self proclaimed 'radicals'), have confused peace, as a time in which no war is occurring, with the system's official definitions of peace, as a period in which no war is officially declared (which tends to be more narrowed in even more by pertaining to only that systems' involvement). The result ends in a complete exemption from conflict as opposed to fighting for the end goal of peace. This isn't to say the entire 'peace movement' disregards unofficial warring acts (strategic military offenses) as a state of peace, but to critique the 'movements' armor of pacifism.

The long held catchphrase that violence begets more violence has become a clearer indication at the level of self-removal that the 'peace movement' currently holds. The fact that those involved can refrain from health or life-threatening confrontation does not question the warring ideology of civilization, it merely mirrors the very stratification which makes allowances for such ideologies.

As long as there is civilization, there is always war. There will always be a continuous effort on the part of the civilization to control every aspect of life and to wipe out all alternate ways of being. This is inherently a thorough assault on nature and it's communities since civilization spreads from anthropocentrism. This separation put into practice is a declaration of war; it is saying this is how we will exist at all costs. The abolition of this ideology and practice will be the only true peace.

The 'peace movement' also suffers mass delusion in confusing violence with war. 'Violence' has been redefined as any action which inflicts pain on others. This is something that will always be inherent in life. The community of life requires this kind of 'violence' in order to sustain and enrich itself. It is perfectly natural for these things to happen. The violence that is problematic is the systematic violence that is required by civilization. The violence that flows from the ideologies of the totality are the physical acts that constitute war. Individual acts of pain and death for the community of life should never be confused with this.

It is with this that the 'peace movement' should stay out of the hollow shell of pacifism and be willing to defend the community of life which is peace. It is personal and it is universal. We can no longer separate from the war of civilization and its systematic violence and seep into the comforts that it provided. We should embrace the rage and passions that connects to the community of life. It is from this that we can reemerge to fight for what it is in our hearts to do.

We must break the ideological taboos placed before us by civilization and fight by whatever means necessary for the sake of our lives, our future, and our community of life.

-Kevin Tucker



Struggling Outside Your Box

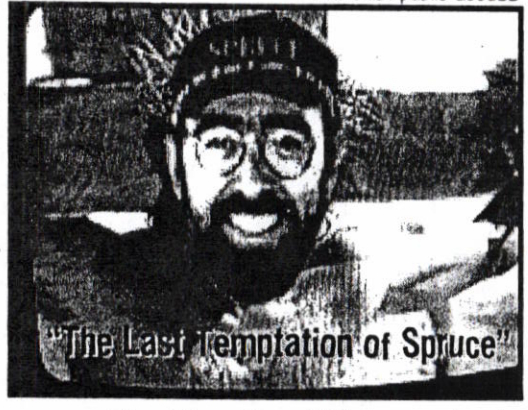
Because I focus on projects which step outside your political sandbox, and therefore do not really value a liberal "feel good" advertising rag like the *Eugene Weakly*, I have been mostly ignoring the predictable and moralistic pleas by pacifists to stick to their symbolic and ineffective tactics, as well as their calls for the condemnation of the anarchists who would dare to suggest the use of violence as an act of self-defense or for revolutionary change, not to mention the numerous personal attacks and slander towards me, John Zerzan, or anyone else with the courage to publicly state their complete opposition to this system. But a letter from a self-righteous authoritarian, named Kenneth Cater, got me even more steamed than when Spruce Houser began his numerous attacks on local anarchists. I have just a few comments before I get back to trying to help build a social movement which understands the immensity and immediacy of our situation and what is required to really challenge those imposing a brutal authority over the entire planet.

Cater, as many of his colleges have, calls us "Agents provocateur. . . secret agents hired to penetrate some organization to incite trouble. . . as a way to turn public opinion against progressive causes." Of which he adds, "peace organizers were able to identify them and neutralize their inflammatory behavior" Well, Kenny, most anarchists, while being open to individuals who might identify as "progressive", could care less and want nothing to do with your "liberal organizations" which only work to legitimize the state, and make you feel good.

violence are agents provocateur, knowingly or not, and should be treated as such by the progressive movements. In the 70's peace demonstrators were known to place them under citizens arrest for disturbing the peace, sometimes handcuffing and gagging them. . . something needs to be done to keep them from discrediting the moral causes they would destroy."

Well, Kenneth, you seem to be clear that you align yourself with the apparatus of the state (much like those who assaulted and turned in window breakers in Seattle) and you promote a method of change which reproduces the same mentality of "You are either with us or against us" that the war-mongers use (and you say you are against). All I can tell you is that if you ever try to silence, gag, restrain, or arrest me, or anyone else who is engaging in an act of liberation (or anything else you disapprove of), you will suffer the consequences of trying to control someone who WILL FIGHT BACK! I work towards disturbing the "peace" of "business as usual" in this death-culture that you wish to see "progress" and I wish to destroy as I attempt to integrate myself back towards a natural and more harmonious way of living.

Revoltingly Yours,
Alec Hiddell



Special Note: Due to how much Spruce Houser annoys the hell out of us (and what you see here is just the tip of the iceberg - he even gave a whole workshop, complete with graphics and cut-out quotes, on how evil the "Eugene Anarchists" and "Green Anarchy" are.), we decided to make a video for our anarchist public-access TV-show, "Cascadia Alive!". It was called, "The Last Temptation of Spruce", staring Spruce Houser as Jesus Christ. In this 8-minute artistic piece, we super-imposed his dorky fuckin'head over Jesus and picked out the most relevant scenes, like when he speaks of fasting and whipping himself, when Judas says, "The Romans can't get anyone to build crosses BUT YOU! You're worse then them. You're a coward!", when he is getting nailed to the cross, when there are riots and he says, "Father, forgive them.", and more. Needless to say, he didn't like it, and considered it threatening. Oh, well.

For more of the dogmatic approach to "non-violence", check-out current issues of, the once important and now irrelevant, "Fifth Estate".

Chiconcuac municipality in which the state was giving ten patrol cars, four motorcycles and a number of trucks to the local state police command - a move that the protesters say was meant to intimidate them. Agents in two patrol cars tried to block the demonstrators, who arrived in several vans. The campesinos overpowered four police agents and took their weapons - two rifles and three revolvers - along with the keys to the patrol cars. Blocked by a contingent of riot police, the campesinos returned to their sit-in in Atenco. Local police chiefs came to Atenco two hours later, apparently armed only with machetes, and negotiated the return of the weapons and the car keys. The protesters blocked the Texcoco-Lecheria federal highway on April 26, in a protest that would coincide with demonstrations in France, Barcelona and Belgium in support of a struggle by peasants in Toulouse, France.

June 25-27, Columbia: Indigenous Block Roads, FARC Threaten Politicians

Cauca: Early on June 25 some 3,000 Paez indigenous people - residents of the Caldono Municipality in the southwestern Colombian province of Cauca - set up a blockade on the PanAmerican highway in the area of the La Maria indigenous reservation in Piendamu, shutting down transit between the cities of Popayan and Cali. The protesters are demanding the resignation of Caldono mayor Gerardo Ivan Sandoval, accusing him of corruption and of instigating conflicts among indigenous communities. They also want Caldono designated as an autonomous reservation, since 80 percent of its 32,500 residents are indigenous (Sandoval says the municipality is 60 percent indigenous). The conflict first heated up on May 23 when residents of the six Paez communities of Caldono seized the mayoral offices to demand Sandoval's resignation. The highway blockade was suspended 14 hours after it began; an agreement was reached under which the indigenous community set a deadline of three days for the issue to be resolved by the Constitutional Court. On June 27 the Jacobo Arenas Front of the Revolutionary Armed Forces of Colombia (FARC) issued a communiqué demanding the resignation of eleven mayors in Cauca Province, including Sandoval, as well as the provincial assembly deputies. The FARC's Camilo Arturo Medina Front had previously ordered the resignation of five other Cauca municipalities. Similar FARC threats were repeated around the country. In a communiqué read by commander "Byron" of the FARC's Eastern Bloc and reported in the press on June 26, the FARC ordered all mayors and local officials around the country to step down or risk kidnapping or execution. At least 73 mayors had resigned as of June 28. President Andreas Pastrana responded on June 27 by promising better security for threatened officials and offering a reward for the capture of FARC leaders.

July-August: Machetes Undercut Plans For Mexico's International Airport

The grassroots movement to block the new international airport in the Valley of Mexico has been building a head of steam since it began last Oct. 22, when Mexican President Vincente Fox declared the expropriation of 15,000 acres for the $2.5 billion project. Infuriated by the threat of the government stealing their ancestral land, a few hundred Nahua Indian farmers picked up their machetes and called for the formation of a peoples front to defend the land, instigating a struggle that eventually achieved the astonishing and unexpected result of the Mexican State canceling their airport plans this August. In June, a team of topographers mapping ejido lands was captured and paraded at machete-point to the Supreme Court of Mexico, which had barred all preparatory work on the airport until it could determine the legality of Fox's expropriation order. At another demonstration in early July in front of the U.S. Embassy, the furious farmers chopped up the Stars and Stripes with their famous machetes, accusing U.S. dictator George W. Bush of encouraging the expropriation. On July 2, they burst into Mexico City's still-operating airport, waving their broad blades and frightening passengers already intimidated by the prospect of flying while Amerikkka's "War On Terrorism" rages on. Then on July 11, the macheteros of San Salvador Atenco held yet another demonstration to impress their resolute opposition upon Mexico state Governor Arturo Montiel, an airport champion. This time, a police riot squad waded into the crowd, swinging truncheons and firing off tear gas canisters. Thirty-three people were sent to the hospital, three of whom hovered between life and death for days. Word of the clash spread through the *ejido* like wildfire, and the farmers, their community network honed by months of struggle, quickly responded. Thirteen hostages, including half a dozen cops, were locked up in the municipal auditorium. Taking advantage of Atenco's strategic location at the side of an industrial highway, the ejidatarios set up roadblocks that stalled interstate traffic for days, seizing trailer trucks and converting them into barricades. Two Coca-Cola transports were relieved of their cargo, and the pop bottles were emptied out and refilled with gasoline to stockpile hundreds of molotov cocktails. A pair of police cars were set on fire and the angry campesinos threatened to roast their hostages alive if the ejido was attacked. For Mexico's two-headed TV monopoly, the specter of violence filled a news hole between such "important" events like the World Cup and the imminent arrival of Pope John Paul II. Both TV Azteca and Televisa rushed in crews for extended prime-time coverage, helping transform a local flare-up into national and international headlines. Front-page photos of the machete-wielding farmers circled the globe. Against sensational images of flaming police cars and angry peasants, the TV giants sounded a shrill call to Fox to intervene and restore "law and order". But listeners polls during the two nights of rioting showed that the general public favored the farmers and their cause. As an offshoot, farming and fishing communities in the far-flung states of Yucatan, Hidalgo, and Chihuahua took up the machete as the symbol of their ire, waving them around at solidarity demonstrations. By July 13, tensions over Atenco were taut as piano wire. Helicopters chop-chopped through the sky above the ejido, and the farmers responded by firing off ornamental cannons utilized in annual Cinco de Mayo celebrations. Boys on bicycles circled the Atenco perimeter to ward off infiltrators, and two State officials masquerading as reporters were captured. A spokesperson for the Peoples Front For Defense of the Land pulled out a knife and threatened to cut off reporters ears. Finally, in the wee hours of July 14—with confrontation looming—Fox decided that going down the road of repression would put a curse on his airport that would be hard to shake, and he called off his troops. "We're prepared to fight to the death to keep our homes. This has been our land for 500 years. It's how we earn our living. It's not a question of money anymore," said spokesperson David Pajaro, making it clear that no negotiations with the Mexican government were possible until 15 fellow protesters arrested during a previous confrontation were released. Tensions eventually eased enough to result in the release of the State-held *ejidatarios* , as the uprising began to attract some formidable ultra-left sympathizers, like the Popular Revolutionary Army-Democratic Tendency, who pledged that their armed militants would defend the ejido against government attack. Finally, on August 16, Fox backed down and canceled entirely his plans for the airport! The clash between earth-based communities and industrial "Progress" is one of the most explosive social issues facing Mexico today.

ANARCHIST ACTIONS

Just a sample of actions done in the pursuit of anarchy

March 26, Greece: Rebels Attack Police Station

Exarchia: The police station in the center of Athens was attacked by about 15 people. In addition to the attack on the station, people also threw Molotov cocktails, setting seven police vehicles, five motorcycles and an "official" vehicle on fire. There weren't any arrests. This action was claimed by the Chaotic Rebel Army in a call to a local newspaper, saying: *The Chaotic Rebel Army takes responsibility for the arson of the Police Department of Exarchia. Solidarity to the demonstrators of Barcelona. Honor to Carlo Giuliani and all the dead victims of the social war.*

April 18, Greece: Anarchists Fight Pigs Outside Home Of The Israeli Ambassador

Cyprus: There was a demonstration outside the residence of the Israeli ambassador, to denounce the massacre of Palestinian people. Many officials and diplomats were invited to the party of the Israeli ambassador that day, to celebrate the anniversary of the establishment of the Israeli state. Outside the residence, demonstrators, among them Palestinians and anarchists, clashed with the police. In these confrontations three pigs were injured and five people were arrested. For more info on the anarchists of Cyprus, see this web-link: **www.geocities.com/anar_gr/english.htm**

June 1, Greece: Arson Attack On The Headquarters Of The Socialist Party

Athens: A gasoline bomb started a small fire outside the headquarters of the governing Socialist Party in central Athens. No one was injured and the fire caused minor damage. Police have a long-standing rivalry with anarchists in the area, and the street where the attack took place is guarded around the clock. Anarchist arsonists carry out dozens of attacks in the capital each year, typically targeting the vehicles and property of large companies, government departments and embassies.

July 2-3, Italy: Anarchists Attack Antenna And Transmitter Installation

Bergamo: During the night on the peak of a mountain where antenna and transmitter installations important to the entire Lombard region are located, an incendiary attack took place, slightly damaging some transmitters. At the site of the fire a circled A was found. Cell-phone and television transmission towers - which are known to produce electromagnetic pollution that leads to high cancer and leukemia rates in the areas they are located, and which have also become one of the main linchpins of the technological system - have been targeted with relentless regularity in recent years by anarchists in Italy.

July 6-8: Anarchist Solidarity Actions With The November 17 Movement In Greece

Anarchist groups reacted to the raids on November 17th Movement's susupected spaces with two firebomb attacks in Athens. One slightly damaged a building at a cemetery where Commonwealth soldiers who died during World War II are buried. The other slightly damaged an Athens bank.

August 29, Minnesota: Anarchist Youth Burn Pig Vehicle

Hastings: Three 17-year-old anarchists set fire to a Dakota County Sheriff's Department car, destroying it. Unfortunately, the young men were arrested a few days later and face felony charges. As repression of the wildness of youth grows ever more tyrannical, the flames of revolt are fanned.

September 13, Greece: Anarchists Assault Corporate Media

Athens: A group of anarchists assaulted camera crews and reporters outside the law offices of Gianna Kourtovik, who is representing the man accused of being the main executioner for the underground N17 organization and his female companion. More than a dozen assailants took part in the attack, which caused property damage but no serious injuries: the police made no arrests. The anarchist attackers smashed television cameras, stole media equipment and damaged broadcast vans outside the law offices.

October 2, Greece: Apoyevmatini Newspaper Attacked!

Athens: Following on the heels of numerous anarchist solidarity actions with the November 17 (N17) urban guerrilla movement, about 30 masked youth threw firebombs (three molotov coctails, according to some news reports) into the entrance of the building housing the right-wing "Apoyevmatini" newspaper on Feidou Street in central Athens. The entrance and a car parked outside were damaged. "Apoyevmatini" publisher Nikos Momferatos was shot dead in 1985 by N17 and this recent action was carried out to protest the media's role in the N17 coverage. Police rounded up 40 people for questioning in connection with this attack, as well as with the spray-painting of pro-N17 slogans on walls during an Athens march by anarchists and leftists the previous day.

October 20, Greece: Anarchists Vandalize University!

Thessaloniki: A large group of anarchists occupied and vandalized part of the Thessaloniki University campus, calling for the release of a detained November 17 "terrorist" suspect. Some 200 anarchist youth broke into the Physics and Mathematics Department building and stayed there until the morning demanding the release of Yiannis Serfis, a 64-year-old trade unionist arrested the previous Sunday. Serifis was the latest in a string of 18 N17 suspects to be charged since the group began to unravel at the end of June. Greece's asylum laws ban police from entering any college campus unless expressly invited to do so by the university authorities. Exploiting this law, the anarchists were able to cause $30,000 euro's worth of damage to the university.

October 31, Greece: Anarchists Express Solidarity With Y. Serifis

On this day, many anti-war demos took place in many Greek cities. In Athens, 10.000 citizens demonstrated against the war. The rally had participation from syndicalist groups, student unions, pro-peace groups, leftists and anarchists. The anti-authoritarians & anarchists, numbering at around approximately 300-350, marched as a "Committee Against State Terrorism". When the protestors passed the US embassy, some anarchists smashed luxury cars and one bank. Afterwards, many anarchists threw stones against riot police. The cops responded with tear gas. Some the gasses were thrown near cops without protection equipment and they burst into tears, while some of the pigs vomited. In Thessaloniki, 3,500 people participated in an ant-war rally. The anarchist block was made up of about 300 people. These anarchists called for solidarity for Y. Serifis. Some of them made graffiti on bank entrances, while others assaulted a corporate media journalist. In Heraklion, capital of Crete Island, 300 demonstrated against the war. The anarchist block was the biggest and the anarchists made extensive graffiti.

Note: There is a disproportionate number of anarchist actions (and far more revolutionarily violent) in Greece than in other location. Let's try to keep up.



IMPOTENT RAGE

How can the violent anarchists presume that Mother Earth even *wants* their "defense" if they shed the blood of her precious creatures? The question isn't the relative effectiveness of violence or nonviolence, as both can cause change, but what is the ultimate effect of these actions on our souls?

These anarchists project their own "moral superiority" complex when they attack Spruce Houser for this, while simultaneously claiming the right to play God and decide whether another human being lives or dies, all based on whom they, the anarchists, deem worthy of life.

The anonymous author of the pro-violence column (4/11) interestingly chose to use the name of Leon Czolgosz, the mentally ill anarchist who assassinated President McKinley in 1901.

If only those anarchists expressing hostility towards Spruce Houser's message of nonviolence could see that he is trying to help them find their real source of power. Violence is a sign of weakness and fear, the last resort of impotent rage or desperate self-protection. History has shown many times over that the vacuum the anarchists seek by destructive revolution doesn't result in improvement, but simply creates an opening for those even more power hungry and controlling to take over.

Hopefully the anarchists' defensive pride won't prevent them from listening with an open mind to Houser. Accessing their inner strength, they might find that their awareness of injustice could instead create a peaceful mass groundswell, causing effective, powerful change.

Lyn Warner
Eugene

IT WILL BE REVEALED

In the dialogue about whether or not violence is an acceptable means for bringing about social justice, I say, if you think violence works, believe what you want. The same information is available for anyone to investigate and understand. The truth doesn't need to be proven. It will be revealed.

Gandhi was asked why he wasn't more radical by those who wanted to use violence to force the British to let go of India. He replied by asking what was radical about using violence. Nonviolence does not show weakness nor lack of commitment to the struggle. Nor does it mean acceptance of the situation. It shows maturity and understanding. It is a powerful force using careful planning and training.

Violence is never a solution to problems. It escalates situations and divides people. Using violence labels a group as hostile and discredits their concerns. "One side's freedom fighter is another side's rebel [terrorist]."

Nonviolence may seem to be an ineffective means to solving the world's problems (like the occupation of Palestine), but anyone who is led to believe that nonviolence doesn't work should ask himself whether the use of violence is working.

Let us reject violence in all its forms and work to create a culture of peace and nonviolence. Let us work toward lasting solutions to the world's problems (see www.2000cultureofpeace.com).

Martin Luther King:
"Nonviolence ... is a weapon unique in human history, which cuts without wounding and ennobles the person using it. It is a sword that heals ..."

Gordan Lawrence
Eugene

we are all looking down the barrel of a gun!





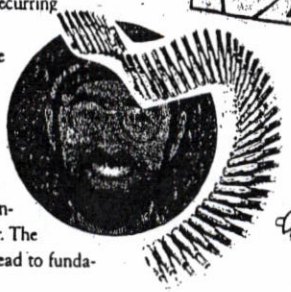




A Dividing Factor

An invitation for dialogue on nonviolence.







I start by honoring the sincerity of anarchists and support the recurring theme in their literature that "time is running out." For this very reason, we must quickly find and unite behind the most effective strategy. I contend that the path of nonviolence is not only the most powerful, but if fully applied is actually unstoppable.

Two myths need addressing. The impression that anarchism is synonymous with violence is countered by the fact that one of the most well known anarchists — Leo Tolstoy — was an outspoken advocate of nonviolence. The belief that violence and nonviolence can somehow "complement" one another is also in error. The two paths emanate from completely different world views and lead to fundamentally different results.

In a column last year, I suggested that anarchists advocating property destruction were embarking upon a very slippery slope. When the Berrigans hammered on a nuclear missile, they did so in a spirit of profound love. Anarchist protest and property destruction have been associated with a very different spirit — exemplified in the shouting of obscene epithets.

In an extraordinarily sad development, some anarchists appear to have already slid to the bottom of this slope and are crossing a most tragic line — the open advocacy of the killing of human beings. *Green Anarchy*, distributed nationwide from Eugene, contains graphic images of violence directed at humans — including pistols aimed at people's heads. A music review celebrates a song with "a great message called 5 Million Ways to Kill a CEO." In its official editorial, this stunning statement is made in reference to the World Trade Center: "No tears will be shed for any CEOs, investment bankers, or pigs who were crushed by falling concrete and steel."



I hope there are anarchists who will be appalled. If so, I encourage them to speak out. Neither John Zerzan nor Ward Churchill (another writer rationalizing violence) seem to comprehend that there are real-life demented people who will seize such intellectual "cover" to justify actions aimed at real harm.

A culture of nonviolence is exemplified in current efforts to create urban and rural ecovillages. A nonviolent economy is expressed in the development of bioregional networks of producer and consumer co-operatives. One aspect of its political face can be seen in the rapidly emerging movement to reclaim full democratic authority over corporations (information available at www.poclad.org and www.celdf.org) There is real progress toward banning corporate-owned farms, corporate money in elections, and even dismantling corporations by stripping away charters (permits to do business). What anarchist would not prefer to see an abusive corporation taken out of existence rather than simply inconvenienced to repair windows?



Yet the actions of some anarchists are undermining this critical movement. Tremendous breakthroughs in gaining support from unions and the general population have been set back by the vandalism in Seattle and elsewhere. If people are harmed, this outreach will be seriously compromised — similar to the anti-Vietnam war movement when someone was killed by a bomb in Madison, Wis.

Anarchists seem to not perceive spirit as a factor. But here is perhaps the greatest distinction. Nonviolence holds that moral power comes to those who stand for truth. Gandhi named this force *satyagraha* and described it as unstoppable when fully invoked.

Gandhi was asked why he was not a "revolutionary." He replied by asking what was revolutionary about violence. He said "you people are talking revolution. I'm making one." The full application of nonviolence would indeed be a revolution — the only one that holds out hope. In the eloquent words of Martin Luther King, "Darkness cannot drive out darkness, only light can do that. Hatred cannot drive out hatred, only love can do that."

BY SPRUCE HOUSER



OUR GOALS MAY NOT BE THE SAME

ANTI-CAPITALIST and ANTI-IMPERIALIST RESISTANCE

We want the death of this system

March 16, Spain: Anti-Capitalists Clash With Police In Largest Ever Protest In The History Of Barcelona

Police clashed with anti-capitalist protesters following a march by hundreds of thousands of demonstrators after a European Union summit. After dark, bottles and stones started flying and police fired rubber bullets and charged in with batons flailing. Some demonstrators set fires in trash cans. Militants threw bottles and rocks and fired flares at public buildings. Militants smashed plate glass windows at branches of two banks on the route of the march. Corporate clothing stores were also attacked by militants in the march. According to some eyewitness accounts, some masked activists threw petrol bombs at businesses. Police said they made 38 arrests and seven cops were injured.

March 19, Italy: Gunmen Kill Italian Official

Rome: Two gunmen on a motorcycle killed a consultant to Italy's labor minister as he blayded home from work in Bologna. Marco Biagi, a professor and consultant to Labor Minister Roberto Maroni, had pushed for employment reforms that labor groups and leftist parties have denounced, saying the proposals would give employers too much freedom to fire workers. The Red Brigades, a communist urban guerrilla group that formed during the 1970s and has managed to survive through the past few decades despite political repression, took credit for this assassination. They claim that they carried out this action because the labor reforms proposed by Biagi threaten the well-being of the working class, and that the time is ripe for a new era of guerrilla warfare against the forces of capitalism. While we most definitely ***do not*** support state-communist groups, the resurgence of the Red Brigades is noteworthy because it's indicative of a growing international resistance to capitalism and to the Bush oligarchy's' overt desire to rule the world.

March 21, Turkey: Kurdish Dissidents Clash With Pigs

Hundreds of thousands of Kurdish youth put up barricades and battled police in towns throughout Turkey after authorities banned Kurds from celebrating their New Year. Two demonstrators were killed. Riot police used water canons, tear gas and tanks to disperse crowds. At least 40 police were injured and approximately 1,000 Kurds were arrested in the country. Authorities banned celebrations of Nowruz - the Farsi-language word for "New year" - saying that the festivities would be "exploited by outlawed groups to cause provocations." Kurds have been battling the Turkish government for cultural rights, including the right to speak their native language, for years. The Turkish government has received millions of dollars of US military aid to brutally repress those movements in exchange for acting as an arm of US foreign policy in the Middle East.

April 22, Puerto Rico: Angry Mob Wounds Ten Marines

San Juan: A mob armed with bats and pipes attacked ten US Marines, leaving one with a cranial fracture and others with injuries from broken bones to minor scrapes. All ten were released from the hospital after a brawl that erupted late at night in the capital of this US-dominated Caribbean territory. The Marines - more than 60 wearing civilian clothes at the time - had just finished work as a security detachment for contested military "exercises on the outlying island of Vieques. Two Marines were arguing between themselves outside at about 11 PM when the armed mob began to attack them. Eight other Marines came to their friend's defense, and the brawl developed into a large street fight involving more than two dozen people.



May Day, Germany: Police Clash With Looting Demonstrators

Berlin: Riot police clashed with hundreds of anti-capitalist demonstrators after some of them smashed their way into a supermarket on the eve of May Day in a traditional trouble spot. Police were greeted with a hail of bottles, rocks and fireworks as they tried to stop the looting, which erupted after nightfall at the end of an open-air rock concert that drew an estimated 5,000 people to the streets of Kreuzberg district. Police drove water cannons into the streets and the situation remained tense, with demonstrators huddling in small groups. Berlin's gritty Kreuzberg district has been the focus of riots on May Day and the night before for at least 15 years. May Day, a traditional class-struggle anarchist holiday that has been largely co-opted by socialists and progressives, is celebrated in virtually every major city in the world. Massive, militant May Day demonstrations took place in England, Australia, South Korea, Canada, and other countries.

May 9, Indonesia: The Struggle To Free Aceh Intensifies

Aceh: Armed clashes between freedom-fighter's of the Free Aceh Movement (GAM) and government forces have been a daily phenomenon despite the peace settlement being promoted through negotiation. In North Aceh, at least five recent armed clashes have been reported. GAM ambushed the military who were on their way to carry out an operation in villages. At least ten military personnel were killed in separate battles, but GAM escaped after the attack. Due to repeated attacks by GAM, the military deployed more troops to locate GAM in suspected remote villages in North Aceh. As a consequence, their presence has caused trauma and fear for civilians. All male civilians were reported to have fled the villages to hide in the jungle to avoid further casualties when the military retaliated indiscriminately. People have been banned by the military from going to rice fields. Farmers could not cultivate their lands and work for their livelihood as the military were everywhere in the village looking for GAM. It was reported that after the military searched for GAM without finding anybody, the village civilians were often targeted and accused of hiding information

...continued on next page

about GAM's whereabouts. Many of them were shot dead and arbitrarily arrested, and their dead bodies were found dumped in nearby villages or roadsides. The GAM routinely attack the Indonesian military that terrorizes the people of Aceh.

May 9, Lebanon: Bomb Blasts Rattles US Fast-Food Franchises

Tripoli: A bomb exploded outside two American-based fast-food restaurants, leaving extensive damage but injuring no one. The authorities claim that 3.3 pounds of TNT were used in the blast which occurred at 4 am outside the Kentucky Fried Chicken and Hardees restaurants on the southside of this Lebanese port city. In a phone call to a Tripoli newspaper, an anonymous group took responsibility for the action, saying that it was carried out "in protest of American cultural imperialism and against the US-led war in Afghanistan."

May 13, Pennsylvania: US Foreign Policy Reaps Explosive Consequences

Philadelphia: A suspicious package found inside a US Postal Service mail drop exploded as it was being diffused by a police bomb squad. The blast sprayed shrapnel for 100 feet, but no one was injured. A mail carrier discovered the package inside the mail box and became alarmed by a note on its exterior which said "Free Palestine".

May 21-23, Chile: Hundreds Detained After Mass Protests

Valparaiso: Agents of Chile's militarized Carabineros police used tear gas, water cannons and nightsticks to disperse between 5,000 and 10,000 demonstrators who marched to the national legislature in the city as part of a day of broad protest against government policies. Participants included unemployed people, indigenous Mapuches protesting for land rights, and activists fighting corporate globalization. The protests were timed to coincide with President Ricardo Lagos' annual "state of the union" address to Congress. Lagos, a member of Chile's Socialist Party, expressed satisfaction with the May 17 signing of a free trade accord with the European Union, announced a plan to ease poverty and unemployment, and urged the protesters to be peaceful and not to cover their faces. However, many protesters were hooded, including one group who trashed a McDonald's. The next day, some 50 Mapuche activists protested at the gates of the Congress. The protest was sparked by the government's recent naming of a commission to appraise lands claimed by the multinational corporation Endesa, paving the way for completion of the Ralco dam, which will flood Mapuche communities.



June 15, Peru: Privatization Smashed By Insurrection

Lima: Peruvian President Alejandro Toledo declared a state of emergency for the southern province of Arequipa, authorizing the country's military to use force to maintain civil order following three days of anti-government rioting. Toledo decided to issue the decree, which suspends constitutional guarantees for 30 days throughout the department, after a lengthy meeting with his cabinet. Vice President Diez Canseco said the rioting, which has resulted in nearly 100 wounded, threatens to "destabilize the democratic order." Diez Canseco said protest organizers - including Arequipa Mayor Juan Manuel Guillen, a former top Toledo supporter - had lost control of their followers, and groups which he declined to identify were causing serious damage to private property. The protesters pulled up paving stones to block streets leading to the city center and burned tires around the Plaza de Armas. Others blocked an airport runway until removed by riot police. Several government buildings, companies linked to multinational capital and the airport were practically destroyed when the population broke into the streets in protest against the privatization of state companies and against the whole neoliberal model: At the airport landing lights were smashed and equipment was stolen.

June 26, Argentina: Two Shot Dead in Riots

Buenos Aires: Two Argentines were shot dead as hundreds of anti-government demonstrators fought pitched battles with police in the largest riots since an elected government was toppled in December of 2001. Argentina's President Eduardo Duhalde, at the bottom in the polls and fighting for his political future, had vowed a get-tough approach on protests as he struggled to convince a skeptical International Monetary Fund to grant an aid pact vital to stem a spiraling social crisis and four-year recession. The riots came just as Economy Minister Roberto Lavagna journeyed to the United States to meet senior IMF officials. Riot police fired rubber bullets and tear gas to disperse unemployed protesters, some wearing ski masks and holding sling-shots, who tried to block highways into the city. The violence erupted just before midday as police confronted the demonstrators near the Pueyrredon bridge, a key highway artery connecting the capital's north and south districts. Masked demonstrators responded to the volleys of police tear gas and rubber bullets with a hail of rocks. The protesters also used homemade clubs to shatter shop windows and smash cars; one bus was also set on fire. Some demonstrators threw Molotov cocktails; others shattered car windows. Television showed one protester beating a cop over the head outside a hospital where injured had been taken.

July 3, Guyana: Police Kill Two In Anti-Government Demonstrations

Georgetown: Guyanese police agents fired into a group of anti-government demonstrators in the presidential compound, killing two people and wounding six. The violence came while thousands of people marched in a protest called by leftist groups to coincide with the start of the annual three-day summit of Caribbean Community (CARICOM) leaders. Some demonstrators reacted to the police shooting by overturning and torching at least three cars and setting two commercial buildings ablaze.

July 4, Afghanistan: Anti-US Protest In Kabul

Kabul: Up to 200 Afghans demonstrated against a US bombing raid that is believed to have killed more than 40 civilians. It's the first time people in Afghanistan have protested against the American military presence in their homeland since the fall of the Taliban last year. The demonstration came as US and Afghan military overseers claim to be investigating the bombing that occurred in Uruzgan Province. US forces in Afghanistan say their planes had come under anti-aircraft attack before the bombing - but representatives of the current Afghan puppet government have suggested that this may have been celebratory gunfire at a wedding ceremony.

July 30-August 2, Uruguay: Looting Hits Supermarkets

Montevideo: Chanting, "There is hunger," hundreds of Uruguayans looted or attempted to loot nearly 30 supermarkets on August 1, mostly in poorer neighborhoods on the outskirts of the capital. Crowds that included youths with their faces covered and women with children succeeded in looting at least 13 supermarkets. Police agents used tear gas and rubber bullets to keep the crowds out of the other supermarkets. In some cases, looters and neighborhood residents

Thoughts on Revolutionary Violence

Note: this is not intended as a continuation of the never-ending debate, but more as a restating of the need for anarchists to support "revolutionary violence" and how your average liberal pacifist responds. All letters and editorials were printed in the local "progressive" roll of toilet paper known as the "Eugene Weakly". This is just a sample of the "discussions" that went on for months, and which seem to re-surface every year or two in Eugene. Somehow these liberals think we are engaged in the same struggle. I know, we shouldn't egg them on, or bait them, but sometimes it's just too god-damn fun!

Violence Is Necessary

I would first like to ask the *Eugene Weakly* why they continue to waste space on pathetic repetitive drivel from a moralistic "non-violent" dogmatist like Spruce Houser. It seems that every couple months Spruce writes yet another rant that could be distilled down to - Anarchists are bad/Gandhi and MLK jr are good. I am so tired of the discussion as to which tactics people should use to fight the culture that is killing all life on the planet and its physical manifestations. I am an anarchist, and therefore I flatly refuse any ideological, moral, and philosophical confines to how I choose to resist. It was stated in a recent article in the *Oregon Peaceworker*, that a 95% non-violent "movement" is not sufficient, and all physical interaction with authority needs to be passive and symbolic.

While most of us strive for a peaceful and harmonious existence among ourselves and the rest of life, it is important to recognize the context we currently live within. Most of the world's people are living under deplorable conditions, not because they have not become "civilized" or "modernized", but because they are not allowed to live on their own terms and are forced into conditions in which they are not permitted to continue to live in the ways they have always lived, but instead are forced to be the workforce and dumping ground for, or dependent on, the so-called "first world" powers. Those of us living in the "first world" are also suffering from this rotten set-up. With extreme alienation, physical deterioration, psychological distortions, and spiritual emptiness, there is no question we are all quickly headed down a one-way path of ultimate doom. Needless to say, it is also undeniable that we are on the verge of ecological collapse. With this being said, it is important for us to take responsibility for this situation and to take action now. . . as we understand that time is running out!

The system is rotten to the core and we need fundamental change. I admit, most actions anarchists take are non-violent, but there can be no limitation on this. In fact, many anarchists do embrace revolutionary violence, as a necessary and natural reaction to oppression. If we look anywhere in the natural world, we see that self-defense is instinctual. This cannot be overridden by hypothetical, moral ideals. Spruce's position, and life-long work comes from a place of extreme privilege. Most people on earth do not have the comfort to decide what the most "righteous" response to domination should be, and often the stakes are life and death. It is not a matter of individual reflection or ideological refinement; it's do or die. This is not to say that everyone needs to engage in violent resistance, but rather, to say that it exists, it is justifiable, and should not be condemned. It is authoritarian to decide for others what tactics they can use. I could go on discussing the obvious limitations of an entirely non-violent movement, but that's another discussion.

Inherent in being a *revolutionary* anarchist is the notion of insurrection, or the promotion and insurgence of uprising for the purpose of liberation. This can take many forms, but reform of the systems of domination cannot be viewed as revolutionary. Revolutionary violence, in a variety of procedures, is a necessary response to the system's institutionalized violence, and necessary for the continuation of all of life. Yes, we need to heal the wounds caused by this death-trip we call civilization, but the healing process can only go so far until we are able to stop the infliction of these wounds by our oppressors. As Franz Fanon suggested, there is also a kind of catharsis and deepening in connection between one another in the act of revolt and in the physical removal of one's oppressor. Although some cannot or refuse to see that we are all looking down the barrel of a gun, it is there and we must respond to it in an act of self-defense and of liberation.

I would like to close by pointing out the inherent violence that Spruce promotes by legitimizing institutions of the state (i.e. legislation, electoral politics, policy reform, etc.) the most violent force on the planet. Oh yeah, and to get a free copy of *Green Anarchy*, the newspaper Spruce loves to hate (and promote) write to PO Box 11331, Eugene, OR 97440 or email greenanarchy@tao.ca

Revoltingly Yours,
Leon Czolgosz



The history of Jewish presence in Palestine is undeniable; no one who loves human freedom could ever deny their right to travel and to settle there out of centuries-long yearning to return to the sacred places of their ancestral memory and their traditions. But the desire to return to one's ancestral homeland is not the same as the desire to construct a national state upon lands wrested from another people. Only in a world with open frontiers and the abolition of the nation-state and its border police, a world of free passage without necessity of passport and papers, can national conflict be resolved and a fabric "of cooperative human communities be established, and fratricidal conflict prevented. Thus, peace will come not with the (inevitably temporary) triumph of the various regional enemies or with the construction of separate rival states, but through the destruction of all national states and the mutual recognition by Israeli Jew and Palestinian Arab, and of all the peoples of the Middle East, of the humanity and the legitimate aspirations of the other.

In Palestine-Israel, this means as fundamental precondition the abolition of Israel's repellent institution of ethnically based citizenship, as well as respect for the inalienable prerogative of Palestinians, not just Jews, to return to their ancestral homeland. The Palestinians are, after all, descendents of the original pagan tribes of the region before the biblical exodus from Egypt, and, as Arabs, have dwelt there for more than thirteen centuries. Their rights to the places now claimed by Jews as promised by ancient tradition not only date from ancient history but from living memory.

There is also the distinctly forbidding question of the lands stolen at least since 1948—a question not resolved in monetary, but in human, personal and communitarian terms. A section of the Jewish labor movement in Palestine understood this in its 1924 declaration (cited by Chornsky), "The main and most reliable means of strengthening peace and mutual understanding between the Jewish people and the Arab people . . . is the accord, alliance, and joint effort of Jewish and Arab workers in town and country."

Such a perspective of reconciliation based on justice seems manifestly impossible today—so much blood has been shed, so many crimes committed, so many lasting hatreds sown. And the situation holds little promise for a humane solution to the conflict in the foreseeable future.

The Thugs Who Currently Rule

The thugs who presently rule in Jerusalem enjoy widespread support for their unyielding, arrogant campaigns, and are being attacked from their narrow right by those who would push them further into genocide. The Palestinians, on the other hand, are more destitute and desperate than ever, and increasingly captive to the most authoritarian, fundamentalist and militarist tendencies in Palestinian society, tendencies aligned with some of the most brutal and despicable political currents and regimes in the world today.

Yet, however impossible it may seem, only a radical break can transform unending national conflicts into class war against the capitalist nation states; otherwise the situation will only worsen until all contending parties succumb to their mutual destruction. The road ahead is unclear, but protagonists and victims must find a way to move beyond the fatal cycle of conquest and war. To do any less will be to accept the inevitability of the most dire and tragic of consequences.

In his essay on the Negev, Ben-Gurion declared, "If the State does not put an end to the desert, the desert is liable to put an end to the State." But the State devours itself, and ultimately life along with it. Its desperation portends its approaching collapse. The desert they are making in the name of their peace cries out, in agony. Can a different vision, and real peace, emerge?

Fifth Estate published this essay to mark the 15th anniversary of the founding of the state of Israel. It is a substantially revised version of two articles written in the wake of the Israeli invasion of Lebanon in 1982 ("The Israeli Massacre—Peace in Galilee?" and "Latin American Terror: The Israeli Connection") that appeared in the Fall 1982 Fifth Estate (now out of print). Fifth Estate WAS an anti-technology, anti-civilization, anarcho-primitivist quarterly. While this publication is still being produced, it has lost all of its radical edge, as well as much of its anti-civilization/anti-technology focus, and is now becoming virtually irrelevant to current anarchist struggles and plagued with pacifist dogma.

threw stones at police agents and at reporters covering the incidents. A heavy police presence prevented most attempts at looting on August 2. Interior Minister Guillermo Stirling insisted that the looting, unprecedented in Uruguay, was organized and coordinated by groups from the "extreme left" and anarchists.

August 2, Greece: Arms Heist Baffles Army And Police

Dozens of pistols, machine guns and rifles from an army camp on the island of Kos were stolen recently in another suspected N17 action. Three light machine guns, three standard army rifles and 17 .45 caliber handguns - all weapons traditionally favored by the coldly efficient N17 movement - were taken, and in a call made to State-run NET television from a mobile phone, an anonymous male caller claimed that N17 had organized the heist.

August 22, Oregon: Bush Gets Un-welcoming In Portland

The Pacific Northwest once again sent a clear message to our would-be masters that the peasantry are polishing their guillotines and mobilizing for the Final Confrontation, as thousands took to the streets of Portland calling for the resignation—and in some cases, the death—of George W. Bush, who was in town trying to raise funds for the re-election campaign of Timber Industry lapdog Gordon Smith. The corporate media is attempting to downplay the size of this demonstration (and hatred of Bush in general) by claiming that only 500 people were in attendance, but eyewitness reports put the numbers closer to 1,500-2,500. At one point in the afternoon, on the corner of 5th and Taylor, 3 pigmobiles tried to disperse a crowd but were quickly surrounded by 4-500 people who spat on their cars and attacked them with placards and other random objects like water bottles. The cops responded in typical pig fashion by unleashing their usual arsenal of rubber bullets, bean bag bullets, teargas and pepper spray. The Portland police are admitting that at least two patrol cars were damaged by protesters, and anarchists on the scene report that numerous un-arrests were performed throughout the day. Evidently, there wasn't too much damage done to corporate property, but a significant amount of tagging took place around the city ("Kill Bush", "Kill Republicans") and many protesters came fully prepared for battle with padded armor and home-made shields.

September 6, Puerto Rico: Protestors, Navy Clash During Demonstration

Vieques: Navy security officers fired tear gas at protestors who hurled rocks over a fence during bombing exercises on the island of Vieques. The security officers, assigned to guard a fence between stolen Navy land and a protestors' camp, fired tear gas at demonstrators who were using slingshots to throw rocks. It was unclear how many protestors were involved. Military exercises continued after the clash, with a Navy destroyer as well as a squadron of F-14s & F-18s firing "inert" 5 inch shells & flare tracers upon an defenseless shore. G W II has promised the Navy will withdraw from the island by May 2003, but continues to use the island as target practice.



September 9-12, Chile: Marchers Protest During Coup Anniversary

Santiago: Pigs used tear gas & water cannons to disperse crowds during a march marking the 29th anniversary of the military coup led by Gen. Augusto Pinochet. Small groups of masked youth started throwing rocks & molotov cocktails at stores, bank offices, and police. Several banks and a McDonalds restaurant were vandalized. As the march went past the presidential palace, which was destroyed by air force jets during the coup, demontrators burned a US flag. It is widely known the US gov't & the CIA supported the coup.

October 3, Canada: Pigs Clash With Protestors In Demonstration Against Liberal Politician

Vancouver: Demonstrators had gathered outside the new Eastside Family Place in East Vancouver at 3pm to oppose a planned appearance by Gordon Campbell, the province's Premier. His speech was shut down by a militant demonstration by homeless people, squatters, parents and school children who are all infuriated at the Campbell government's murderous cuts to social services and tax breaks for the rich. Police pepper-sprayed the crowd and people began to defend themselves by throwing water bottles and small rocks at the police. The crowd cheered, followed the police, threw small rocks, and chanted "No more pigs in our community!" The crowd walked up to Grandview Park and vandalized a "Community Police Station", throwing eggs and writing graffiti on its windows. Among the most militant demonstrators were local school children, who did not hesitate to defend themselves from the police incursion on to their school grounds. After the initial police attack, young children elbowed officers, yelled insults, and threw rocks to defend their community from the invading "pigs".

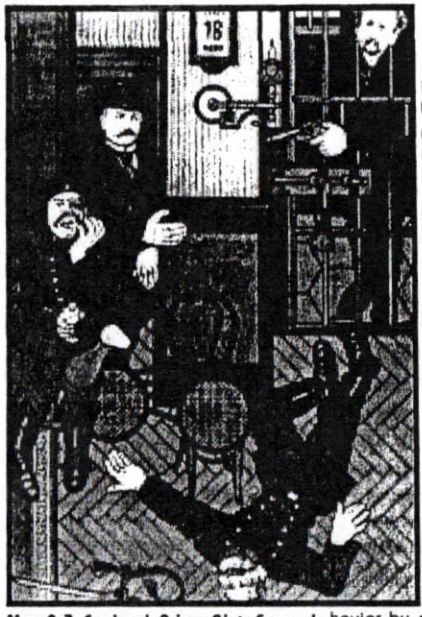
October 14, California: Arson Attack at Military Recruiting Station

San Jose: San Jose & federal investigators are investigating an early morning fire which involved anti-gov't graffiti. San Jose arson investigators called the Federal Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, & Firearms to examine the remains of a blaze at a military recruiting centre on Mckee Rd. Officials said 2 military vehicles were torched, windows were smashed, and graffiti was found at the scene. No arrests have been reported and a cause or damage estimate was unavailable at the time of this article. However, the lone graffiti at the scene consisted of the words "pre-emptive attack" spray painted in red on the side of the building near the entrance.

November 10, Belgium Anti-War Protest Turns Violent

Brussels: A protest march of at least 1,500 demonstrators against war in Iraq turned violent in downtown Brussels when dozens of youths clashed with police and attacked American-owned businesses. Masked, stone-throwing radicals broke windows at a McDonald's fast food restaurant and a Marriot hotel, as well as a local temporary employment agency. The rioting began when up to 100 youths, many of them of Arab origin, broke away from the main body of the anti-war protesters who were marching through the city center. They hurled stones at businesses and police, who responded with baton charges. Photographers and TV camera operators were also targeted by the rioters.

politicians, bosses, landlords
...give 'em all the blade! -primal war int'l



PRISONER RESISTANCE

From the frontlines on the inside

May 2-7, England: Prison Riots Spread Throughout Country

The prison population in England and Wales is at a record level of 71,000. The Prison Service is considering using another ship to house prisoners because the jails are full to overflowing. In this situation it is hardly surprising that three separate disturbances broke out in British prisons in the first week of May. At Guys Marsh, Dorset, on the 2nd of May 30 prisoners barricaded themselves in and damaged fixtures. At Lindholme Jail on the 6th, 25 prisoners on a wing refused to return to their cells. At Ranby in Nottinghamshire, on evening of the 7th, 48 prisoners took over their residential unit. The authorities attempted to keep quiet about these disturbances and then when word got out, strenuously denied that they had done so.

May 17-18, France: Riots Break Out At Detention Center

Calais: Police used tear gas to disperse "illegal" immigrants after rioting broke out at the Sangatte refugee center close to a cross-Channel freight depot near Calais. At least four of the rioters were seriously wounded in fighting, which began shortly after the French railway authorities announced measures to tighten security at the depot. Britain has complained repeatedly about illegal immigrants using the depot as a means to enter Britain through the Channel Tunnel. The state-owned French railway company, SNCF, said it would install infra-red cameras and erect a double layer of fencing and barbed wire around the existing fence of the depot, to deter immigrants from Sangatte. Some of the rioters threw stones and smashed up a fence and used fence posts as weapons in the clashes. The violence broke out after a football match in the camp, but tensions were already high due to the increased security.

May 26-30, Ecuador: Prisoners & Families Protest

Quito: Some 700 prisoners at the Garcia Moreno prison seized control of the facility during visiting hours on May 26 to protest the elimination of sentence reduction provisions. Some 300 family members who were at the prison when the protest began - including nearly 100 children - remained there in support of the protest. The prisoners were angered by the elimination of the "two for one" provision, which rewarded good behavior by eliminating one year of a sentence for every year served, effectively cutting sentences in half. As part of a set of reforms to the sentencing code passed last September, Congress changed the measure to reduce sentences by 180 days for every five years of a sentence - a "10 for one" benefit the prisoners say will increase violence by providing no incentive for good behavior to those with shorter sentences. On May 28, police tried to enter the prison, claiming the prisoners were holding relatives hostage and refusing to let any of them leave. The prisoners responded by threatening to blow up tanks of butane gas if police got in. Police then fired tear gas; pandemonium ensued, and paramedics had to evacuate a mother, her one-month-old baby, a pregnant woman and a six-month-old child who were badly affected by the gas. Tensions subsided after police and prisoners agreed to avoid violence. The next day negotiators failed to win an agreement, and the prison warden threatened to cut off food supplies. On May 30 the prisoners announced they were ending the protest after the PGE withdrew its interpretation of the law's retroactivity. The PGE has asked Congress to issue regulations clarifying the law's application. By the time the resolution was reached, more than 30 prisons around the country had joined the protest.

June 27-28, Australia: Mass Breakout From Asylum Camp

Canberra: Radical asylum seeker supporters used a car to drag down fences at Australia's most notorious detention center, allowing 34 people to escape. Immigration Minister Philip Ruddock said 15 asylum seekers were involved in a carefully planned mass breakout just before midnight on the 27th from the Woomera detention center, a former missile testing base in central Australia. The other 19 took advantage of the confusion and fled into the desert. "This is a deliberate, organized breakout by people who have been in contact with detainees," Ruddock told Melbourne radio station 3AW. Ruddock said members of an asylum seeker support group drove a car up to one of the razor-wire topped fences of the camp where they pulled down part of the fence and ferried the asylum seekers away. Australian Broadcasting Corp. radio said it had received an e-mail from a group calling itself Our Sacred Country, which claimed responsibility for the breakout. They say they decided to "liberate" the asylum seekers only after seeing the pain and suffering on their faces. Ruddock said five of the detainees were recaptured by police, and another 10 had been spotted and were expected to be recaptured by police scouring the surrounding area. About 160 of the 200 Woomera detainees there had been on a four-day hunger strike. Police have established roadblocks around the area and are using helicopters to search for those still on the run. The Immigration Department says most of those involved in the breakout have had their applications for asylum rejected.

September 2, Hawaii: Ten Juvenile Prisoners Escape From Guard

Honolulu: Ten girls at a juvenile detention center escaped after overpowering a guard and stealing a van. The breakout came two weeks after the girls' section of the Hawaii Youth correctional Facility was entrusted to a private organization that uses guards trained as counselors. The girls, who ranged in age from 14-17, were being held for a variety of legal offences, and remained at large at the time we recieved this news item.

September 20-21, Dominican Republic: Inmate Riot Leaves At Least 27 Dead In Overcrowded Prison

La Vega: A riot in an overcrowded Dominican prison left at least 27 prisoners dead and 48 others injured, 12 critically. Most of the deaths were by smoke inhalation. The riot erupted in the state prison in La Vega, 75 miles northwest of Santo Domingo, after prison officials announced a surprise sweep for weapons. Several prisoners became violent after guards entered the first cell and began setting mattresses on fire after barricading themselves in their cells to protest the surprise inspection for weapons, drugs and contraband. As of September 21,

state on the West Bank and Gaza under the present configuration of power can be little more than an exploited, repressive, militarily regulated reservation for cheap labor under the domination of Israel and perhaps Jordan. Indeed, since the signing of the sham peace, the Israeli state has failed even to comply with a minimum of its agreements, and has used the accords with the PLO to continue its consolidation of "Eretz Israel," while the PLO proto-state fiasco has rapidly been reduced to the status of a corrupt ghetto administration subservient to its Israeli oppressors and squeezed from the other extreme by an increasingly furious Palestinian population.

Some wit recently remarked that the Israeli-Palestinian debacle has become the longest lasting crisis in modern history, but it's a crisis unlikely to go on forever. In 1970, Nathan Yalin-Mor, a member of the zionist terrorist Stern Gang in the 1940s who later became an advocate of Arab-Jewish reconciliation, observed, "A new selling out of the Palestinian people would amount to planting a time bomb to explode after a few years." While Israel maintains military superiority and the support of the U.S. military machine, Chomsky's warning in 1976 in Peace in the Middle East? Remains valid: "In general, each military success simply reconstitutes the struggle at a higher level of military force ... a higher level of potential danger to all concerned. From the Israeli point of view, this is a losing strategy. Israel can win every conflict but the last." The last, unfortunately, is likely to be a social and ecological catastrophe for the region, perhaps for the whole planet. Israeli writer Uri Avneri's warnings made thirty years ago in his book Israel Without Zionists (1968) come to mind in the midst of the Iraqi standoff, Iran's efforts to modernize and nuclearize, and Israel's shadowy nuclear security state: "Nuclear weapons, missiles of all types, are nearing the Semitic scene," Avneri wrote; ". . . if the vicious circle is not broken, and broken soon, it will lead, with the preordained certainty of a Greek tragedy, toward a holocaust that will bury Tel Aviv and Cairo, Damascus and Jerusalem."



Breaking the circle

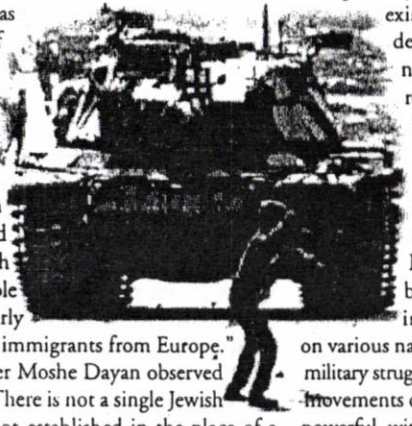
An increasingly lunatic Israeli nationalism has finally become a grotesque reifiection of the anti-semitic fascists who set out to annihilate Jews earlier in this century. If humane elements desirous of peace and reconciliation remain in Israeli society (some of them courageous activists for peace who have faced murder and violence for their work), the Israeli right is little different from the fascist Serbs lately slaughtering Kosovans in their crusade to preserve their own mythic locus of national origin. Some fundamentalist Israeli rabbis openly argue that driving out and exterminating non-Jews, including women and children, is sanctioned in Jewish scripture. "Death to the Arabs" is a common chant at the rallies of the Israeli far right, and fascist settlers have made a shrine of the grave of mass murderer Baruch Goldstein, an American rabbi who slaughtered more than fifty Arabs as they prayed in a mosque in Hebron in 1994.

While an exterminist mentality is common on the right, the mainstream is little better. Israeli courts recently approved the holding of hostages randomly taken by the Israeli military in Lebanon to be traded later, and the Likud cabinet refused to pursue an investigation of widely acknowledged Israeli military, massacres of unarmed prisoners during the 1956 and 1967 wars. Israeli General Eitan, who was implicated in the 1956 massacre of Egyptian prisoners, and who now is a leader of a right wing party, has likened Palestinians on the West Bank to "cockroaches in a bottle," and Menachim Begin called Palestinian fighters "beasts walking on two paws." Such remarks prompted Israeli peace activist Gideon Spiro, who refused to serve in the reserves in Lebanon and the West Bank, to warn against the "process of dehumanization and fascisization" of Israeli values. The Muslim fundamentalist suicide bombers are a distorted mirror image of their Zionist oppressors (and in fact serve the interests of the intransigent Zionists who look for every excuse to sabotage any kind of peace with justice for the Palestinian people).

From a radical, perspective, however unrealistic, none of the basic realities has changed since The Bulletin for Jewish-Arab Cooperation (cited by Chomsky) pointed out in 1948 that ". . . the only alternative to a war between nations is not a static peace . . . but a war between classes, between ruled and ruler, of the Jewish and Arab workers and peasants against the two upper classes, against the fascist parties of both nations, and the British or other outside interests that want to control the area." What might have been possible in 1948, or in 1967, or in 1982, when the Israeli invasion of Lebanon was protested by a significant section of the Israeli population and the country was divided dramatically over the issue of making peace with Palestinians, seems even more remote today, as the West Bank settlement crisis deepens and the Israeli bulldozers continue their work in Arab East Jerusalem, and nationalist maniacs continue their hideous projects of mutual annihilation.

iginally Palestinian-owned. As Don Peretz noted in ıe September 1969 issue of the Israeli magazine New utlook, as a result of the 1948 War:

"Whole Arab cities—such as Jaffa, Acre, Lydda, amle, Baysan, and Maidal—338 towns and villages, ıd large parts of others, containing nearly a quarter f all buildings standing in Israel during 1948, were ıken over by new Jewish immigrants. Ten thousand ormer Arab shops, businesses and stores were left ı Jewish hands as well as ome 30,000 acres of roves that supplied at ast a quarter of the ew state's scarce for- ign currency earnings om citrus. Acquisition f this former Palestinian ırab property helped reatly to make the Jewish tate economically viable nd to speed up the early nflux of refugees and immigrants from Europe."



Israeli military leader Moshe Dayan observed fterward, in 1969, "There is not a single Jewish ettlement that was not established in the place of a ormer Arab village." By 1958, a quarter of a million ıcres of land had been expropriated from Palestinians who had remained in Israel. This same genocidal, culturcidal policy remains in operation today.

Zionist propaganda, on the other hand, has always portrayed Palestine as an uninhabited desert before the ırrival of the Jews, a racialist-nationalist mystique typified, for example, by the notorious declaration made by the American-born Israeli Prime Minister Golda Meir, who declared, "It is not as though there was ı Palestinian people and we came and threw them out ınd took their country away from them. They did not exist." In reality the zionist invaders "made the desert bloom" by stealing the villages, orchards, gardens and pastures from their original owners—a desert that had been in bloom for centuries. The well-known, often-repeated tale among Palestinians of a grandparent, or uncle or aunt, who went into exile carrying a few seeds from the family garden, is testimony to the world and the dreams the people driven from their homes left behind.

A Palestinian state?

Zionist ideology exploited the legitimate desires of the Jewish people to escape the cauldron of violence and extermination in Europe that brought about the annihilation of millions of their brethren. The ghastly irony of the search for security in the creation of a national state on plundered lands was that such a situation was bound to create greater and greater dangers and insecurities with higher stakes at every turn. Not only did zionism become the blighted mirror image of all the oppressive national state ideologies which immiserated and murdered the Jews, it set the stage for never-ending insecurity within a garrison state constantly threatened by surrounding hostile nation-states which saw it as an incursion into their own national or Pan-Arab designs.

Zionism also generated another wave of victims, its own demonized outsiders, who will continue to challenge the legitimacy of Israeli manifest destiny as long as they exist as a people, however dispersed and despised they may be. The efforts of these new victims of diaspora to return to and regain their ancestral lands have at times been peaceful, at times violent, sometimes reasonable and "other-times murderous. The colonial hubris of the Israeli state and betrayals by the neighboring reactionary Arab regimes gave birth to a Palestinian nationalist movement which became the mirror image of zionism, similar in its nationalist ideology, its dependence on various nation-states for support, and its methods of military struggle and terrorism. Eventually, two national movements came to face each other, arms in hand: one powerful, with an army and police and nuclear arsenal, and the backing of the world's most powerful imperialist nation; the other outgunned, betrayed by all its backers, marginalized and desperate.

Of course, media images and zionist propaganda notwithstanding, Palestinians have overall been far more the victims of terror and violence than the perpetrators in this feud. To give a couple of examples, when Palestinian Black September commandos took Israeli athletes hostage in Munich during the 1972 Olympics, a shootout ensued with West German police in which the Palestinians and eleven Israelis were killed. The Israeli state immediately carried out reprisal air raids against Palestinian refugee camps in southern Lebanon which killed three hundred people. While 192 Israelis were killed during the Palestinian Intifada on the West Bank, more than 1300 Palestinians were killed by Israeli soldiers and settlers.

As PLO columns were being evacuated from Beirut after the Israeli invasion of Lebanon and terror bombing of its capital in 1982, Israeli Prime Minister Menachim. Begin declared to a group of American Jews in Jerusalem, "Very soon the fighting will be finished, and then perhaps that famous verse from the Book of Judges will be brought into realization: 'There shall be peace in the land for forty years.'" But neither the Israeli military "final solution" of the Palestinian problem in Beirut nor the peace treaty with Arafat more than a decade later have resolved the fundamental conflict. During the 1980s the Palestinian popular resistance that became the Intifada, much of it outside official PLO control, forced the Israeli state to the bargaining table as no terrorism or guerrilla warfare had. But a Palestinian

national guard troops were posted outside the prison to keep back hundreds of angry family members shouting, "Bring them out!" : The family members wanted to see the surviving prisoners to be sure that they were unharmed. The Concepcion prison was built to warehouse no more than 200 prisoners, but was holding nearly 600 at the time of the fire.

October 23, England: Prisoners Riot in British Jail

London: Prisoners rioted at a jail in eastern England, smashing windows and setting fires before being subdued by hundreds of police and prison guards. Officials at a nearby hospital said that 17 people were being treated following the overnight disturbance at Lincoln Prison, 135 miles northeast of London. The Prison Service said a "major disturbance" began at about 8 p.m. the night before after several inmates assaulted a guard and took his keys. "Other prison officers, with real courage, went to his assistance but they were heavily outnumbered and had to retreat," said the director-general of the Prison Service. "For a while prisoners had keys and were able to take control of the prison." Some 450 police and guards regained control of the crowded Victorian prison by dawn the next day. Officials said the prison, which houses 500 inmates, had suffered "considerable damage." Firefighters said they had put out three minor blazes at the jail. Some of the hospitalized were prisoners who had broken into the jail's pharmacy and consumed "a cocktail of drugs." A report on British prisons issued last month said Lincoln Prison was overcrowded, with inmates spending up to 22 hours a day confined to their cells. Mark Leech, editor of the "Prisoner's Handbook," a guide to British prisons written by former inmates, said it was "regarded as a bit of a hellhole."

ANTI-FASCIST RESISTANCE

The only good Nazi, is a DEAD Nazi

April 27, Poland: Anti-Fascists Clash With Neo-Nazis

Bialystok: An anti-fascist group called Antifa attacked 30 fascists who had come to disrupt the demonstration. One anti-fascist and four fascists were injured in the scuffle and the fascists were forced to run. During the demonstration a car with fascists inside was attacked and the front window shattered. That evening - after the demonstration - fascists attempted six times to attack an anarchist squat but each time were repelled by the Antifa crew, with bottles and stones. Also that evening, a group of fascists was attacked at a bus stop by Antifa patrol; at least one of them was seriously injured.

April 29, Greece: Anti-Racists And Anarchists Attack Nazi Gathering

Athens: After the "rising" of the fascist politician Le Pen in France, the Greek fascist organization Xrysi Avgi (Golden Dawn) organized a gathering at Pedio toy Areos, in the center of Athens. Anti-racists and other groups organized a demonstration against this gathering at an area nearby. More than 300 anarchists participated in the demonstration. At about six pm, a group of about 70 anarchists attacked the central offices of Xrysi Avgi with stones, sticks and Molotov cocktails. Two fascists were injured. After some time, the demonstration moved towards Pedio tou Areos where one hour later the fascists would have their gathering. The area is squatted and people remained there in order to prevent the fascists from having their gathering. Several fascists that passed from nearby roads were beaten. A different demonstration took place in Exarchia, also in the center of Athens. Groups of anarchists attacked police squads and a bank with stones and Molotov cocktails. The cops responded with tear gas. No arrests were made. No one was hurt, except for fascists.

May 6, Holland: Politician Gets Wasted

Hilversum: The Dutch right-wing politician Pim Fortuyn was shot dead. Police say Mr. Fortuyn was shot six times and suffered multiple wounds in the chest and neck. He was attacked as he left a radio studio after giving an interview. Eyewitnesses have spoken of seeing "militant-type" figures at the media park where the Dutch station is located. "I saw Pim Fortuyn lying on the ground with a bullet wound in his head," said television reporter Dave Abspoel. The reporter said four people chased the gunman. Mr. Fortuyn's anti-immigration party made surprising gains in recent elections. Mr. Fortuyn provoked public indignation by calling for the Netherlands' borders to be closed to foreigners and by describing Islam as a "backward" religion. The man who allegedly killed this politician is a well-known Dutch environmentalist and animal rights activist. If he is innocent, he should be released and he would deserve an apology. If he's guilty, he should be released and congratulated.

October, UK: Anti-Fascists Launch Pre-Emptive Strike

Burnley—Anti-fascists attacked a shop in Burnley owned by Steve Smith, the local BNP organiser. The shop sells nazi collectables, but is mainly used as a base for BNP organizing and distribution, as well as Countryside Alliance propaganda distribution. Anti-fascists smashed windows and graffitied the front of the shop expressing the fact that fascists will not go unopposed in Burnley or anywhere.



. . . AND JUST FOR kicks, ROCKS, KNIVES, GUNS, AND MOLOTOVS

Further symptoms of state meltdown

May 11, Maryland: Man Shoots Priest He Accused Of Molestation

Baltimore: A priest was shot and seriously wounded by a man who had accused him of abuse years ago. Dante Stokes surrendered to the cops, saying he shot Rev. Maurice Blackwell. Blackwell was seriously injured, but unfortunately he survived the shooting. Witnesses said that Stokes tried to talk to Blackwell before the shooting. Blackwell is on leave of absence from the Archdiocese of Baltimore because the church found in 1998 he had an inappropriate relationship with a minor. Stokes told police he had been molested by Blackwell nine years ago. There was another allegation made against Blackwell in 1993, but he was returned to his priestly duties when police dropped the case.

May 31-June 1, Oregon: Pigs Get Pelted With Rocks And Bottles In Off-Campus Riot

Eugene: Police used tear gas to quell a campus area riot that ended with eleven people arrested after partiers pelted officers with rocks and bottles, lit fires and ripped down street signs. The melee began about 11:30 p.m. on May 31st and continued for hours as up to 500 people, most of them apparently in their late teens and early 20s, gathered in streets just west of the University of Oregon campus. "There was a lot of alcohol consumed, a lot of people out because of the warm weather, and they were just cruising out and about wherever the action was," Eugene pig Jan Power told the press.

...continued on next page

Power said a sergeant first responded to reports of loud and disorderly people and quickly realized that more officers were needed. An area resident said partiers became more aggressive when they saw the first police car retreat from the area. Officers wearing helmets and face shields ordered the partiers to disperse, but people responded by throwing rocks and bottles. At least eight pigs suffered minor injuries and windows in three patrol cars were smashed out. Additional pigs were requested as the crowd continued to grow. Police fired three to five canisters of tear gas, but Power said, "It didn't seem to affect some of them." Even hours later, as city crews worked to replace signs and fix other damaged property, some people yelled taunts from inside homes and atop a garage. In addition to the damaged police cars and uprooted signs, partiers started fires in garbage bins, broke a water main and removed a manhole cover. Because so many pigs were focused on one small area, most of the city was left without police "protection". "It really leaves the community pretty vulnerable," Power said. "It really does strap our resources.

June 8, Australia: Football Fans and Anarchists Battle Police

Sydney: In the community of Leichardt (a suburb with a large Italian population), people gathered on Norton St. to watch the Italy vs Croatia World Cup match. Shortly after the game began, police were forced to close Norton St. because they couldn't control the thousands of people who came out to enjoy this event. Italy lost 1-2 but the mood was still festive. There was a beautiful pyrotechnics display sponsored by the youth of Leichardt. When police tried to stop this and move people along in an aggressive manner the crowd responded by shouting insults, chanting anti-cop slogans, and spitting at the cops. The situation quickly escalated. Football fans and anarchists ran onto the streets blocking traffic and reclaiming several roads. Police moved in shortly after and dispersed the crowd. Cops were attacked with bottles, fireworks and eggs. Several of the pigs were injured, unfortunately no fatalities. The cops had fear in their eyes and obviously could not deal with the situation. This is because people were highly organized, using mobile phones to communicate police movements, and were structured into affinity groups. This display of working class resistance demonstrates that some will not accept pigs meddling in community affairs.

June 14, Greece: Firebomb Blast

Athens: Firebomb blasts damaged three vehicles belonging to the Greek public works ministry and a bank branch in two separate attacks. No injuries were reported. Three bombs made with propane gas canisters exploded under the cars, which were parked outside a public works ministry building south of the city center, about 5:00 a.m. Half an hour later, a firebomb was thrown at the entrance of an Alpha Bank branch in the eastern suburb of Kessariani, causing minor damage to the entrance.

June 22: County Deputy Gets Wasted In Washington

Seattle: Less than two weeks after being released from prison for an attack on "law officers", Ronald Keith Matthews was held without bail for investigation of aggravated first-degree murder in the death of Deputy Richard Herzog, 46, in suburban Newcastle, WA. Sheriff's officers said Herzog responded to a report of a naked man running through traffic in the Eastside suburb. Witnesses said the deputy cop was trying to subdue the naked man with pepper spray when the man grabbed a 40-caliber semi-automatic Glock handgun from the pigs holster and opened fire. An autopsy performed showed that Herzog, who wore a bulletproof vest, died of multiple gunshot wounds to the head.

June 30, Poland: International Hunt Seeks NASA Hacker

Poznan: Polish prosecutors said they were searching for a computer hacker believed by the United States to have penetrated the NASA computer system. The damage caused by this well-chosen act of computer sabotage was estimated at $1 million. The search is being focused around Poznan, an area in Poland that has a tradition of code-breaking dating back to Polish citizens helping to crack Nazi Germany's Enigma encryption machine during World War Two.

July 5-6, France: Youth Riot Against Racist Pigs

Lille: Roving bands of young people set fire to cars and trash cans in the second straight night of rioting in this northern French city over a court's refusal to imprison a police officer who killed an Algerian man. One rioter threw a gasoline bomb at a government building, causing a small fire. Eight people were arrested.

July 6, Oregon: Explosive Device Blows Up In Front Of Starbucks

Eugene: A loud explosion shook windows and set off business alarms near the University of Oregon campus at approximately 3:30 a.m. The explosion was centered in front of the Starbucks coffee shop at 801 E. 13th Ave. Eugene police searched the area and found an improvised explosive device that had been detonated. The front doors at the shop were slightly damaged. The Eugene police claim that several people heard the explosion but that no one saw what happened. A newspaper in Seattle referred to this incident as "anarchist related", though thus far we have no reason to believe this "action" was politically motivated.

August 2-3, Haiti: Police Flee After Jailbreak And Attacks By The "Cannibal Army"

Gonaives: On August 3, Police searched cars and buses leaving this northwestern city for 159 prisoners who escaped after gunmen drove a tractor through the wall of a prison to free a jailed political activist. Police fled Gonaives on August 2 after the jailbreak, and residents locked themselves in their homes as automatic gunfire rang in the streets. People burned down city hall and the courthouse, and authorities acknowledged they had lost control of the town. Government officials said the purpose of the prison assault was to free Amiot Metayer, a former ally of President Jean-Bertrand Aristide who turned against the president after he was jailed July 2 on charges of burning down the houses of a rival gang. He blamed Aristide for his arrest. Metayer was seen on August 2 parading through Gonaives with his supporters, an armed group calling themselves the Cannibal Army.

August 11, Oregon: FBI Investigates Multiple Attacks On Power Lines

Lane County: The FBI and Oregon State Police have joined an investigation to find out who is shooting out insulators on key Bonneville Power Administration transmission lines. Investigators now suspect that recent incidents of vandalism against Bonneville - that seem to have begun in May - are related. "This is an inordinate amount of vandalism for this area," said a BPA security officer. "We've noticed a distinct pattern. Whoever's doing this knows exactly how many insulators to shoot out so the line will not go out immediately. They also leave the area clean, with no shell casings or other evidence left behind." A power line insulator works like the surge-protector feature on a computer plug. The glass bell-shaped hoods help regulate the flow of electricity through high-voltage power lines as they approach a tower. They prevent the tower and the ground below it from becoming electrified. When an insulator is damaged, water or moisture can cause the power lines to go dead, interrupting the flow of electricity. Investigators say that usually this type of vandalism is done by bored people who mix guns and alcohol, but that these recent shootings in the Oakridge area are carefully calculated to cause an outage after the shooter has time to escape. The suspect would have to be a pretty good shot to hit the eight-inch-wide insulators, which are usually about 70 feet from the ground.

general rule, be it in the development of the Negev for economic and military purposes (and a veritable war against the Bedouin tribespeople who have resided there for millennia), or in the conquest of significantly more settled areas, such as the towns, farms and orchards stolen wholesale by the Israeli colonial-settler state. As Ben-Gurion insists, "To maintain the status quo will not do. We have set up a dynamic state bent on expansion."

"An outpost of civilization"

Contrary to liberal pro-zionist mystifications that it is only this season's wave of brutality against the indigenous population that squander Israel's "moral capital," the drama of fascist settlers in the West Bank and what is more or less the ethnic cleansing of Arab Jerusalem is no aberration. Israel was established from the beginning on a racist, nationalist ideology of Jewish "manifest destiny." In this regard, Zionism is an integral part of the nineteenth century development of reactionary nationalist movements—and its revenge. The Jews, stateless, landless victims of every European nationalism, were themselves eventually unleashed on others as an advance guard of imperialism in the Middle East. As the Situationist International commented in 1967:

"Since its origins the Zionist movement has been the contrary of the revolutionary solution to what used to be called the Jewish Question. A direct product of European capitalism, it did not aim at the overthrow of a society that needed to persecute Jews, but at the creation of a Jewish national entity that would be protected from the antisemitic aberrations of decadent capitalism; it aimed not at the abolition of injustice, but at its transfer... The success of Zionism and its corollary, the creation of the state of Israel, is merely a miserable by-product of the triumph of world counter-revolution. To 'socialism in a single country' came the echo 'justice for a single people' and 'equality in a single kibbutz.'

"It was with Rothschild capital that the colonization of Palestine was organized and with European surplus-value that the first kibbutzim were set up. The Jews recreated for themselves all the fanaticism and segregation of which they had been victims. Those who had suffered mere toleration in their society were to struggle to become in another country owners disposing of the right to tolerate others. The prolonged sleep of proletarian internationalism once more brought forth a monster. The basic injustice against the Palestinian Arabs came back to roost with the Jews themselves: the State of the Chosen People was nothing but one more class society in which all the anomalies of the old societies were recreated. . ." ("Two Local Wars," October 1967, in The Situationist International Anthology)

The career of Theodore Herzl, founder of the organized world zionist movement, shows clearly the bourgeois nationalist and colonialist nature of Zionism. Herzl spent his life petitioning the various heads of Cecil Rhodes, the Czar of Russia and his pogromist minister Von Plehve, the Pope and the Turkish Sultan for funds and support to create a Jewish settler state in Palestine. Such a project would serve two fundamental purposes: it would siphon off the revolutionary Jewish masses and create a European outpost in the Middle East, where the Zionist state would "form a portion of the rampart of Europe against Asia, an outpost of civilization as opposed to barbarism'," as Herzl put it in his 1896 book, A Jewish State.

This imperialist bulwark took the same form in Palestine in relation to the original inhabitants that such projects did everywhere (e.g. South Africa, Rhodesia and the Americas), confirming radical anthropologist Stanley Diamond's famous definition of civilization, as conquest abroad and repression at home. And the colonization process was the same. Ahad Ha'am, famous Jewish writer, noted in 1891 on visit to Palestine, that the Jewish settlers there "treat the Arabs with hostility and cruelty, deprive them of their rights, offend them without cause and even boast of these deeds; and nobody among us opposes this despicable inclination."

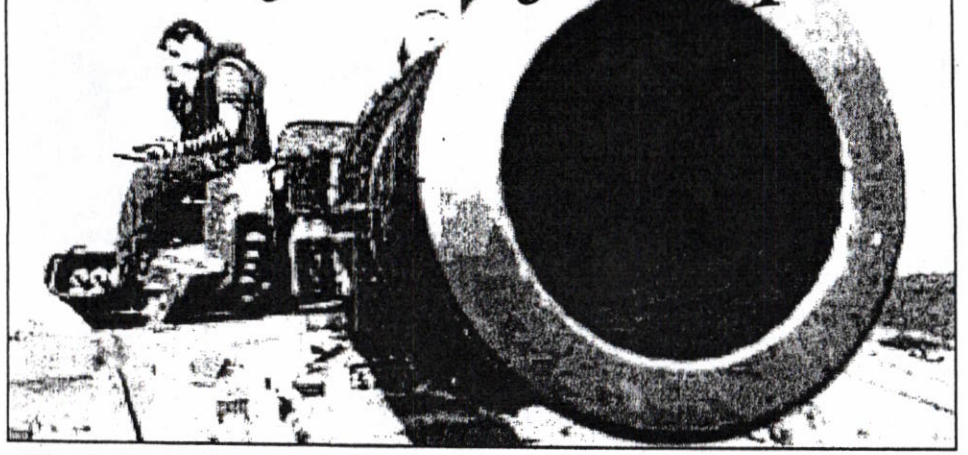
Origins of the zionist state

In 1907, the Hebrew joumal Ha Shiloah observed, "Unless we want to deceive ourselves deliberately, we have to admit that we have thrown people out of their miserable lodgings and taken away their sustenance." The German socialist politician Karl Kautsky noted in 1921, "Little more attention was paid to the Arabs than was paid to the Indians in North America." Employing land purchases from absentee landlords, the Jewish settlers forced small farmers and sharecroppers off land they had inhabited for generations.

At the end of World War I, Palestine was nearly 95 percent Palestinian-Arab, but by 1929, money from Europe, support from Great Britain, and land purchases and provocations had already driven almost 2,000 Palestinian families from their land. By 1940, Yoseph Weitz, head of the Jewish Agency Settlement Department, commented, "Between ourselves, it must be clear that there is no room in this country for both peoples ...the only solution is Eretz Israel [Greater Israel], at least the Western Israel [west of the Jordan River], without Arabs, and there is no other way but to transfer them all—not one village, not one tribe should be left" (cited by Noam Chomsky in his book, Peace In the Middle East). During the 1948 War, three quarters of a million people were driven from their homes by armed zionist settlers; the newly formed state quickly employed its Absentee Property Law to dispossess thousands of their land, their shops, and their orchards. Of the approximately four hundred Jewish settlements established after 1948, some 350 were on Palestinian

ISRAEL: 50 years of Conquest

by David Watson



When the founder of organized zionism, Theodore Herzl, proposed to create a European Jewish state in the Middle East as "an outpost of civilization as opposed to barbarism," he was acting within a long tradition rooted in the rise of the ancient slave-state empires.

This imperial program became predominant with the rise of capitalism and its expansion first into the heaths of Europe (home of "heathens" to be conquered, christianized and civilized by the developing state powers across the continent) and later to the other inhabited continents of the world where these civilized men—explorers, missionaries, marauders, and colonizers—spread their empire.

The enterprise which all of these pyramid-builders undertook was and is nothing less than a war upon the wilderness of the other: the subjugation of nature and of "savage" peoples, the ordering and quantification of the universe, the victory of production over idleness, the construction of the Perfect State. The attitude of empire builders is always the same, no matter where they find themselves, in the lushest forest or the most and desert. It is all "wasteland" to be subdued, dominated, transformed into energy and commodities.

Once embarked upon the imperial project, the Jewish colonists in Palestine—many themselves once members of a little tribe slated for extermination by capitalism's robot mass-men—embraced all of its attributes. For the zionist settlers, Palestine-in their political mythology a "land without people for a people without land" - was a wasteland and wilderness to be conquered, and the inhabitants would have to submit, go elsewhere, or be annihilated. Their dream of manifest destiny required it, just as the imperial dreams of the Spanish conquistadors, English Puritans, and the Afrikaners had earlier required it.

In his revealing introduction to Yaakov Morris' book Masters of the Desert (1961), Israeli founder and the country's first Prime Minister, David Ben Gurion, sums up this spirit of conquest in his discussion of the Negev Desert. "The reclamation of the Negev Desert," he writes, "has more than local interest, vital as that interest may be to the State of Israel itself. Here, man is faced with a fateful and momentous challenge of nature. To conquer the wastelands, all his will and devotion, labor and energy, time-tested as well as newly invented techniques of science, will have to be employed ... The Negev, in short, is in many respects a small and modest pilot plant in mankind's over-all battle against the desert regions anywhere."

Not only does Ben-Gurion repeat the rhetoric of the early settlers of the North American continent, he repeats the formula for his success by drawing a portrait of capital itself. "The contemporary civilization advancing into the Negev embodies many of the characteristics of those which have appeared in the past. It is based as they were upon a combination of' agriculture, industry, mining and international trade, the settlement of large units of population, the combination of settlement and defense. The heritage of the past is here being enriched with the conquests of modern science and technology." The project of Israeli capitalist development - successful settlement and economic expansion - cannot be achieved, of course, "without the transformation of the facts of nature," he adds. "Science and pioneering will enable us to perform this miracle."

All of the elements are present science and technology, industrialism and trade, urbanism, defense—all summed up in one word: pioneering. Of course the battle of the pioneer against the wilderness is also a struggle against the human fauna which is inevitably present in it. Here too, the Israeli model follows the

August 30, Maryland: Two Pigs Killed While Serving Warrant

Adelphi: Two deputies were attempting to serve a mental health warrant for James Logan, 23, that Logan's wife had sought because he was behaving erratically. The deputies were let into the home by Logan's parents and found him in the basement. After a struggle, Logan ran upstairs and hid in a bedroom. The deputies tried to talk to him, but he flung the door open and shot them, decisively ending the confrontation. "They were caught completely by surprise. It appears it was a very quick and violent event," said a spokesman for the Prince George County Police Department.

September 4: Man With Guns Nabbed Close To The White House

Washington, DC: A man who police say may have made threats against the United States' holographic figurehead, George W. Bush, was arrested about two miles from the White House after Secret Service agents discovered 16 guns in a car he was driving. The Secret Service evidently received information the previous day suggesting that a man was driving from Pennsylvania toward the White House with explosives, intending to settle some grievances with the government. The Secret Service then issued an alert for police agencies to be on the lookout for him. Unfortunately, because of the advance warning they received, Washington police stopped a Chevrolet Cavalier registered in Pennsylvania and driven by Jeffrey Cloutier of Newport, New Hampshire. The meddlesome pigs found 10 rifles and six handguns in the car, but no explosives were discovered. Whether or not Cloutier was actually heading towards the White House with "good intentions" remains unclear, but the ATF will surely find some bullshit gun charge to slap on him, while they torture him in one of their interrogation rooms. The Secret Service refused to disuss who the informant was that tipped them off to this impending revolutionary act, which only helps to underscore the importance of dismantling "Snitch Culture" and State programs like "Operation Tips".

September 28, Oregon: Yet Another Campus Riot!

"The flames kept getting bigger and bigger and it kept getting rowdier and rowdier. For a while there, it didn't seem like it would ever stop growing. You wouldn't expect 40 or 50 cops to be able to stop something like that." - local resident

Eugene—For the 2nd time this year students of the University of Oregon got together to riot! Just after 11:00 PM Friday night several hundred people began pulling up street signs and lighting fires with gasoline. At the intersection of 14th Ave & Ferry St a crowd that reportedly swelled to about 1,500 gathered festively to burn street signs, furniture, and eventually a golf cart! Forty pigs were first sent to quell the situation but could do little but watch (and videotape) as rioters walked around with cans of gasoline and started 6 additional fires at intersections as the riot moved west along 14th & 15th avenues. Eventually police and sheriff deputies comprising the "crowd control team" made their appearance and used tear gas & rubber bullets to try and disperse and control the chaotic rioters. Police, trying to protect firefighters attempting to put out blazes were continually hit with bottles, bricks, and rocks from the insensed crowd. Thirty-four people were arrested on charges of disorderly conduct & interfering with police, while one man, 26 year old Christopher Edward Gillis is being charged with first degree attempted theft, first degree attempted assault, assault on a police officer, resisting arrest, and interfering with police. Gillis allegedly attacked a pig from behind and tried to take his weapon.

Spontaneous college & university student riots are slowly becoming all the rage. It is reassuring to know that at any given moment there is an untapped maelstrom of angst and exuberance found within the seemingly unrevolutionary confines of college jocks or frat boys! At least these extra-curricular activities are giving our young people skills they can actually use to be "productive" in life. Local community commentary about the riots have mainly focused on the rioters' unarticulated rebellion. One resident spewed "There's things going on all over the world to protest about, but this was just about being drunk & stupid." While it is certainly inaccurate to make blanket judgments about the intentions of a group at large, mayhaps this is just yet another case of our friend *liquid courage* showing up at the right time to instill itself as an ingredient for the recipe of a chaotic outburst that serves to dismantle the mundane existence of life as spectacle.

Late Sept, Texas: Railroad Bandits Attack, Injure 2 FBI Agents

El Paso: About a dozen AA bandits ambushed 2 FBI agents after authorities were tipped off about a possible theft near the US/Mexican border. The agents were overwhelmed and dragged into Mexican territory where they were allegedly kicked and beaten with rocks. The FBI agents were hospitalized in critical condition with head injuries and in coma's

October 15, Minnesota: Pig Cars Go Up In Flames

St. Paul: Seven cars, including two police squad cars, were doused with gasoline and set afire late at night at a St. Paul police district office in the Highland Park area. Windows were blown out and their tires were either blown out or melted. The damaged vehicles included five personal cars and two government vehicles - one a marked squad car, the other an unmarked car.

October 15, California: Arson Attack On A High School

San Jose: Investigators at the San Jose Fire Department now believe that a four-alarm blaze at the Independence High School was intentionally set in a series of trash cans. Firefighters responding to the initial call quickly upgraded the blaze to four alarms because of the potential for damage in this huge, sprawling campus that imprisons 4,300 students.

October 31, New York: Teenagers Attack Police On Halloween

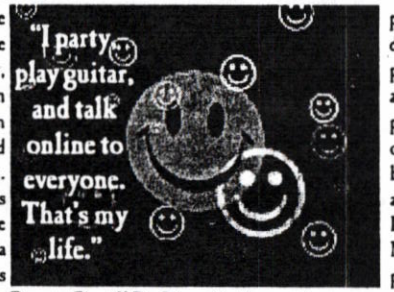
East Aurora: Apparently incited by a flier handed out at a high school, as many as 200 teenagers pelted police cars with eggs, bottles and rocks on Halloween night. Seventeen people ages 15 to 18 were arrested for disorderly conduct, and three also faced more serious charges. The flyer urged youths to "join together and revolt against the police that have abused their powers for years," and it offered advice on how to damage property and avoid recognition. Two teenagers were charged with resisting arrest and one with felony assault for allegedly throwing three eggs at an officer as he made an arrest.



HAVE A NICE DAY

Police: Suspect planned smiley face bomb pattern.

Accused mailbox bomber Lucas Helder told authorities he was planting pipe bombs in a pattern to show a happy face during his five-state weekend spree. Helder made the admission to an undercover officer present at his arrest Tuesday, according to Lt. Thom Bjerke of the Pershing County, Nevada, Sheriff's Department. "He seemed kind of carefree or amused about what was going on," Bjerke told CNN Thursday. His parents, Pamela and Cameron Helder, looked grim and harried when they visited him in jail Thursday, a day before his scheduled transfer to Iowa, the first state where charges were filed against him. "We are here to see our son," said Cameron Helder, the young man's adoptive father. "We told him we love him. I feel a lot better after speaking to him."



During the first court appearance Wednesday for the clean-cut college student and one-time rock band member, Denney said police seized a shotgun loaded with a single round from Helder's car following a high-speed chase on an interstate in Nevada. Denney said the suspect told authorities he purchased the gun intending to take his life. Helder was heading to California with six unexploded pipe bombs in his trunk when he was captured, Washoe County Sheriff Dennis Balaam told reporters Thursday. The weekend spree has sparked alerts and possible copycat crimes. In Spokane, Washington, officials said several small explosive devices were placed in mailboxes around town. But police said the bombs were not placed to go off when someone opened the mailboxes, as the ones in the Midwest were. "We think that this is a prank by probably a juvenile in that area," said U.S. Postal Inspector Larry Carlier. The Spokane explosives were made from plastic bottles filled with chemicals that react when mixed, producing gases that eventually blow the bottles apart. They were placed in a small area, and were "nothing like what we've experienced in the Midwest," Spokane County Sheriff Mark Sterk said. In Indiana, several pipe bomb-like devices found in mailboxes in the eastern part of the state did not appear to be connected to the Helder spree, federal authorities said Wednesday. In the Reno hearing, U.S. District Judge Robert McQuaid agreed with the prosecutor that Helder should be detained without bond, saying he posed a danger to the community and an escape risk, despite defense pleas that he be released to the custody of his family. The judge said he believes Helder "suffers from some apparent mental health problems." Denney said Helder waived his Miranda rights before admitting he planted the bombs in five states — pointing out the towns on a map. Notes with anti-government messages were found in the rural roadside mailboxes where the pipe bombs were placed.

Helder, dressed in orange pants, T-shirt and jacket stenciled with a black jail insignia, stood by a podium next to court-appointed public defender Vito Dela Cruz for the duration of the 25-minute hearing. He appeared relaxed and at ease, though tired. Before the hearing, he occasionally smiled while talking with his attorney. During the hearing, he was casual and matter of fact. As the session began, the judge asked if Lucas John Helder was his true name. "Yeah, that's correct," Helder answered.

"Do you understand that you don't have to make any statements?" McQuaid asked.

"Most definitely," the suspect responded.

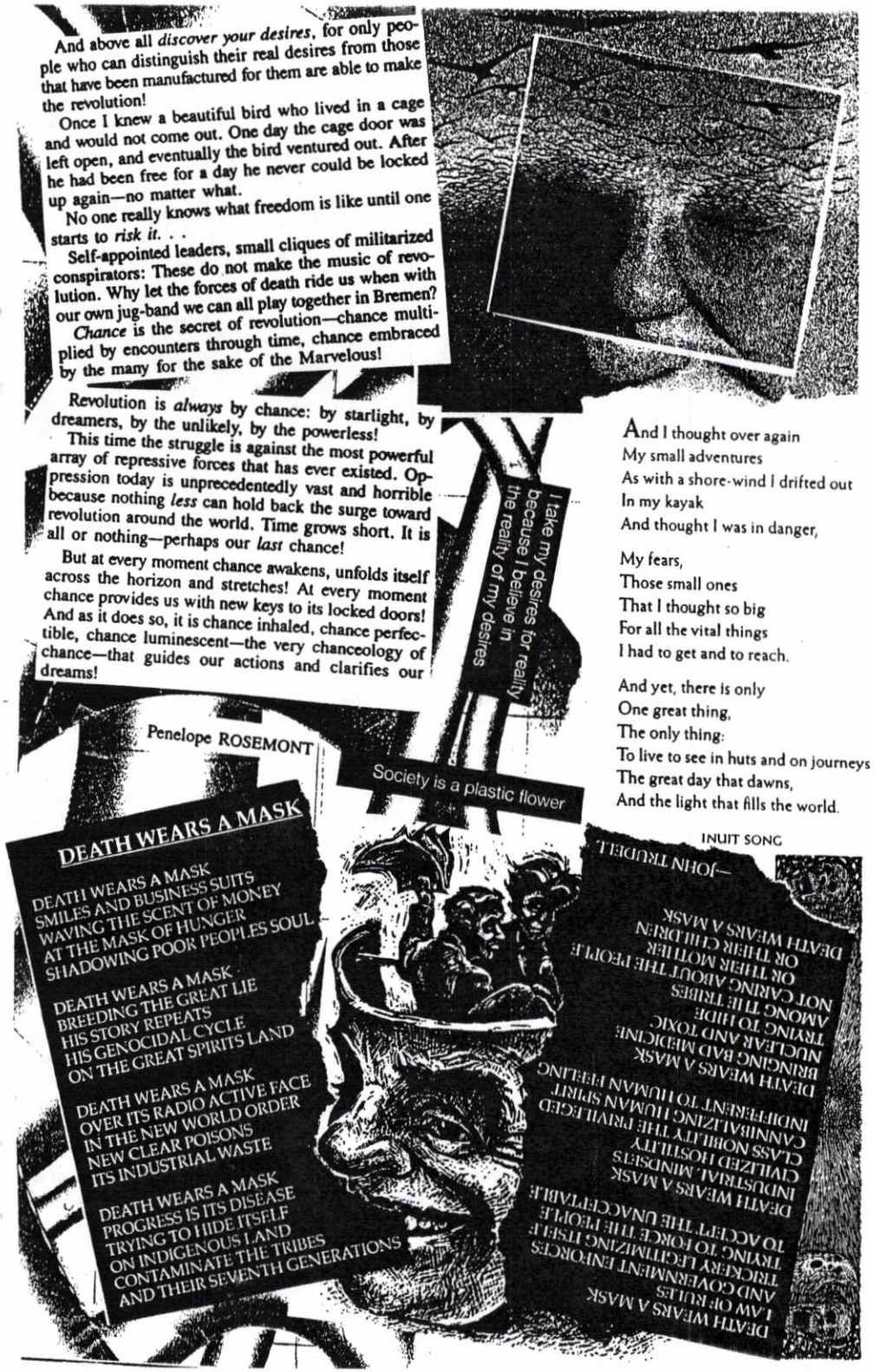
"If you do make a statement, it could be used against you," the judge said.

"For sure," Helder replied.

Helder's admissions to the FBI were made public Wednesday in an FBI affidavit filed in Omaha, Nebraska, where the suspect allegedly assembled some of his pipe bombs. The affidavit said Helder admitted "manufacturing eight pipe bombs in his apartment in Wisconsin" and 16 more at a hotel near Omaha. The affidavit said eight pipe bombs were left at locations in Illinois and Iowa, where six people were injured. Another eight bombs were placed in Nebraska and one each in Colorado and Texas, the affidavit said. —CNN

PINE ISLAND, Minnesota (AP) -- The man arrested by the FBI Tuesday in connection with the string of pipe bombs left in mailboxes is a college junior who studied industrial design and played in a punk rock band called Apathy. "The top things I care about are my girlfriend ... and my music/band," Luke John Helder, 21, wrote in an autobiographical capsule on his band's Web site. Helder's family lives in farm country near Pine Island, a town of about 3,000 an hour from the Twin Cities. Officials at Pine Island High School declined to talk about Helder, as did several neighbors. But former classmates said Helder loved the grunge band Nirvana and was preoccupied with Kurt Cobain, its lead singer, who committed suicide. "In high school, he was good in science class -- chemistry and biology," Jacob King said. Justin Fogal, who drove past the home, said he graduated from high school in the same class. "He seemed like a quiet kid," Fogal said. "He didn't cause too much trouble." Helder was registered at University of Wisconsin-Stout, located in Menomonie about 60 miles east of the Twin Cities. He was listed as a junior majoring in art with an industrial design concentration. Helder played guitar and sang in his punk rock band, based in nearby Rochester. Two songs were posted on the band's Web site, "Conformity" and "Back and Black".

DISCLAIMER: Obviously we DO NOT support the random targeting of any individuals outside of the government, military, ruling class, or other pig forces, but it does show what people can do when pushed too far. - the "Bring On the Ruckus" Society



REVOLUTION BY CHANCE

Revolutions are the great unpredictables. They loom about us everywhere, always larger than life, on a scale almost impossible to conceive. Change in the humdrum often seems as a remote as a journey to Mars, yet *these things happen.* Revolutions in technology are a dime a dozen, while *social* revolution—in the USA, at any rate—is made to appear so rare as to be far beyond all possibility. Yet few things are more certain than the fact that, throughout history, rulers and ruling classes have come and gone.

Mars is nearer than ever!

But it is also certain that revolutions—*real* revolutions—are never structured and planned. They are not well-thought-out scenarios for parlor Nechaevs.

Earthquake-like, revolutions are born in the depths of turmoil and conflict, and cannot be predicted, designed or blueprinted any more than the tremblings of the Earth. Like the seismologist, we can predict that revolutions will happen, but never exactly how or when.

Like volcanoes, revolutions follow only the litmus trails of their own imperious necessity. Beneath the apparently placid crust the interior is always seething, and in an instant—*any* instant—can release the fire of its destructive potential. Then, suddenly, the fire *leaps* and streets and buildings crumble and burn. Or, just as suddenly, people's *minds* leap, an *electrical connection* is made—Revolution!—and old ways are abandoned as the State crumbles.

It is reported that there is a 50/50 chance of a major earthquake in San Francisco in the next ten years. Chances of revolution are not reported, however, for our rulers want us to believe that none exist. But a glimpse across the borders reveals a whole world seething as never before—seething with revolution. Technology has not brought happiness to this planet, and capitalism has done little more than to enlarge and multiply (and make a profit from) the instruments of death. These conditions make reform impossible and revolution inescapable.

When revolution happens it is always by surprise, *by chance*, without preliminary ado or prior public announcement. To the extent that it *is* expected, it becomes impossible, for there are those whose sole purpose it is to impede it, to prevent it or, if necessary, to crush it. The time-honored methods of killing revolt with the poisons of nationalism and religion are used extensively today by the rulers of jittery nations who know well that they are sitting on volcanoes of lush and splendid revolutions. Religion is a ridiculously outmoded idea, and so is the State. Ironically, the multinational capitalists are more aware of this than many radicals, for their "hands-on" experience of the world economy has shown them that religion is indeed the opium *of the people* (not of the rulers), and that there are corporations that are much larger, richer and more powerful than ninety-nine percent of the world's governments. Of course capitalists also realize that, without states to do their killing for them, and without churches to assure everyone that killing is perfectly all right, their own days would be numbered and their number would be up.

Every revolution in modern times has been by chance: Russia in 1905 and 1917; Spain 1936; China 1949; Hungary 1956; Cuba 1959; Grenada 1978; the overthrow of the Shah in Iran, Somoza in Nicaragua, Marcos in the Philippines, and many others: Each and every one of them came as a surprise and a shock. Not one was expected when it happened, either by those who made the revolution, or those who tried to stop it. Most astonished of all, in every case, were the "experts" in such things—the muddling military and preposterous politicians—in spite of the fact that *billions* are spent by intelligence agencies on their own political seismographs (*i.e.*, stoolpigeons, informers and spies) precisely to learn about such matters before it's too late.

The May '68 uprising in France was not only unanticipated, but widely held to be an *absolute impossibility.* Who would believe it—a near-revolution in a modern, civilized, fully-industrialized capitalist country! Such things happen only "somewhere else," don't they?

But in truth the stability of the humdrum is *always* a veneer, and in every country of the world today, that veneer is thinner than ever.

Revolutions do happen more frequently in the Third World, where the third eye of poetry sees more clearly, perhaps, and at least seems to be able to tell the living from the dead. Living as we do in the very heart of embalmed greed, we often feel cut off from the growing stalk of world revolution. But the forces that set to work the movements of decisive change in one small corner of the world map echo inexorably to all other points on the globe. Political geology has its own laws, and chance and desire, like the old mole, perform their hidden roles under the surface.

Make no mistake: The *objective* conditions for revolution exist *everywhere* today, and have existed for a long time. It is the *subjective* conditions that are not yet ripe. Our task is to develop revolutionary subjectivity as the ally of chance, and *vice versa.*

If revolution comes only by chance, *we must be ready for it at all times!* We must live expecting the unexpected, allowing the possibilities for revolution to grow, and breathing life into them whenever we can. We must *take* chances and therefore *multiply* the chances for chance to work!

How to take chances? Subvert the idols! Disobey the masters! Be implacable! Be irreconcilable! Be creative! Use your imagination! Withdraw your attachment to the slave system! Revolt against work! Assert your right to dream, to make love, to be lazy! Throw the floodgates through an open window!

Reject as much as possible of civilization! Look again at "primitive" social organization—the communism that allowed humans to live at peace with the Earth, for eons, before the advent of property, church and state. We have much to relearn from the "archaic" consciousness that adored mountains and trees and regarded wolves and ravens as brothers and sisters. Destroy in your mind the repressive myth that change is impossible!

MAILBOXES ARE EXPLODING!

Attention people. ***Why, you ask?***

You do things because you can and want (desire) to.

If the government controls what you want to do, they control what you can do.

If you are under the impression that death exists, and you fear it, you do anything to avoid it. (This is the same way pain operates. Naturally we strive to avoid negative emotion/pain.)

You allow yourself to fear death!

World authorities allowed, and still allow you to fear death!

In avoiding death you are forced to conform, if you fail to conform, you suffer mentally and physically. (Are world powers utilizing the natural survival instinct in a way that allows them to capitalize on the people?)

To "live" (avoid death) in this society you are forced to conform/slave away.

I'm here to help you realize/ understand that you will live no matter what! It is up to you people to open your hearts and minds. There is no such thing as death. The people I've dismissed from this reality are not at all dead.

Conforming to the boundaries, and restrictions imposed by the government only reduces the substance in your lives. When 1% of the nation controls 99% of the nations total wealth, is it a wonder why there are control problems?

The United States strives to provide freedom for their people. Do we really have personal freedom? I've lived here for many years, and I see much limitation. Does the definition of freedom include limitation? I've learned about the history of various civilizations in history, and I see more and more limitation. Do you people enjoy this trend of limitation? If not, change it!

As long as you are uninformed about death you will continue to say "how high", when the government tells you to "jump". As long as the government is uninformed about death they will continue tell you to "jump" Is the government uninformed about death, or are they pretending?

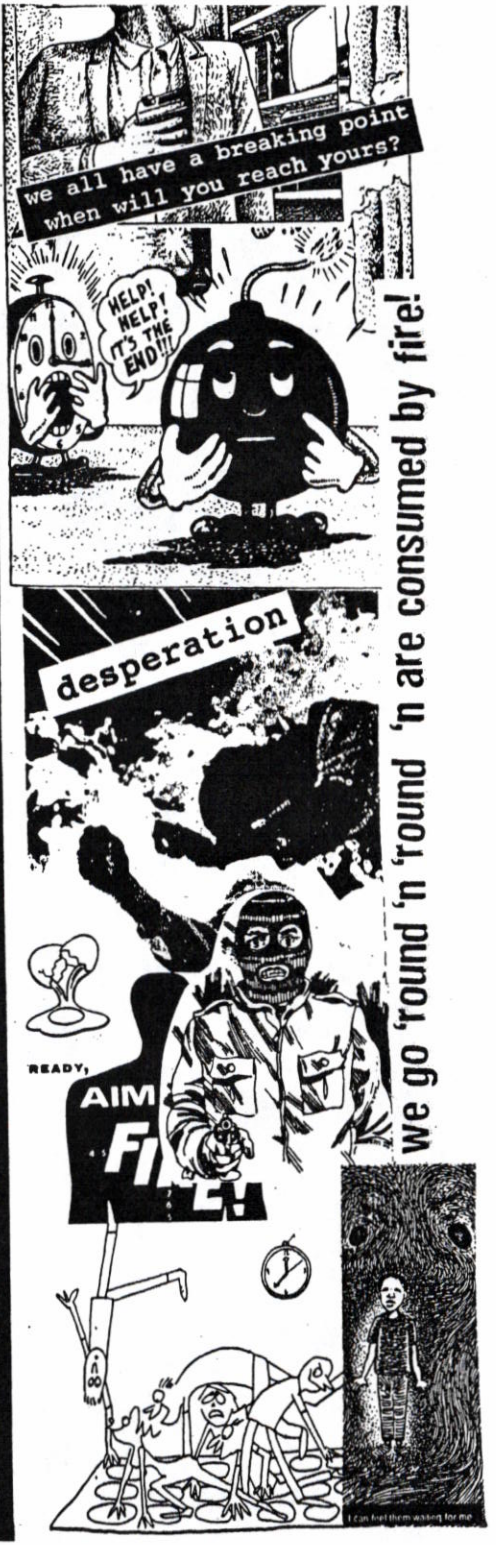
You have been missing how things are, for very long. I'm obtaining your attention in the only way I can.

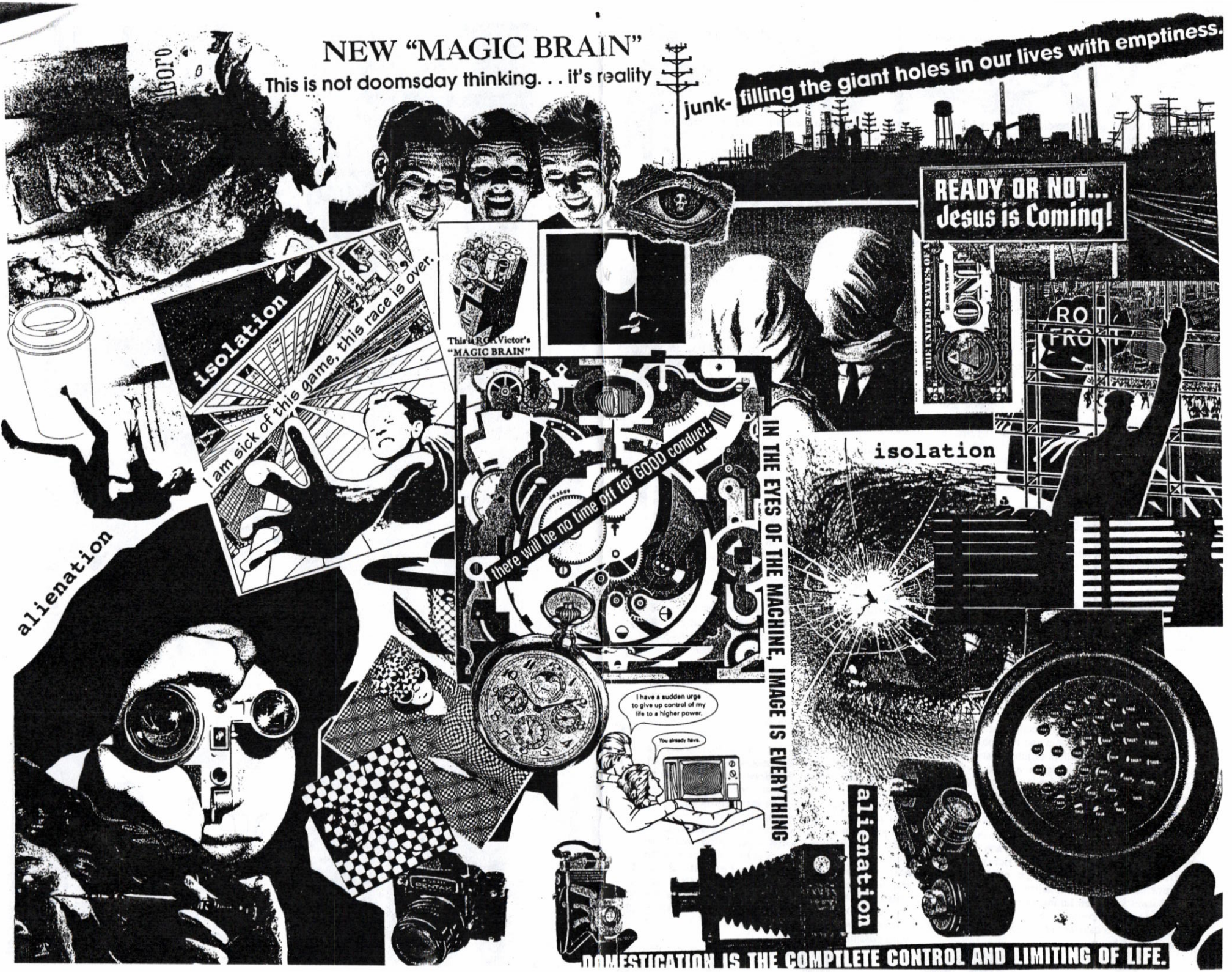
More info is on its way. More "attention getters" are on the way. If I could, I would change only one person, unfortunately the resources are not accessible. It seems killing a single famous person would get the same media attention as killing numerous un-famous humans. There is less risk of being detained, associated with dismissing certain people.

Sincerely,

Someone Who Cares

PS. More info. will be delivered to various locations around the country.




NEW "MAGIC BRAIN"
This is not doomsday thinking. . . it's reality
junk- filling the giant holes in our lives with emptiness.
READY OR NOT...
Jesus is Coming!
isolation
I am sick of this game, this race is over.
This is RCA Victor's "MAGIC BRAIN"
there will be no time off for GOOD conduct.
IN THE EYES OF THE MACHINE, IMAGE IS EVERYTHING
I have a sudden urge to give up control of my life to a higher power.
You already have.
isolation
alienation
alienation
DOMESTICATION IS THE COMPLETE CONTROL AND LIMITING OF LIFE.